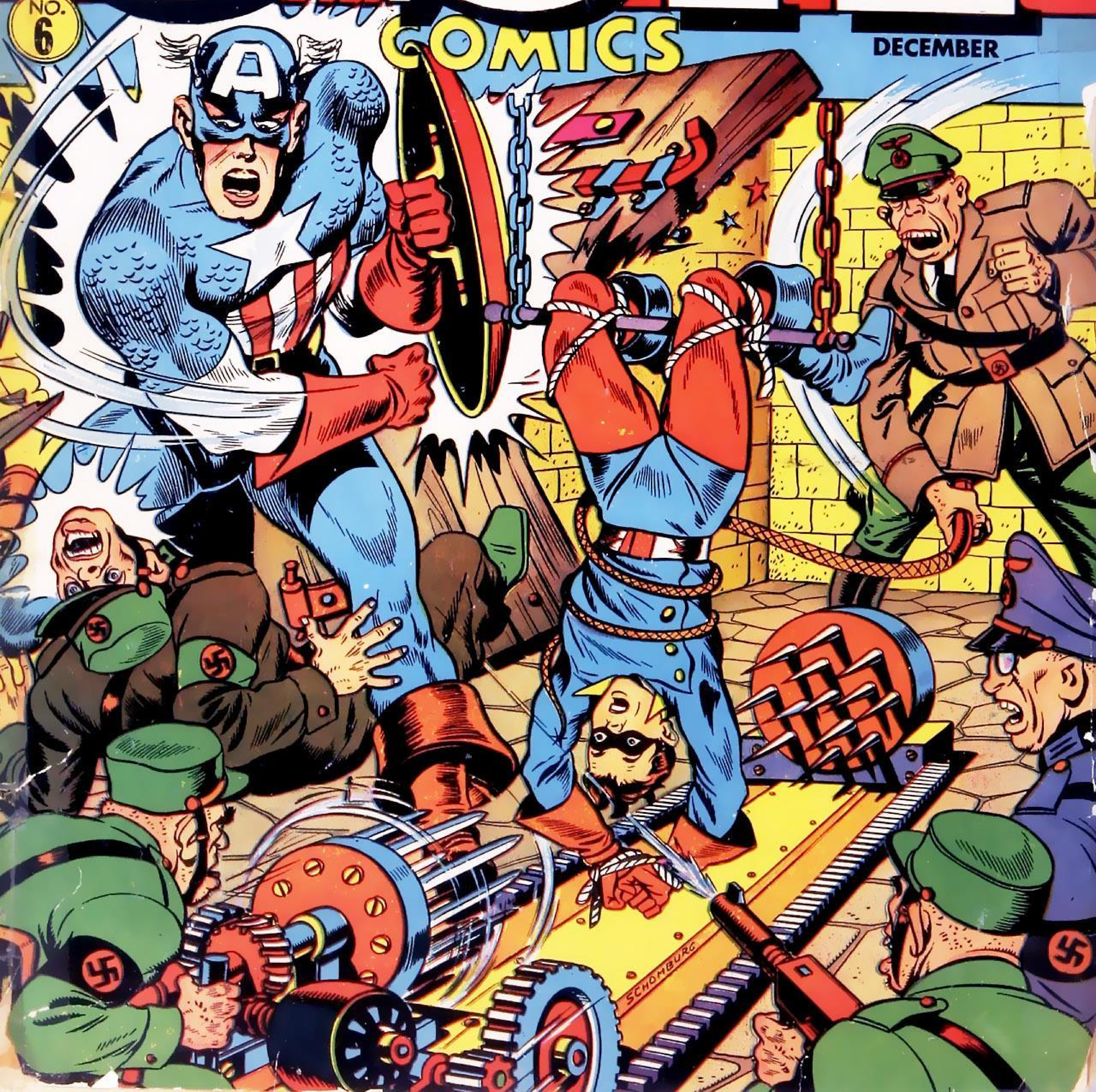
CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

U.S.A. COMICS

10¢

NO. 6

DECEMBER



U.S.A. COMICS

MARTIN GOODMAN
PUBLISHER

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STAN LEE
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AFTER YOU'VE THRILLED TO U.S.A. COMICS, DON'T MISS

CAPTAIN AMERICA,
MARVEL, YOUNG ALLIES,
ALL WINNERS,
HUMAN TORCH,
SUB-MARINER!

AMERICA'S THRILL MAGAZINES!

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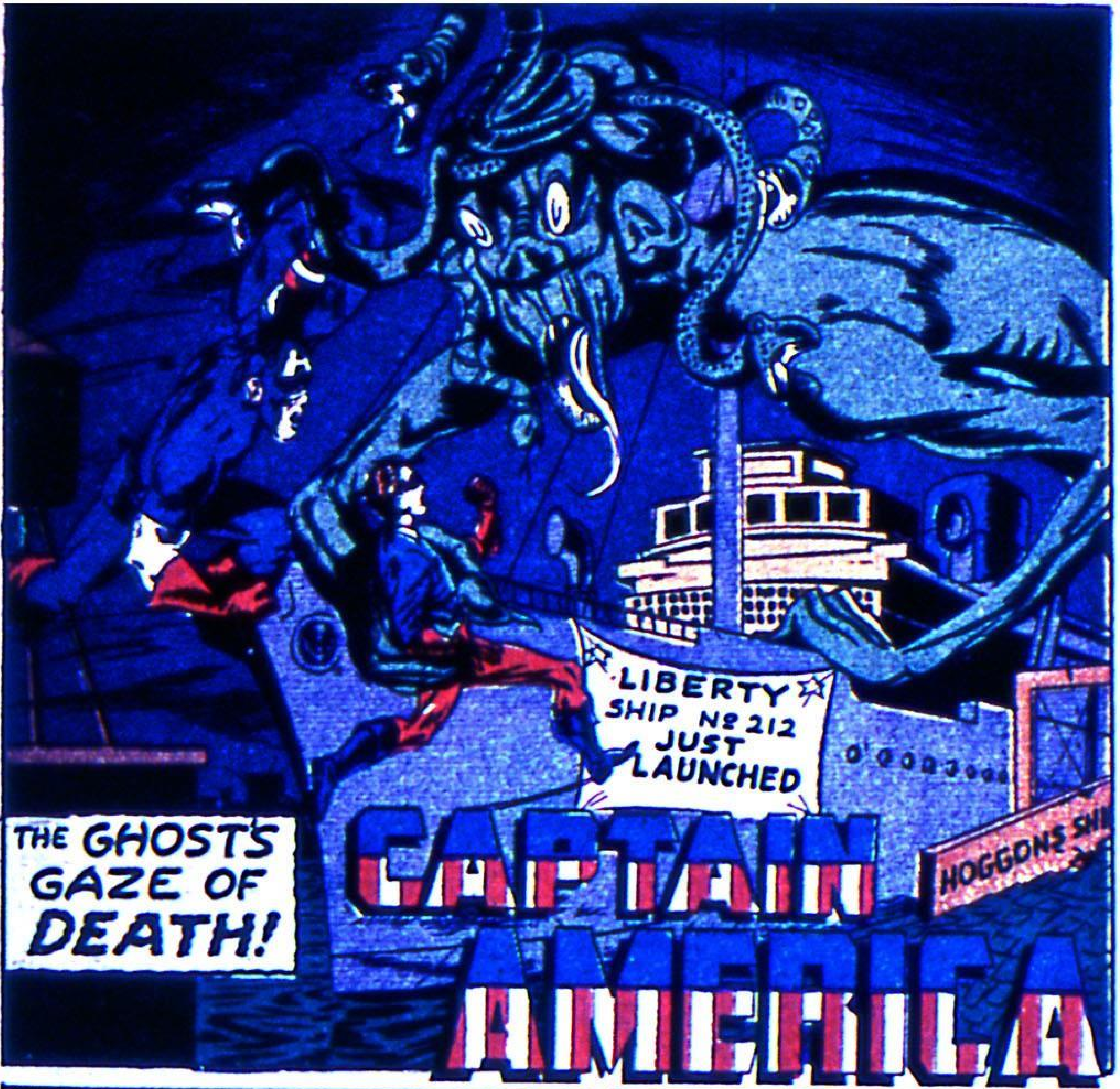
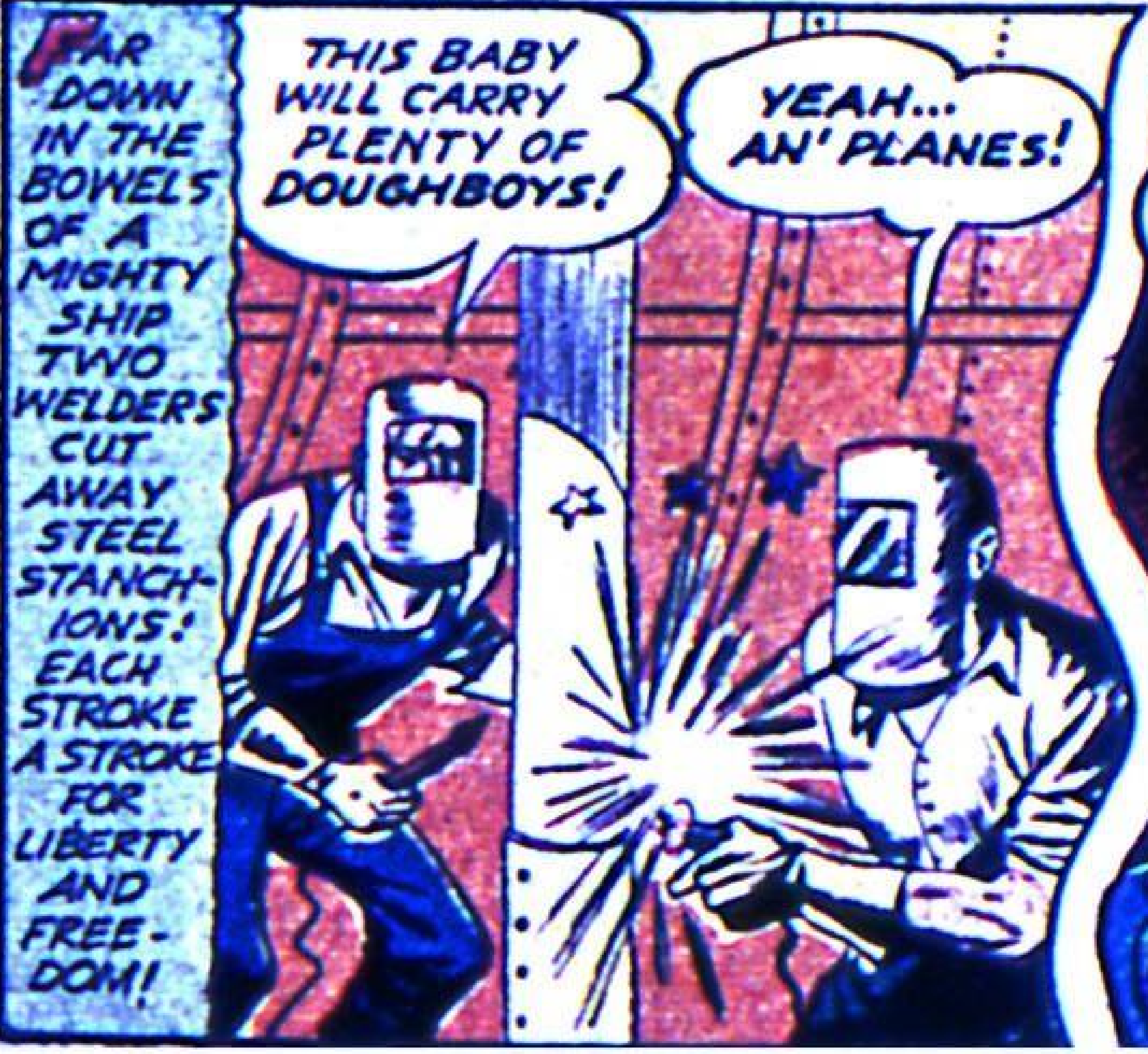
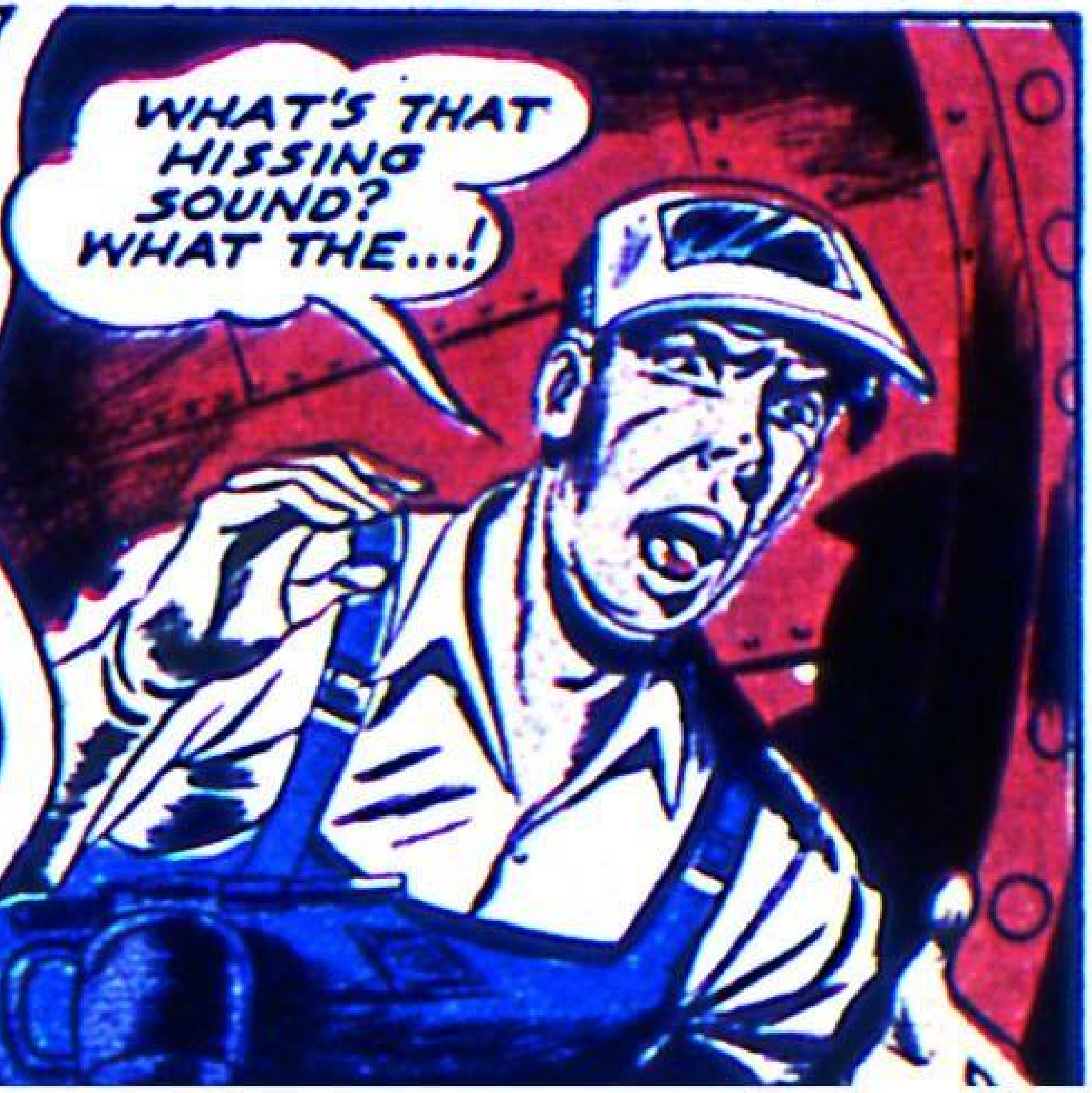
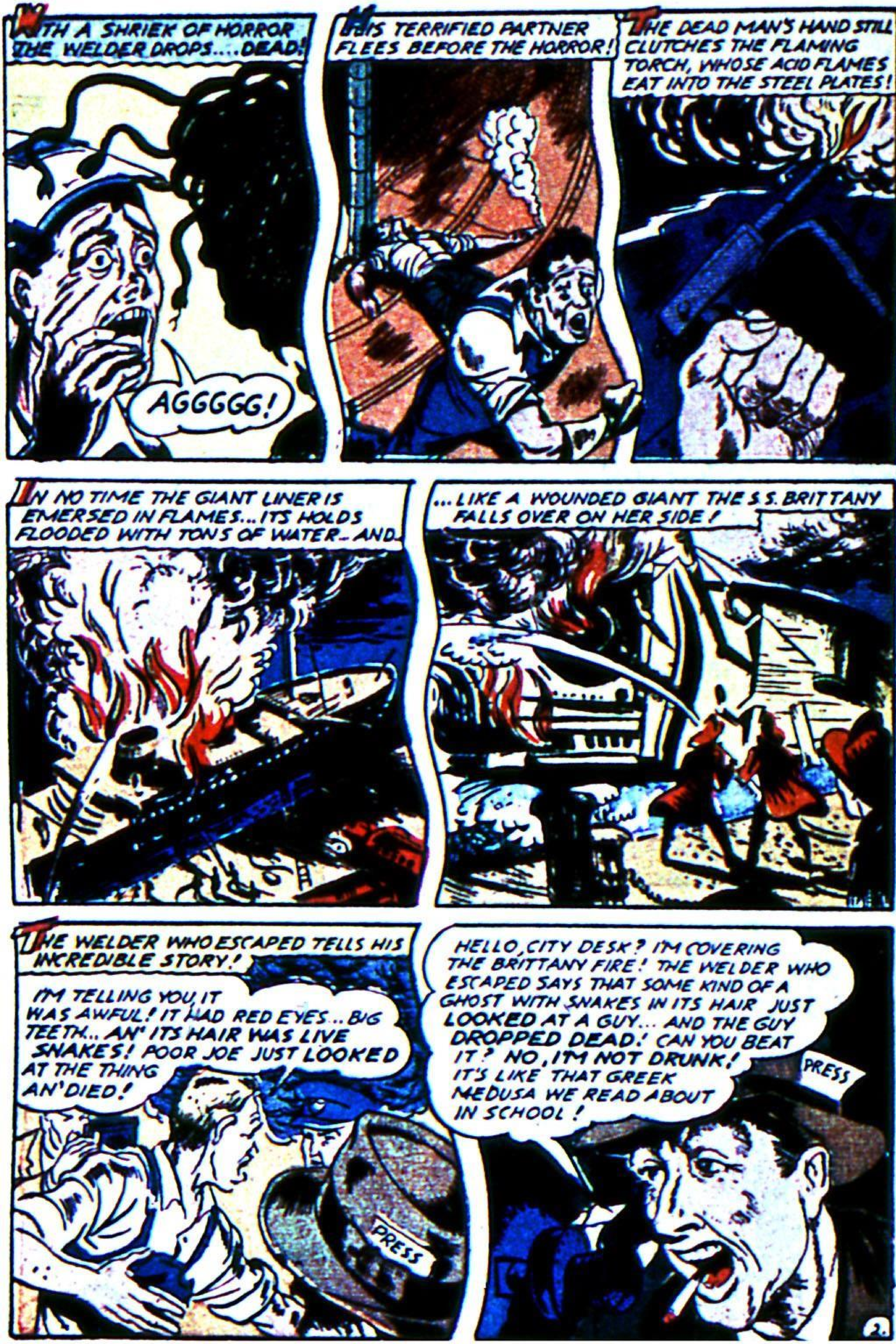
CAPTAIN AMERICA

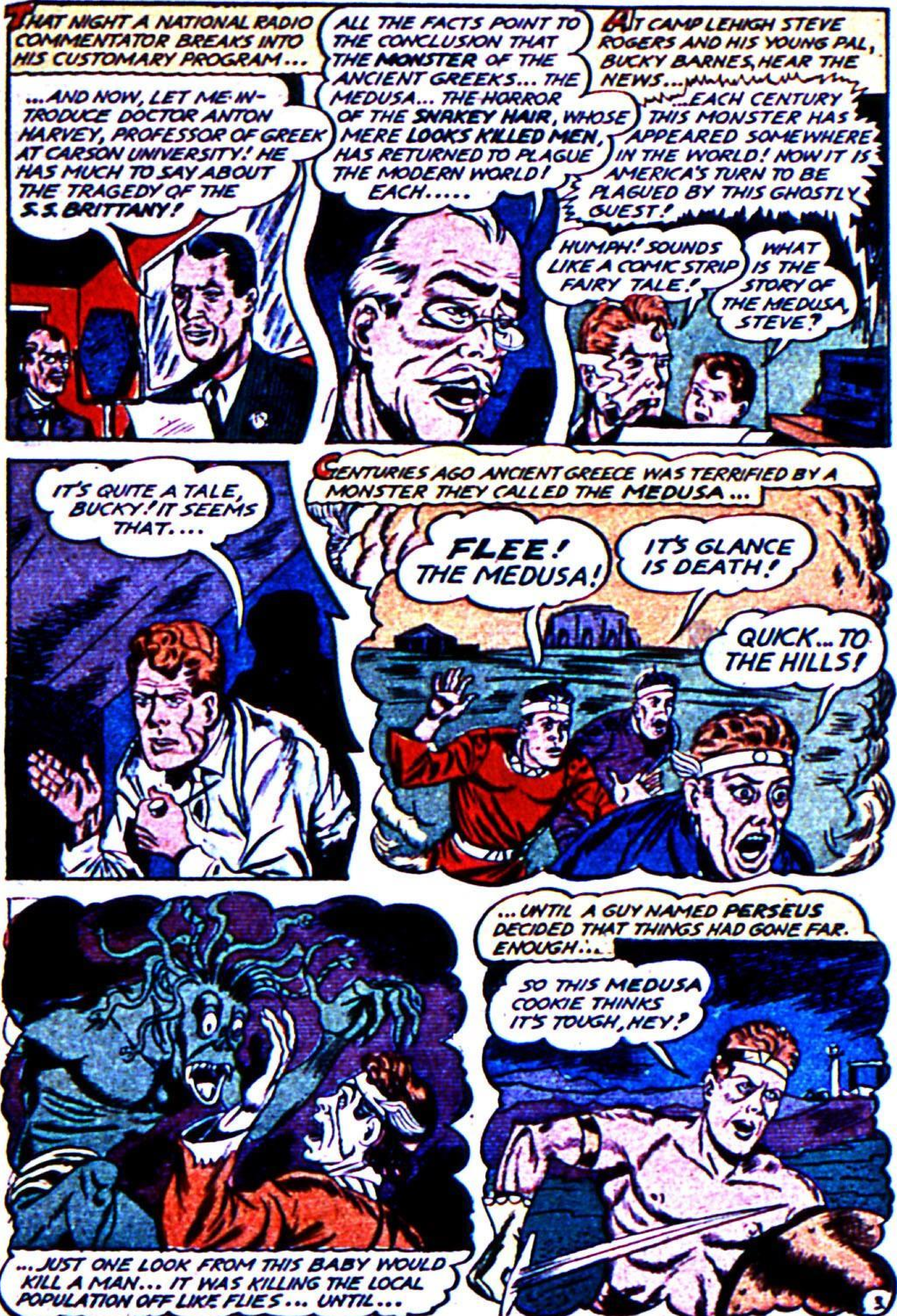
THE GHOST'S GAZE OF DEATH!


LIBERTY SHIP No 212 JUST LAUNCHED
HOGGONS SH

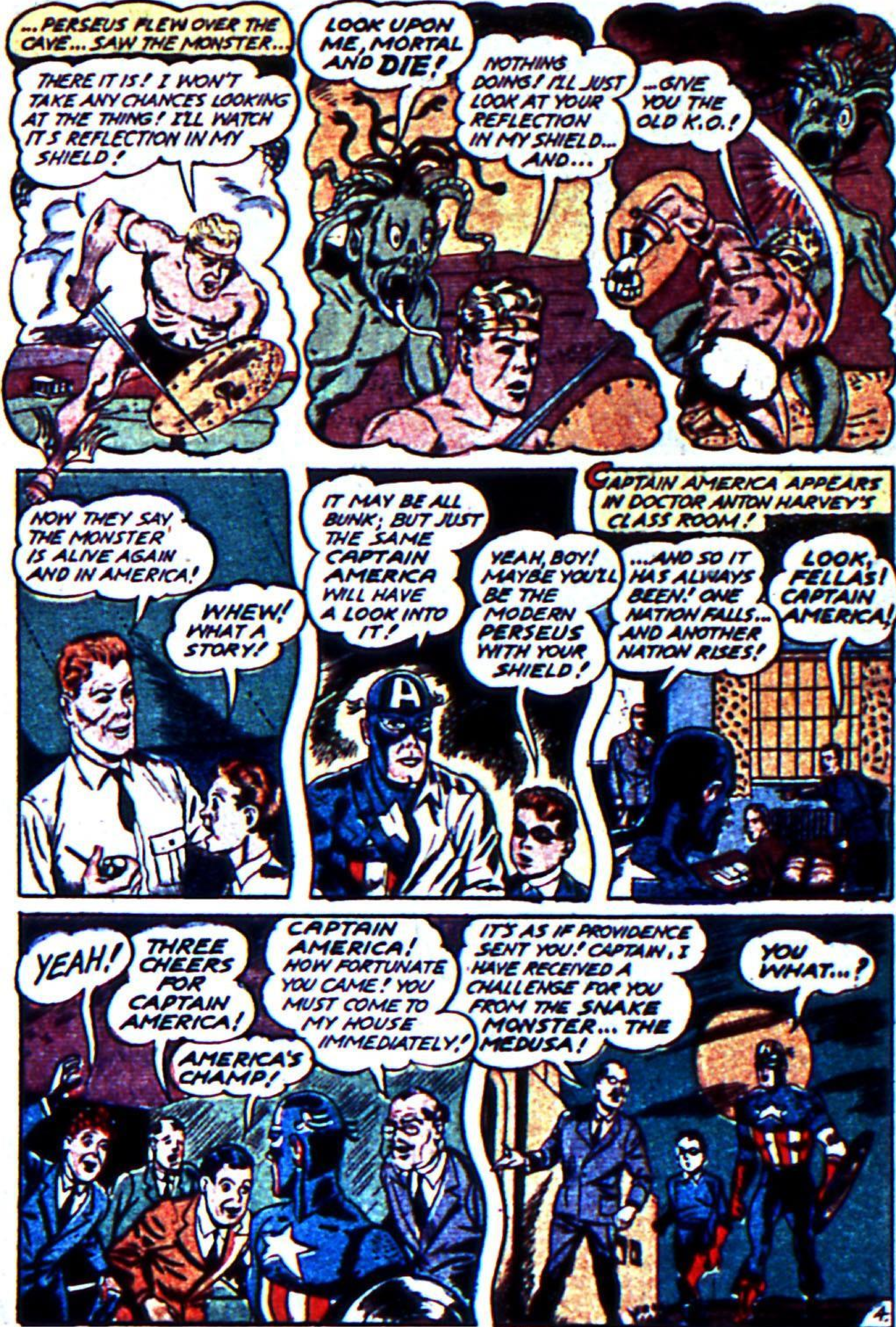

FAR DOWN IN THE BOWELS OF A MIGHTY SHIP TWO WELDERS CUT AWAY STEEL STANCHIONS! EACH STROKE A STROKE FOR LIBERTY AND FREEDOM!
THIS BABY WILL CARRY PLENTY OF DOUGHBOYS!
YEAH... AN' PLANES!

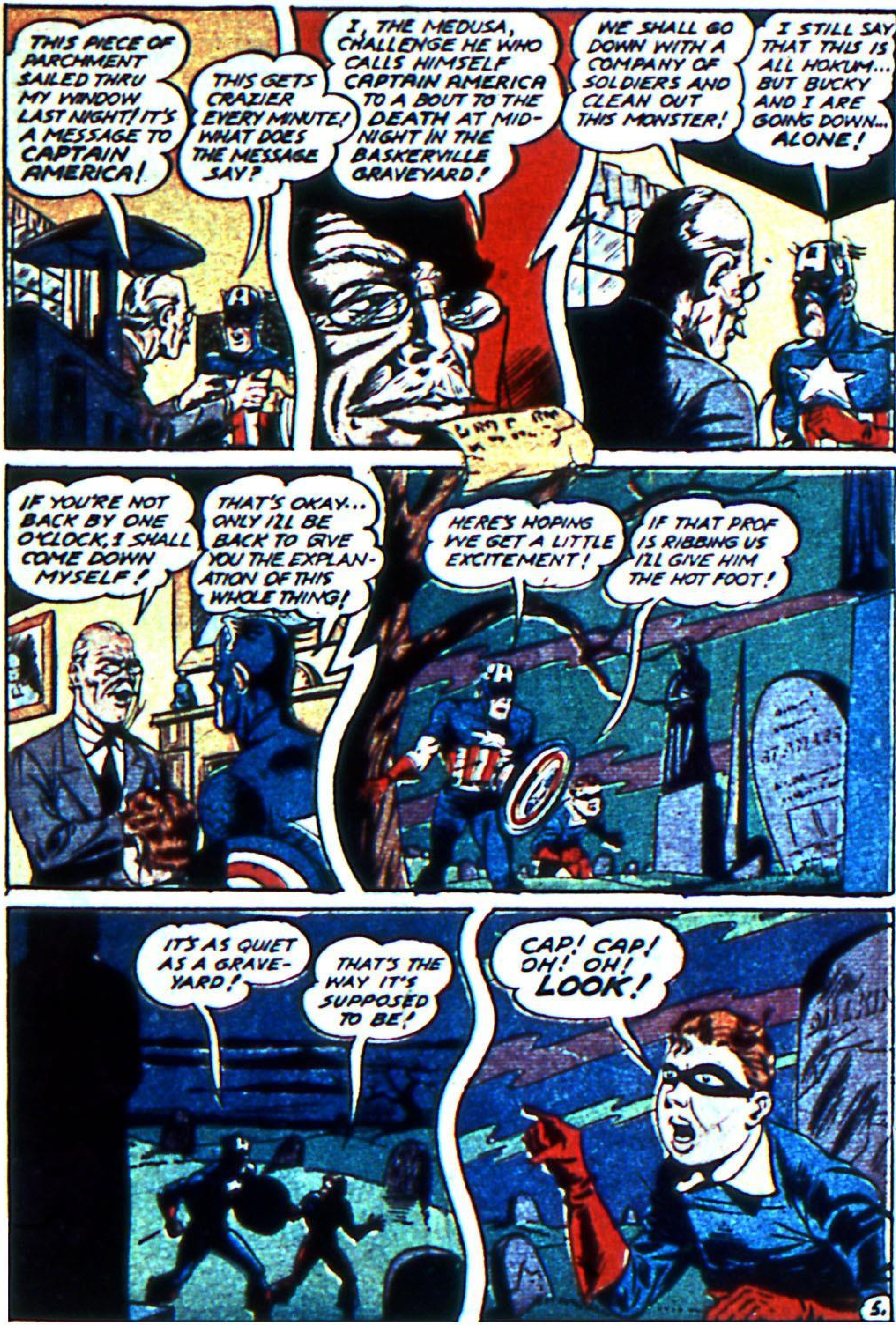

WHAT'S THAT HISSING SOUND? WHAT THE...!

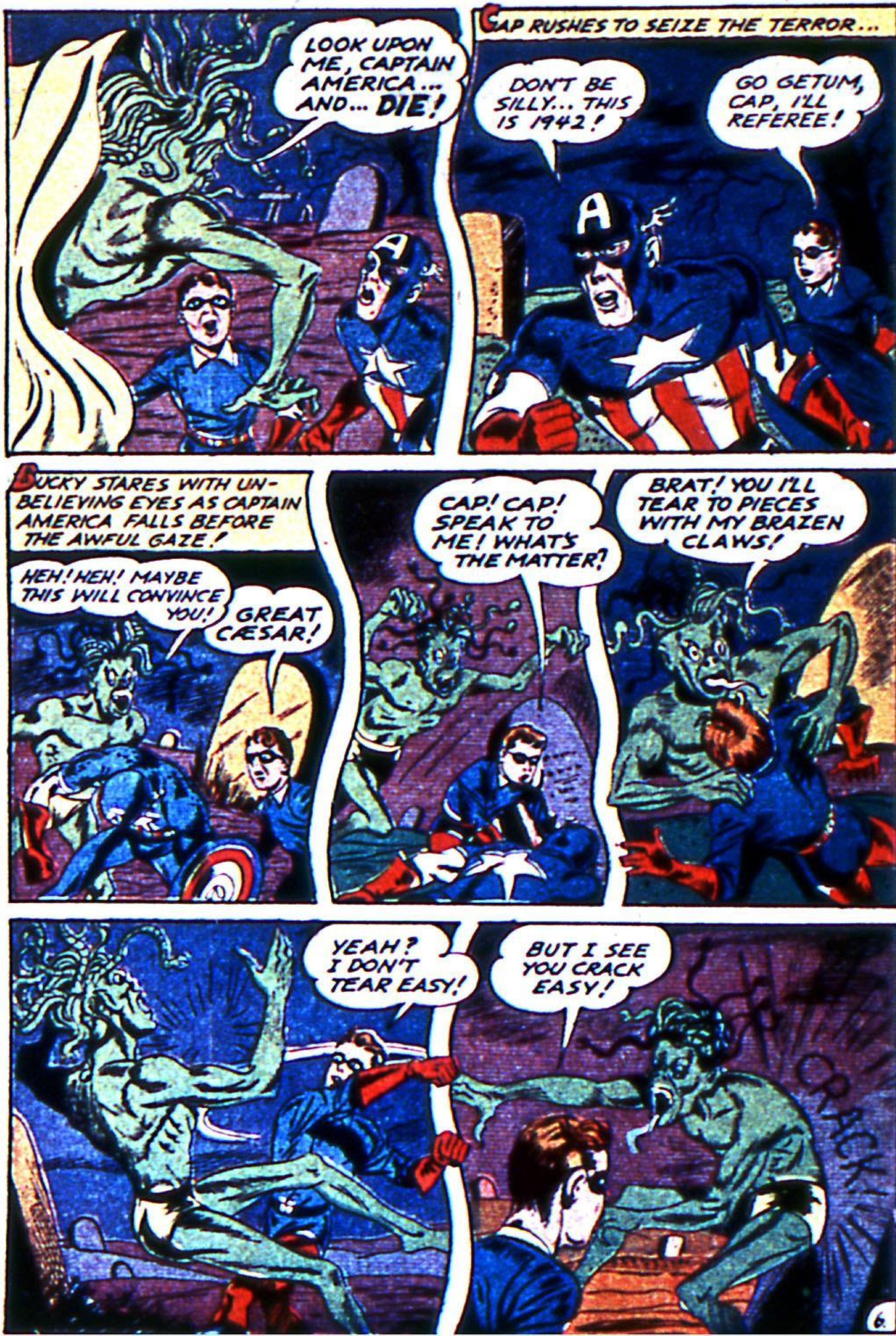

WITH A SHRIEK OF HORROR THE WELDER DROPS.... DEAD!
AGGGGG!
HIS TERRIFIED PARTNER FLEES BEFORE THE HORROR!
THE DEAD MAN'S HAND STILL CLUTCHES THE FLAMING TORCH, WHOSE ACID FLAMES EAT INTO THE STEEL PLATES!
IN NO TIME THE GIANT LINER IS EMERSED IN FLAMES... ITS HOLDS FLOODED WITH TONS OF WATER-- AND...
...LIKE A WOUNDED GIANT THE S.S. BRITTANY FALLS OVER ON HER SIDE!
THE WELDER WHO ESCAPED TELLS HIS INCREDIBLE STORY!
I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS AWFUL! IT HAD RED EYES... BIG TEETH... AN' ITS HAIR WAS LIVE SNAKES! POOR JOE JUST LOOKED AT THE THING AN' DIED!
PRESS
HELLO, CITY DESK? I'M COVERING THE BRITTANY FIRE! THE WELDER WHO ESCAPED SAYS THAT SOME KIND OF A GHOST WITH SNAKES IN ITS HAIR JUST LOOKED AT A GUY... AND THE GUY DROPPED DEAD! CAN YOU BEAT IT? NO, I'M NOT DRUNK! IT'S LIKE THAT GREEK MEDUSA WE READ ABOUT IN SCHOOL!
PRESS

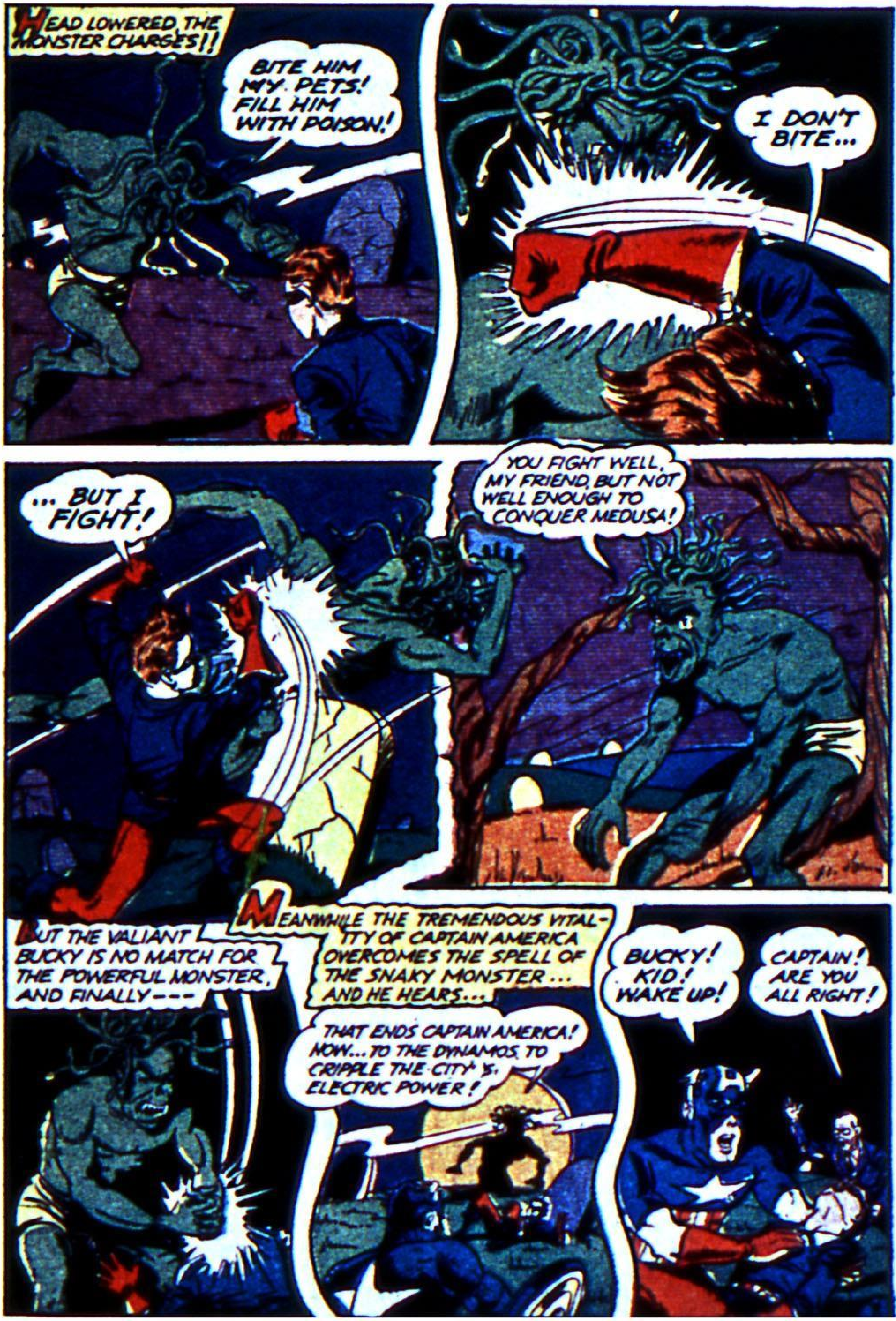

THAT NIGHT A NATIONAL RADIO COMMENTATOR BREAKS INTO HIS CUSTOMARY PROGRAM...
...AND NOW, LET ME INTRODUCE DOCTOR ANTON HARVEY, PROFESSOR OF GREEK AT CARSON UNIVERSITY! HE HAS MUCH TO SAY ABOUT THE TRAGEDY OF THE S.S. BRITTANY!
ALL THE FACTS POINT TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE MONSTER OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS... THE MEDUSA... THE HORROR OF THE SNAKEY HAIR, WHOSE MERE LOOKS KILLED MEN, HAS RETURNED TO PLAGUE THE MODERN WORLD! EACH.....
AT CAMP LEHIGH STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG PAL, BUCKY BARNES, HEAR THE NEWS...
...EACH CENTURY THIS MONSTER HAS APPEARED SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD! NOW IT IS AMERICA'S TURN TO BE PLAGUED BY THIS GHOSTLY GUEST!
HUMPH! SOUNDS LIKE A COMIC STRIP FAIRY TALE!
WHAT IS THE STORY OF THE MEDUSA, STEVE?
IT'S QUITE A TALE, BUCKY! IT SEEMS THAT....
CENTURIES AGO ANCIENT GREECE WAS TERRIFIED BY A MONSTER THEY CALLED THE MEDUSA...
FLEE! THE MEDUSA!
IT'S GLANCE IS DEATH!
QUICK... TO THE HILLS!
...JUST ONE LOOK FROM THIS BABY WOULD KILL A MAN... IT WAS KILLING THE LOCAL POPULATION OFF LIKE FLIES... UNTIL...
...UNTIL A GUY NAMED PERSEUS DECIDED THAT THINGS HAD GONE FAR ENOUGH...
SO THIS MEDUSA COOKIE THINKS IT'S TOUGH, HEY?

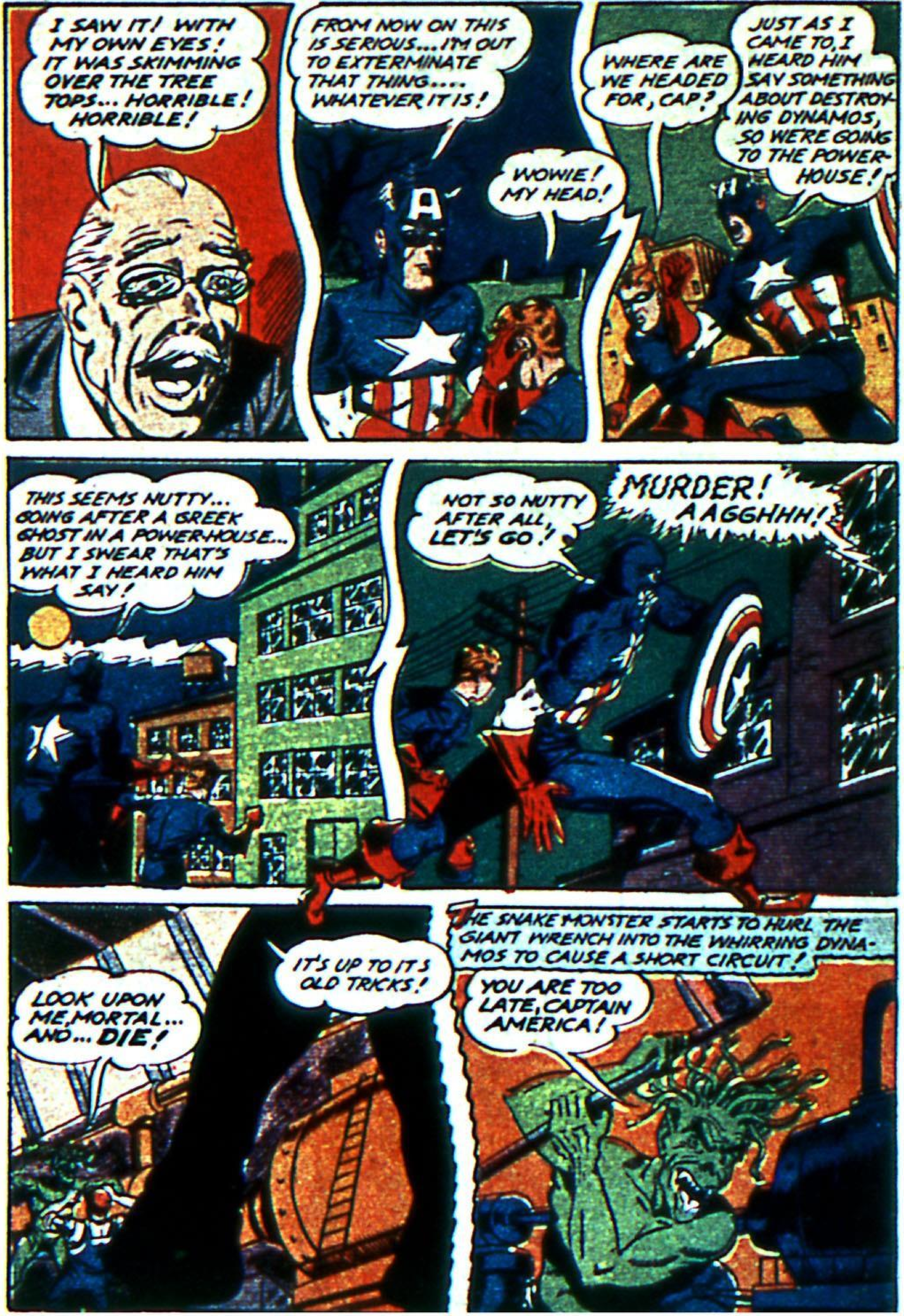
)

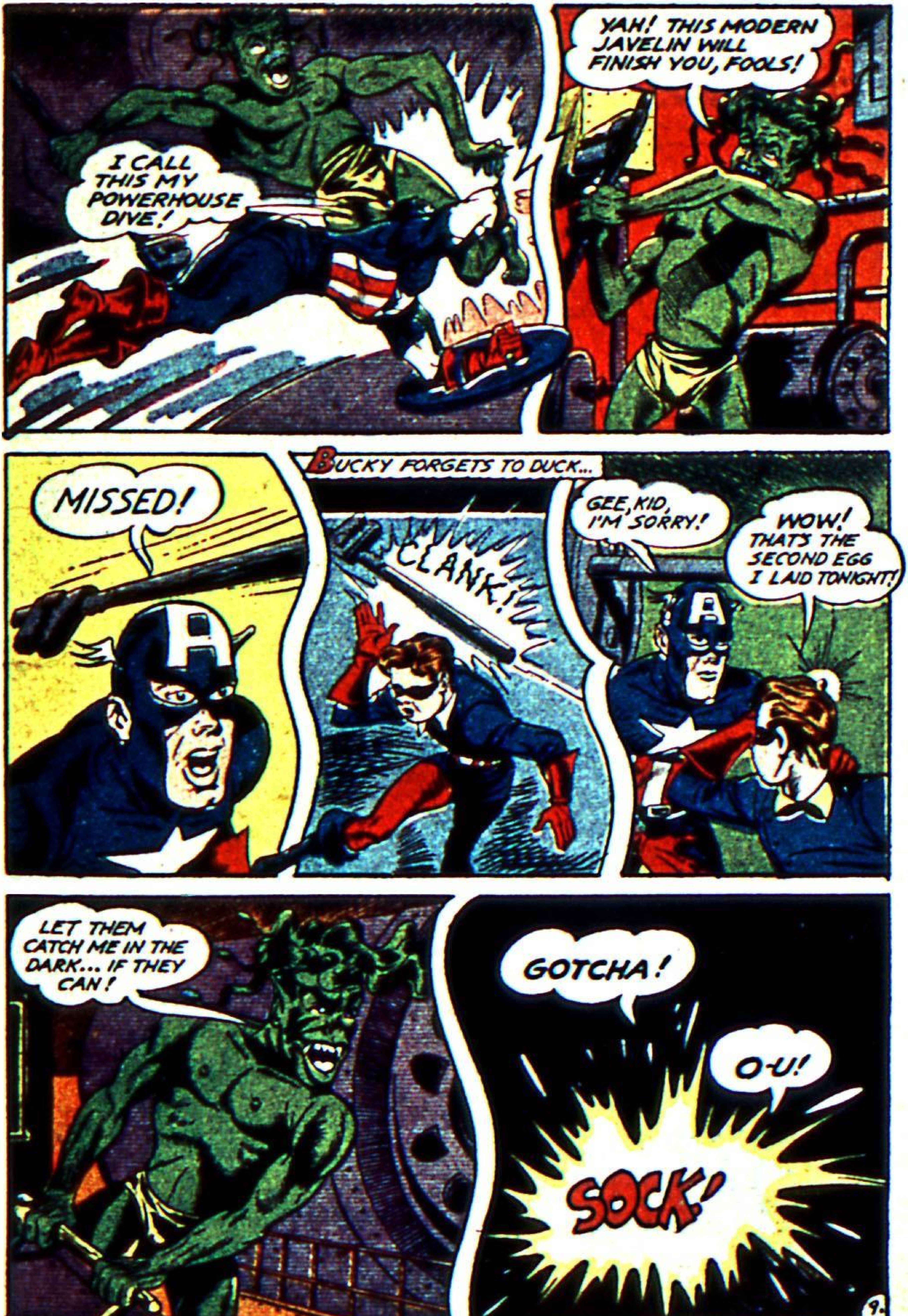

...PERSEUS FLEW OVER THE CAVE... SAW THE MONSTER...
THERE IT IS! I WON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES LOOKING AT THE THING! I'LL WATCH IT'S REFLECTION IN MY SHIELD!
LOOK UPON ME, MORTAL AND DIE!
NOTHING DOING! I'LL JUST LOOK AT YOUR REFLECTION IN MY SHIELD... AND...
...GIVE YOU THE OLD K.O.!
NOW THEY SAY, THE MONSTER IS ALIVE AGAIN AND IN AMERICA!
WHEW! WHAT A STORY!
IT MAY BE ALL BUNK; BUT JUST THE SAME CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL HAVE A LOOK INTO IT!
YEAH, BOY! MAYBE YOU'LL BE THE MODERN PERSEUS WITH YOUR SHIELD!
CAPTAIN AMERICA APPEARS IN DOCTOR ANTON HARVEY'S CLASS ROOM!
...AND SO IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN! ONE NATION FALLS... AND ANOTHER NATION RISES!
LOOK, FELLAS! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YEAH!
THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AMERICA'S CHAMP!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! HOW FORTUNATE YOU CAME! YOU MUST COME TO MY HOUSE IMMEDIATELY!
IT'S AS IF PROVIDENCE SENT YOU! CAPTAIN, I HAVE RECEIVED A CHALLENGE FOR YOU FROM THE SNAKE MONSTER... THE MEDUSA!
YOU WHAT...?

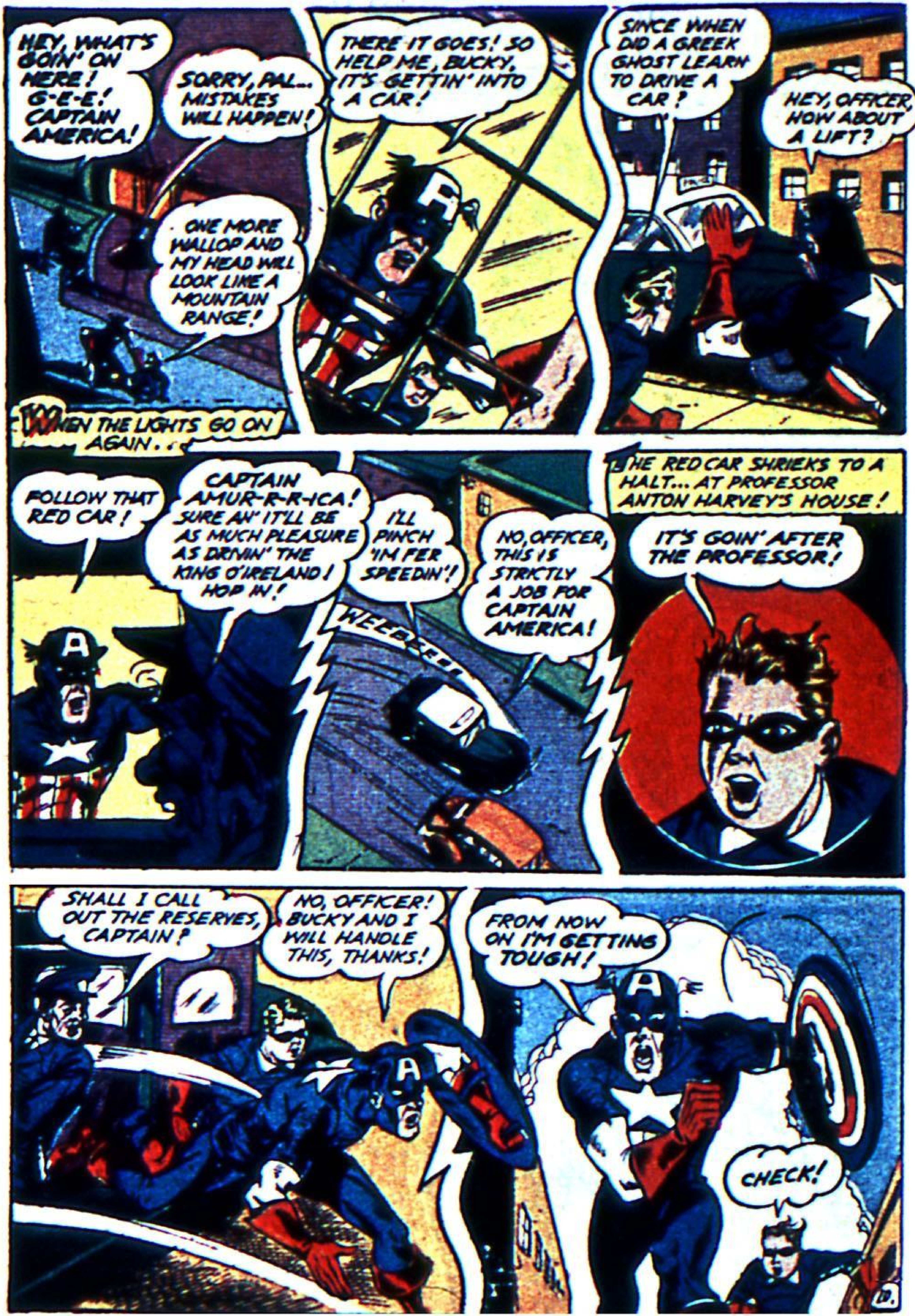

THIS PIECE OF PARCHMENT SAILED THRU MY WINDOW LAST NIGHT! IT'S A MESSAGE TO CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THIS GETS CRAZIER EVERY MINUTE! WHAT DOES THE MESSAGE SAY?
I, THE MEDUSA, CHALLENGE HE WHO CALLS HIMSELF CAPTAIN AMERICA TO A BOUT TO THE DEATH AT MIDNIGHT IN THE BASKERVILLE GRAVEYARD!
WE SHALL GO DOWN WITH A COMPANY OF SOLDIERS AND CLEAN OUT THIS MONSTER!
I STILL SAY THAT THIS IS ALL HOKUM... BUT BUCKY AND I ARE GOING DOWN... ALONE!
IF YOU'RE NOT BACK BY ONE O'CLOCK, I SHALL COME DOWN MYSELF!
THAT'S OKAY... ONLY I'LL BE BACK TO GIVE YOU THE EXPLANATION OF THIS WHOLE THING!
HERE'S HOPING WE GET A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!
IF THAT PROF IS RIBBING US I'LL GIVE HIM THE HOT FOOT!
IT'S AS QUIET AS A GRAVEYARD!
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE!
CAP! CAP! OH! OH! LOOK!

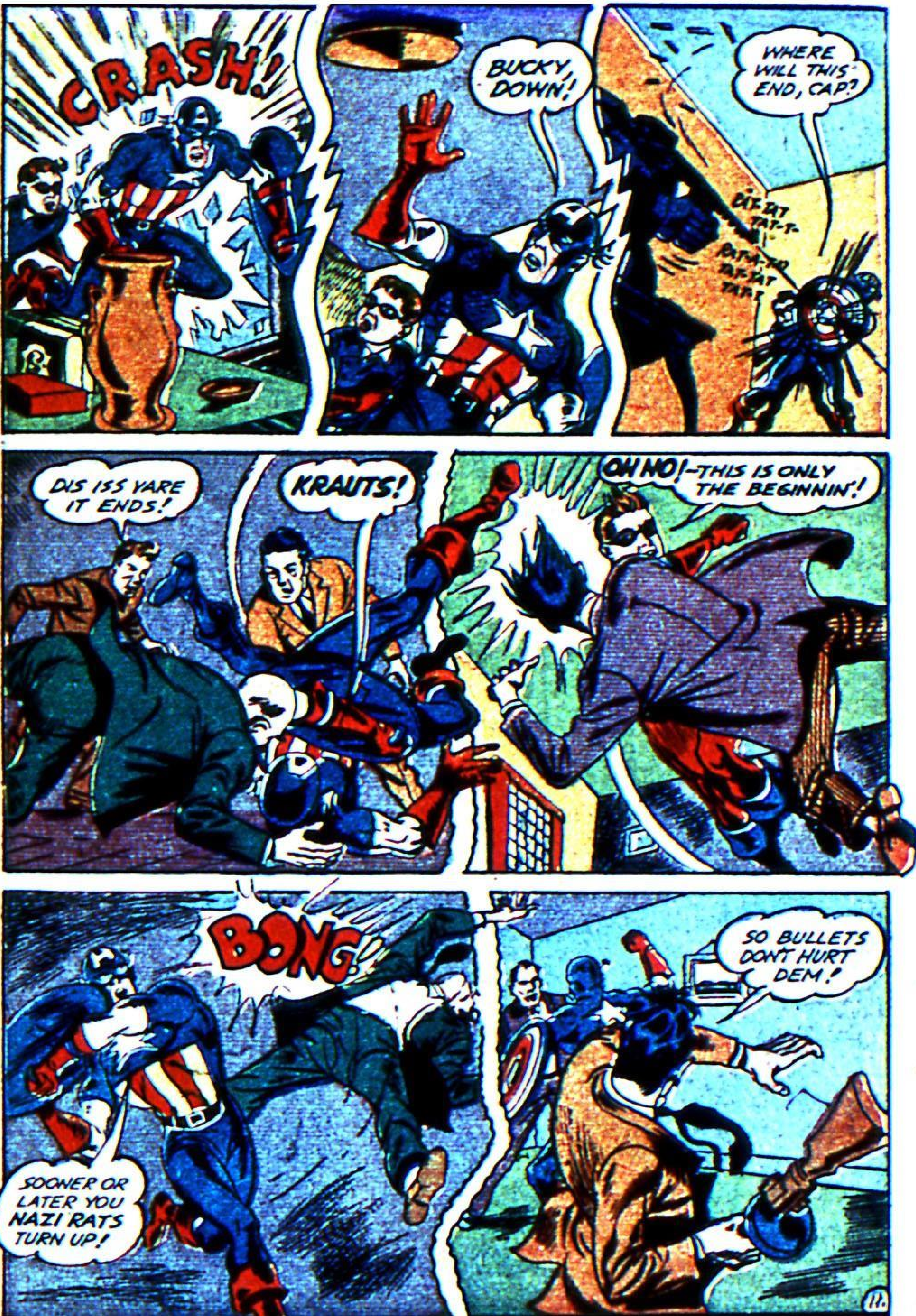

LOOK UPON ME, CAPTAIN AMERICA... AND... DIE!
CAP RUSHES TO SEIZE THE TERROR...
DON'T BE SILLY... THIS IS 1942!
GO GETUM, CAP, I'LL REFEREE!
BUCKY STARES WITH UNBELIEVING EYES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA FALLS BEFORE THE AWFUL GAZE!
HEH! HEH! MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU!
GREAT CÆSAR!
CAP! CAP! SPEAK TO ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
BRAT! YOU I'LL TEAR TO PIECES WITH MY BRAZEN CLAWS!
YEAH? I DON'T TEAR EASY!
BUT I SEE YOU CRACK EASY!
CRACK!

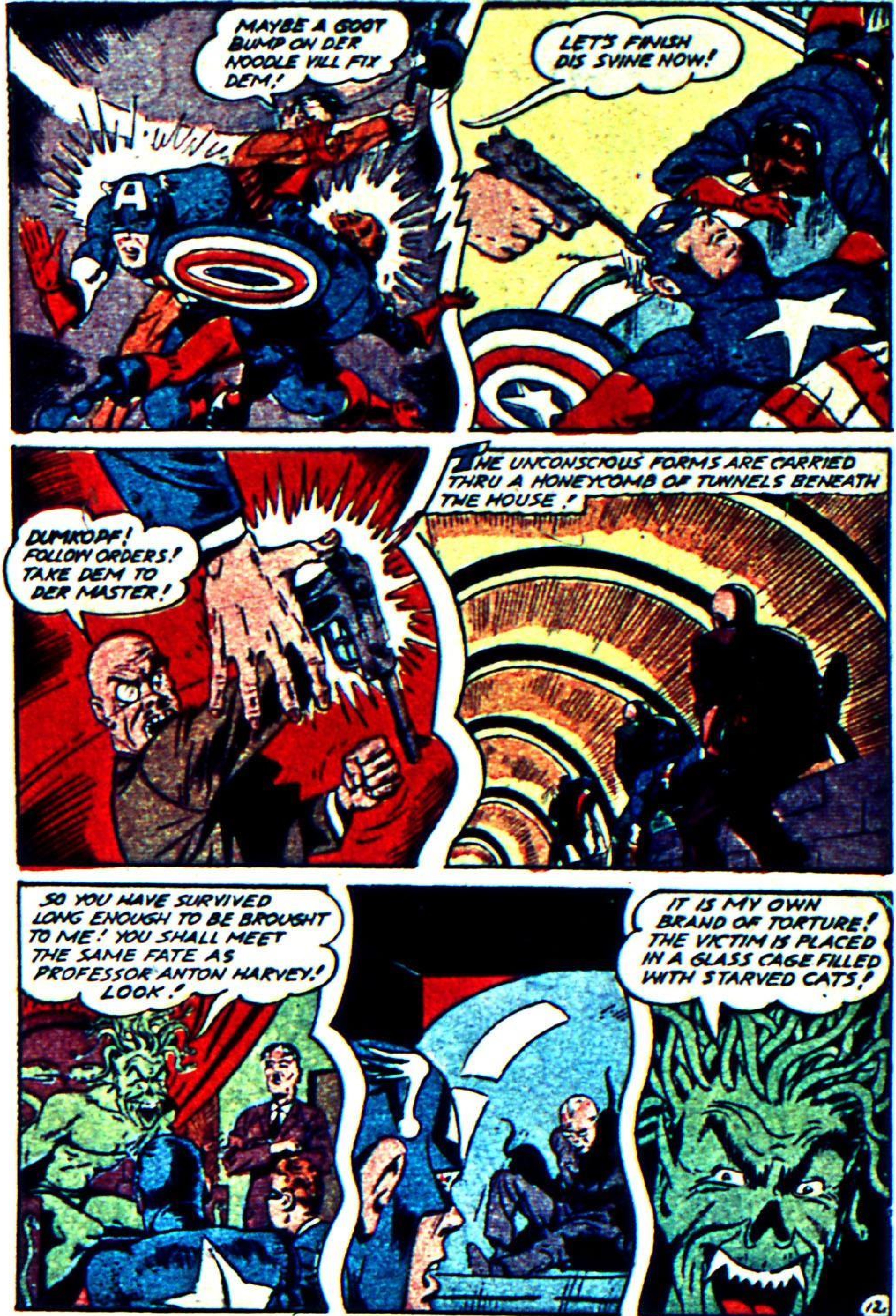

HEAD LOWERED THE MONSTER CHARGES!!
BITE HIM MY PETS! FILL HIM WITH POISON!
I DON'T BITE...
...BUT I FIGHT!
YOU FIGHT WELL, MY FRIEND, BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH TO CONQUER MEDUSA!
BUT THE VALIANT BUCKY IS NO MATCH FOR THE POWERFUL MONSTER, AND FINALLY---
MEANWHILE THE TREMENDOUS VITALITY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA OVERCOMES THE SPELL OF THE SNAKY MONSTER... AND HE HEARS...
THAT ENDS CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOW... TO THE DYNAMOS, TO CRIPPLE THE CITY'S ELECTRIC POWER!
BUCKY! KID! WAKE UP!
CAPTAIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!

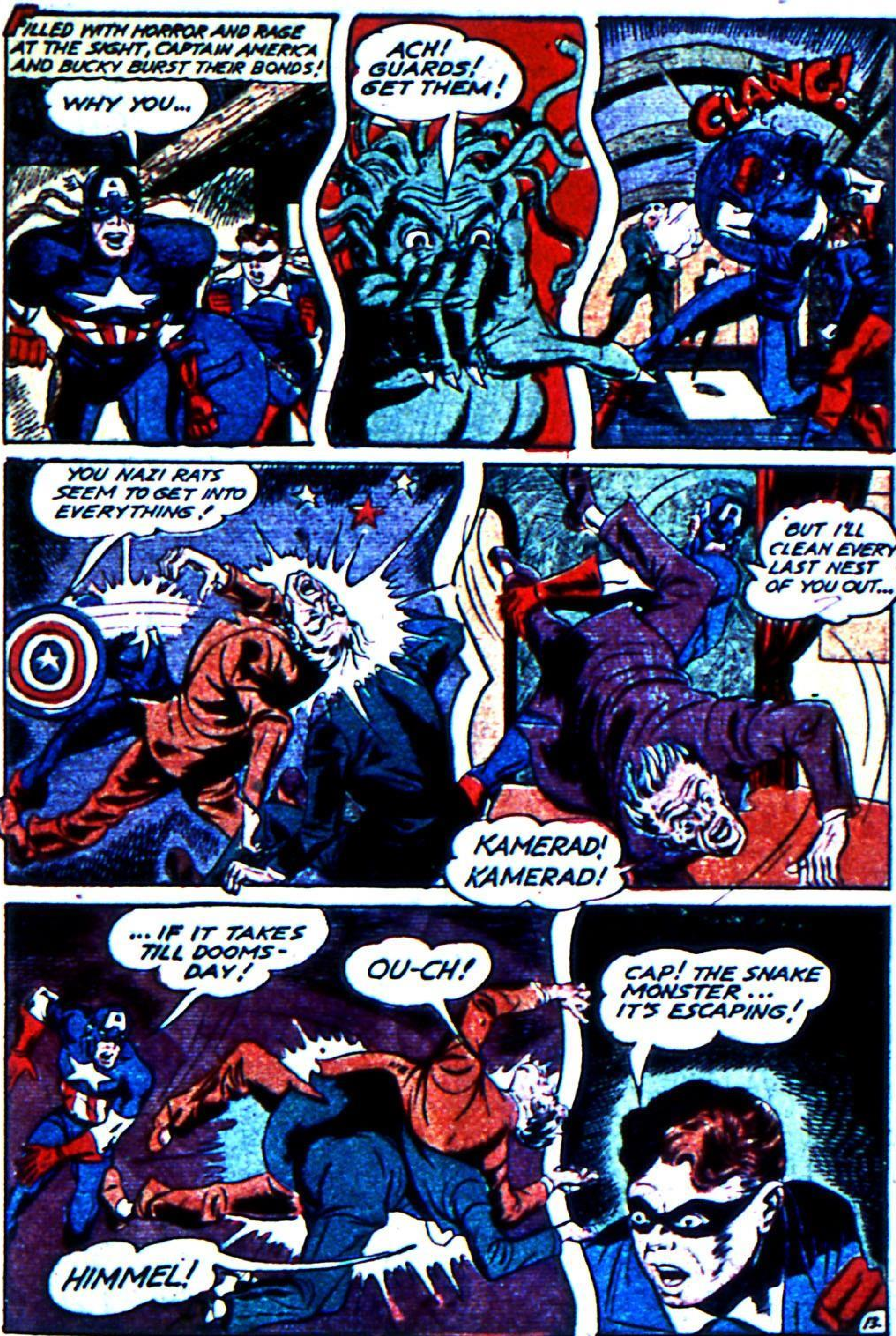

I SAW IT! WITH MY OWN EYES! IT WAS SKIMMING OVER THE TREE TOPS... HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!
FROM NOW ON THIS IS SERIOUS... I'M OUT TO EXTERMINATE THAT THING.... WHATEVER IT IS!
WOWIE! MY HEAD!
WHERE ARE WE HEADED FOR, CAP?
JUST AS I CAME TO, I HEARD HIM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT DESTROYING DYNAMOS, SO WE'RE GOING TO THE POWER-HOUSE!
THIS SEEMS NUTTY... GOING AFTER A GREEK GHOST IN A POWER-HOUSE... BUT I SWEAR THAT'S WHAT I HEARD HIM SAY!
NOT SO NUTTY AFTER ALL, LET'S GO!
MURDER! AAGGHHH!
LOOK UPON ME, MORTAL... AND... DIE!
IT'S UP TO ITS OLD TRICKS!
THE SNAKE MONSTER STARTS TO HURL THE GIANT WRENCH INTO THE WHIRRING DYNAMOS TO CAUSE A SHORT CIRCUIT!
YOU ARE TOO LATE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

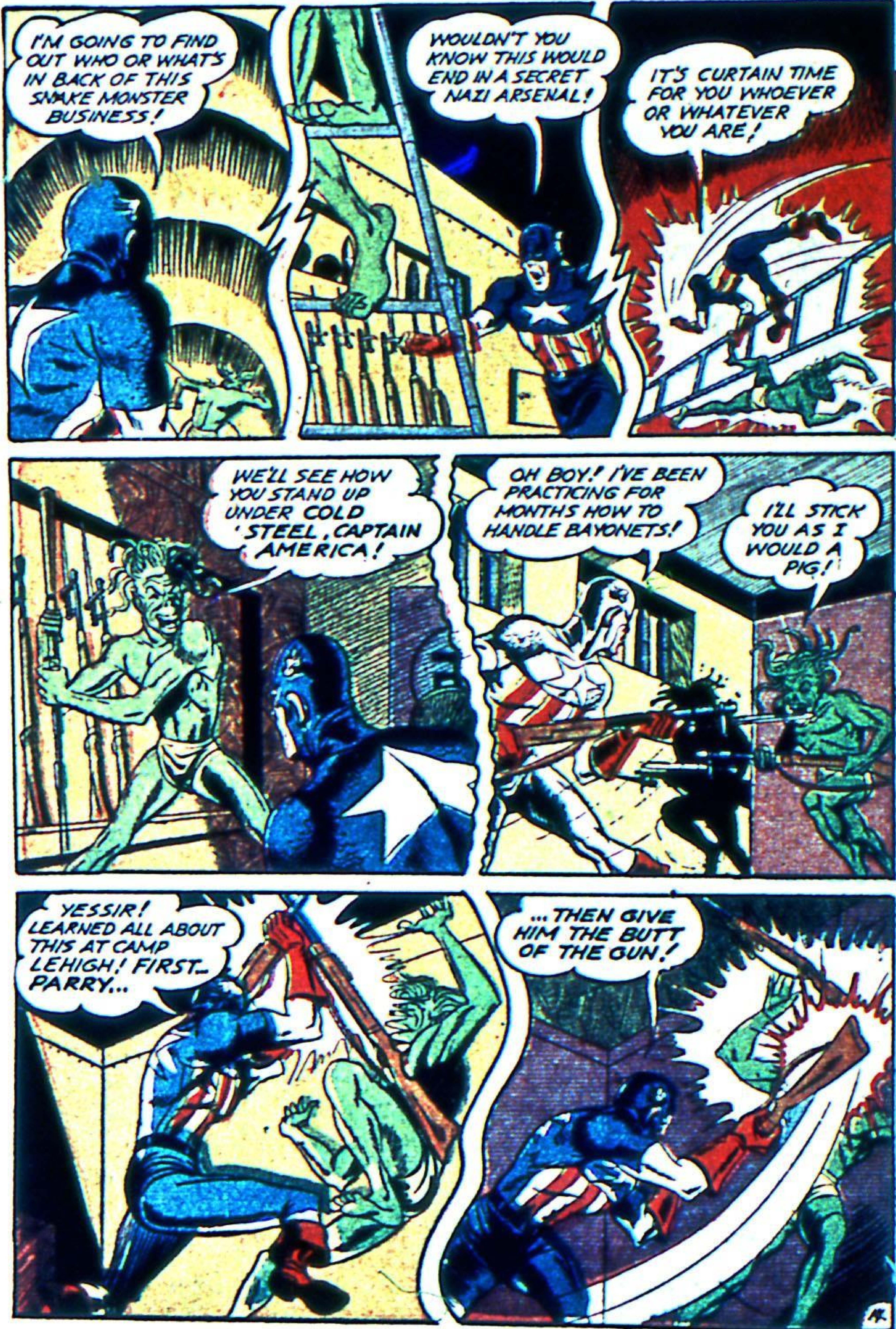

I CALL THIS MY POWERHOUSE DIVE!
YAH! THIS MODERN JAVELIN WILL FINISH YOU, FOOLS!
MISSED!
BUCKY FORGETS TO DUCK...
CLANK!
GEE, KID, I'M SORRY!
WOW! THAT'S THE SECOND EGG I LAID TONIGHT!
LET THEM CATCH ME IN THE DARK... IF THEY CAN!
GOTCHA!
O-U!
SOCK!

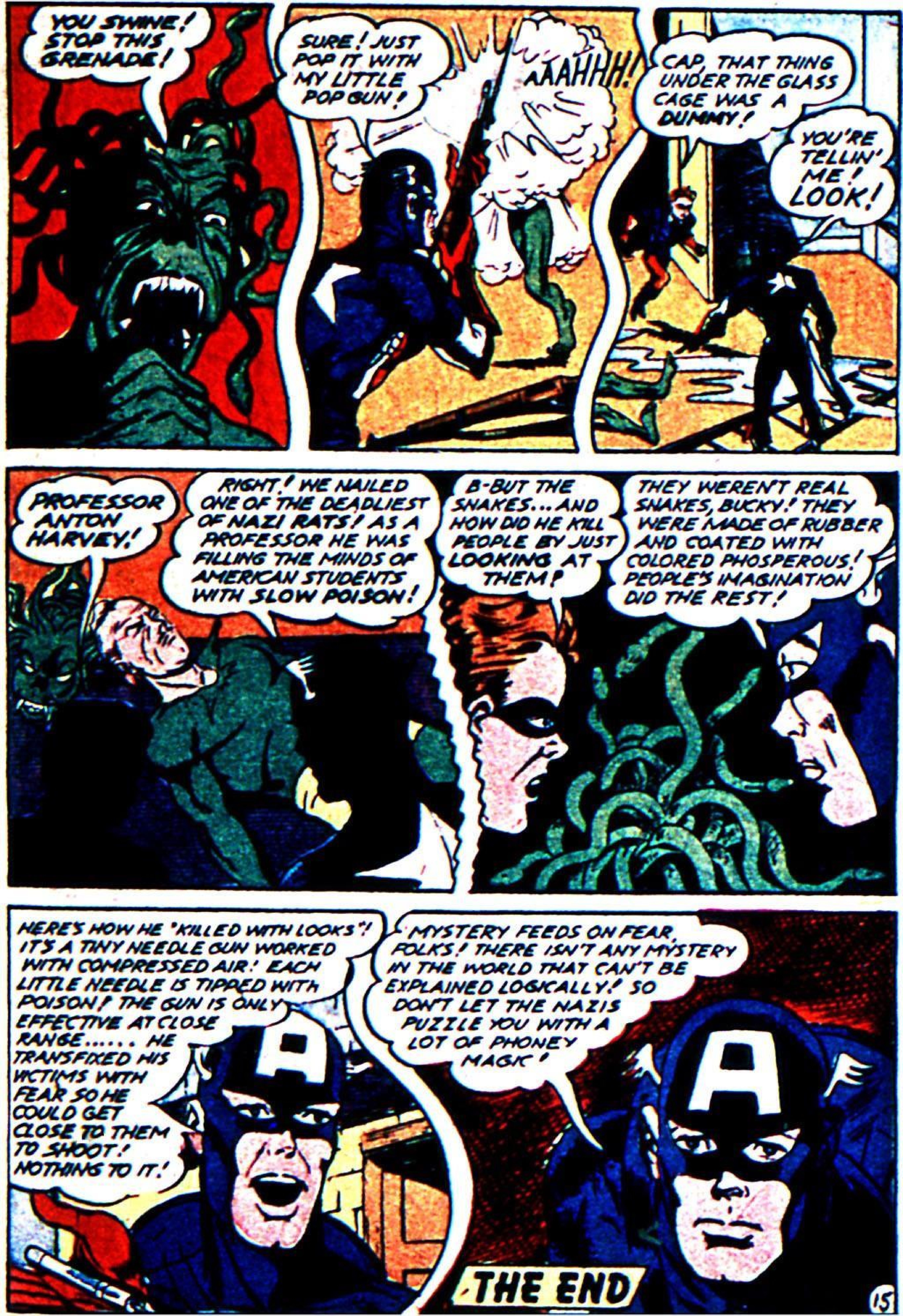

HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE! G-E-E! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SORRY, PAL... MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!
ONE MORE WALLOP AND MY HEAD WILL LOOK LIKE A MOUNTAIN RANGE!
THERE IT GOES! SO HELP ME, BUCKY, IT'S GETTIN' INTO A CAR!
SINCE WHEN DID A GREEK GHOST LEARN TO DRIVE A CAR?
HEY, OFFICER, HOW ABOUT A LIFT?
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN...
FOLLOW THAT RED CAR!
CAPTAIN AMUR-R-R-ICA! SURE AN' IT'LL BE AS MUCH PLEASURE AS DRIVIN' THE KING O'IRELAND! HOP IN!
I'LL PINCH 'IM FER SPEEDIN'!
NO, OFFICER, THIS IS STRICTLY A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WELCOME
THE RED CAR SHRIEKS TO A HALT... AT PROFESSOR ANTON HARVEY'S HOUSE!
IT'S GOIN' AFTER THE PROFESSOR!
SHALL I CALL OUT THE RESERVES, CAPTAIN?
NO, OFFICER! BUCKY AND I WILL HANDLE THIS, THANKS!
FROM NOW ON I'M GETTING TOUGH!
CHECK!

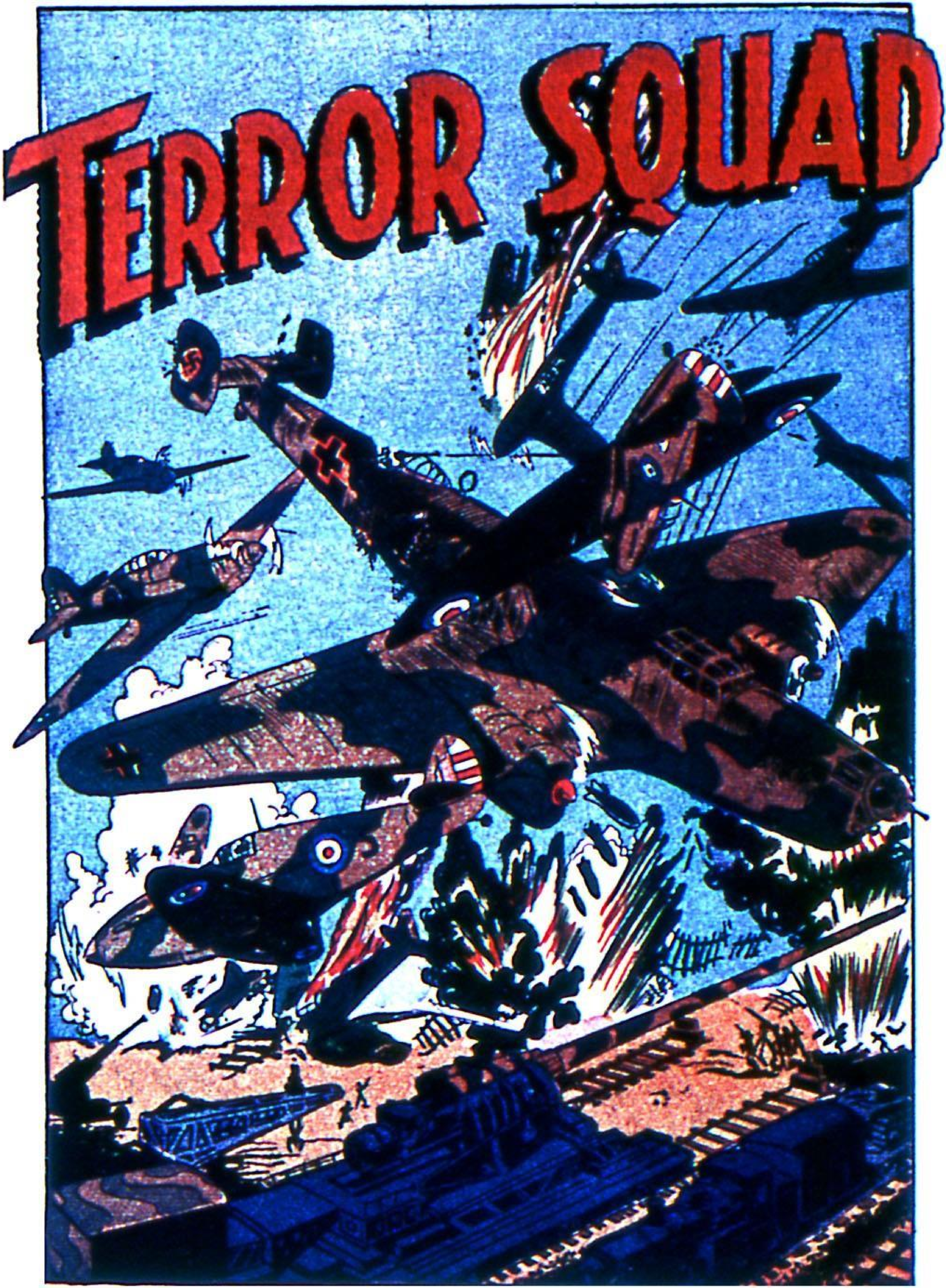

CRASH!
BUCKY, DOWN!
WHERE WILL THIS END, CAP?
RAT-TAT TAT-T-T
RAT-T-TAT TAT-TAT TAT-T
DIS ISS VARE IT ENDS!
KRAUTS!
OH NO!—THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNIN'!
BONG!
SOONER OR LATER YOU NAZI RATS TURN UP!
SO BULLETS DON'T HURT DEM!

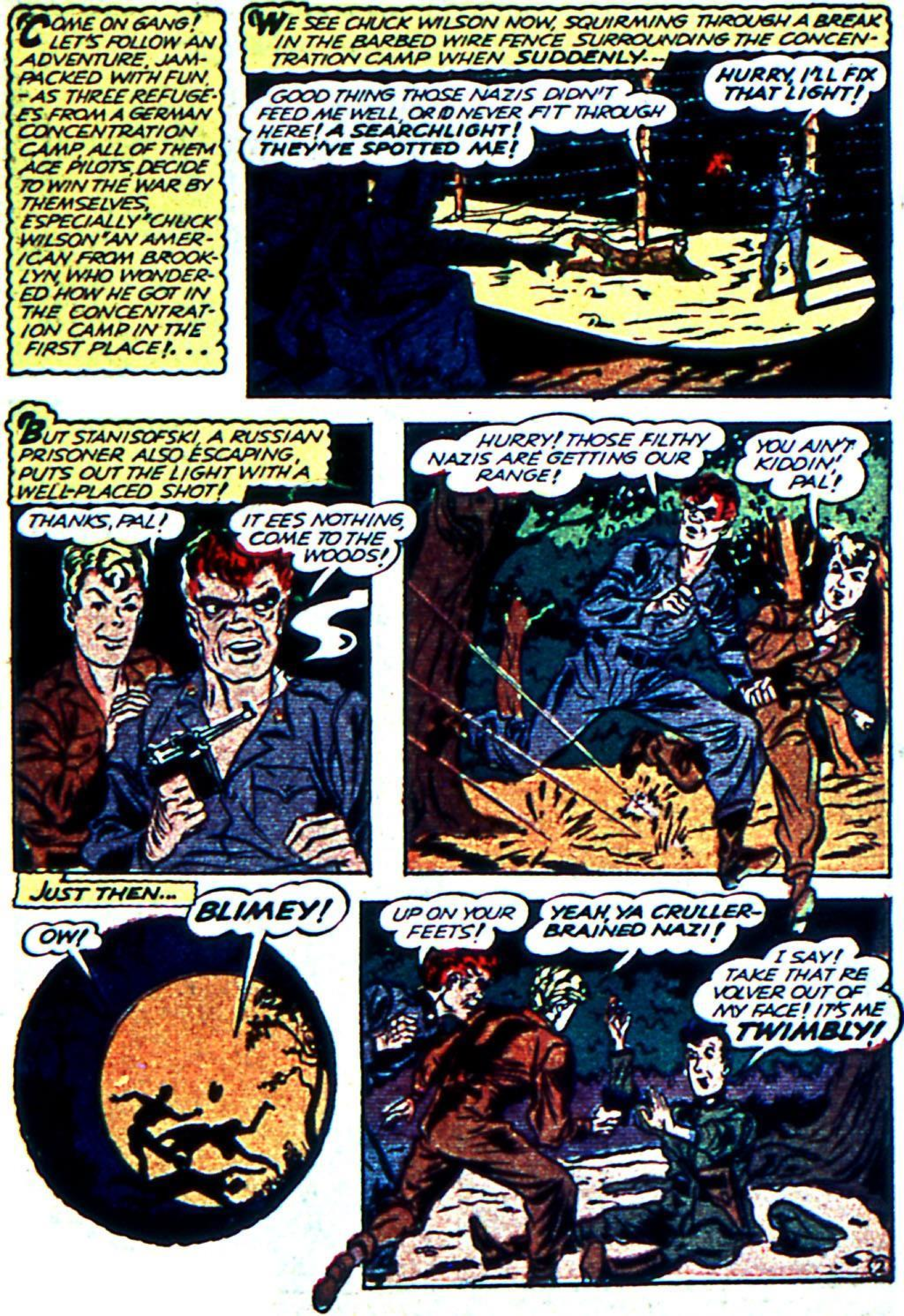

MAYBE A GOOT BUMP ON DER NOODLE VILL FIX DEM!
LET'S FINISH DIS SVINE NOW!
DUMKOPF! FOLLOW ORDERS! TAKE DEM TO DER MASTER!
THE UNCONSCIOUS FORMS ARE CARRIED THRU A HONEYCOMB OF TUNNELS BENEATH THE HOUSE!
SO YOU HAVE SURVIVED LONG ENOUGH TO BE BROUGHT TO ME! YOU SHALL MEET THE SAME FATE AS PROFESSOR ANTON HARVEY! LOOK!
IT IS MY OWN BRAND OF TORTURE! THE VICTIM IS PLACED IN A GLASS CAGE FILLED WITH STARVED CATS!

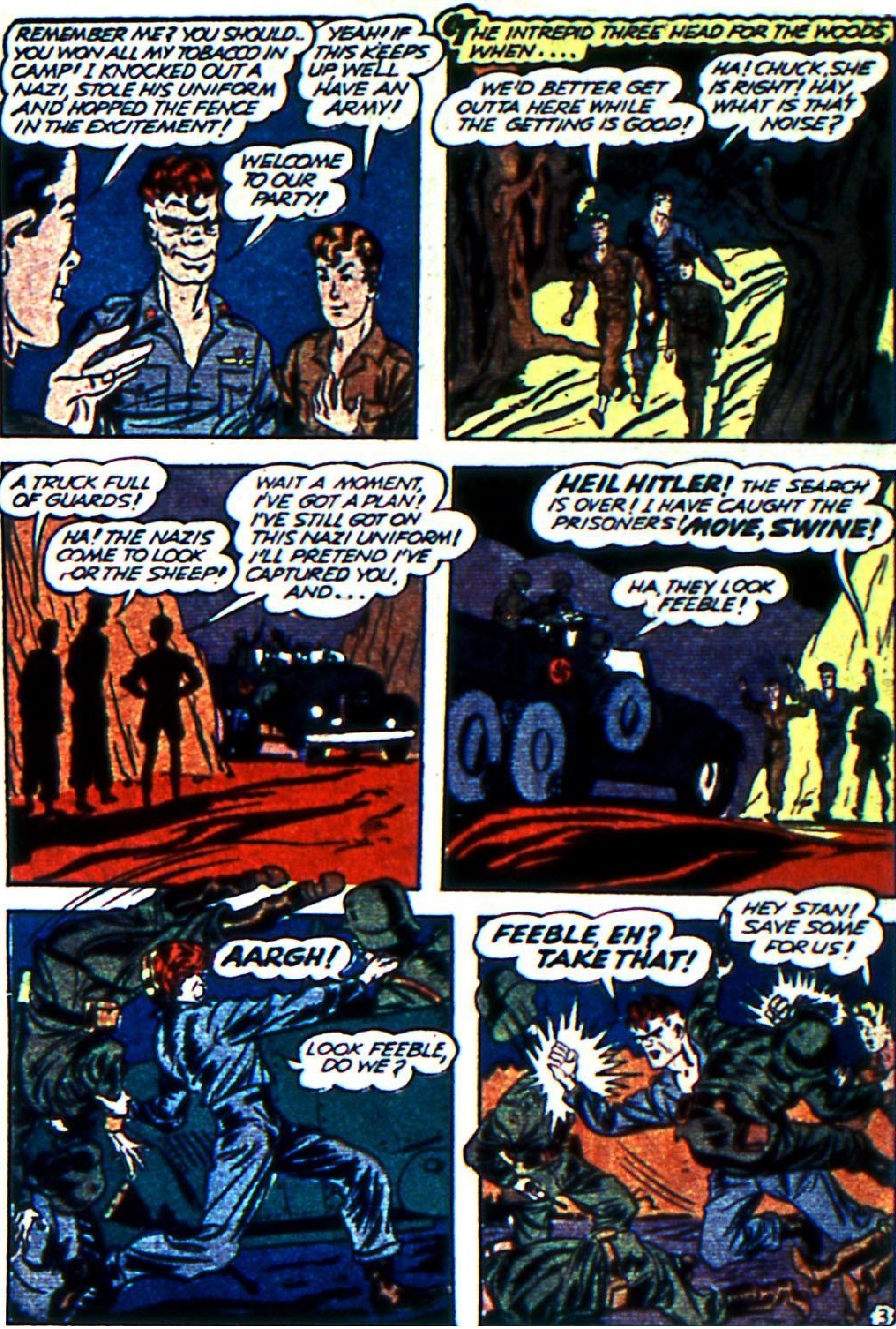

FILLED WITH HORROR AND RAGE AT THE SIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY BURST THEIR BONDS!
WHY YOU...
ACH! GUARDS! GET THEM!
CLANG!
YOU NAZI RATS SEEM TO GET INTO EVERYTHING!
BUT I'LL CLEAN EVERY LAST NEST OF YOU OUT...
KAMERAD! KAMERAD!
...IF IT TAKES TILL DOOMSDAY!
OU-CH!
CAP! THE SNAKE MONSTER... IT'S ESCAPING!
HIMMEL!

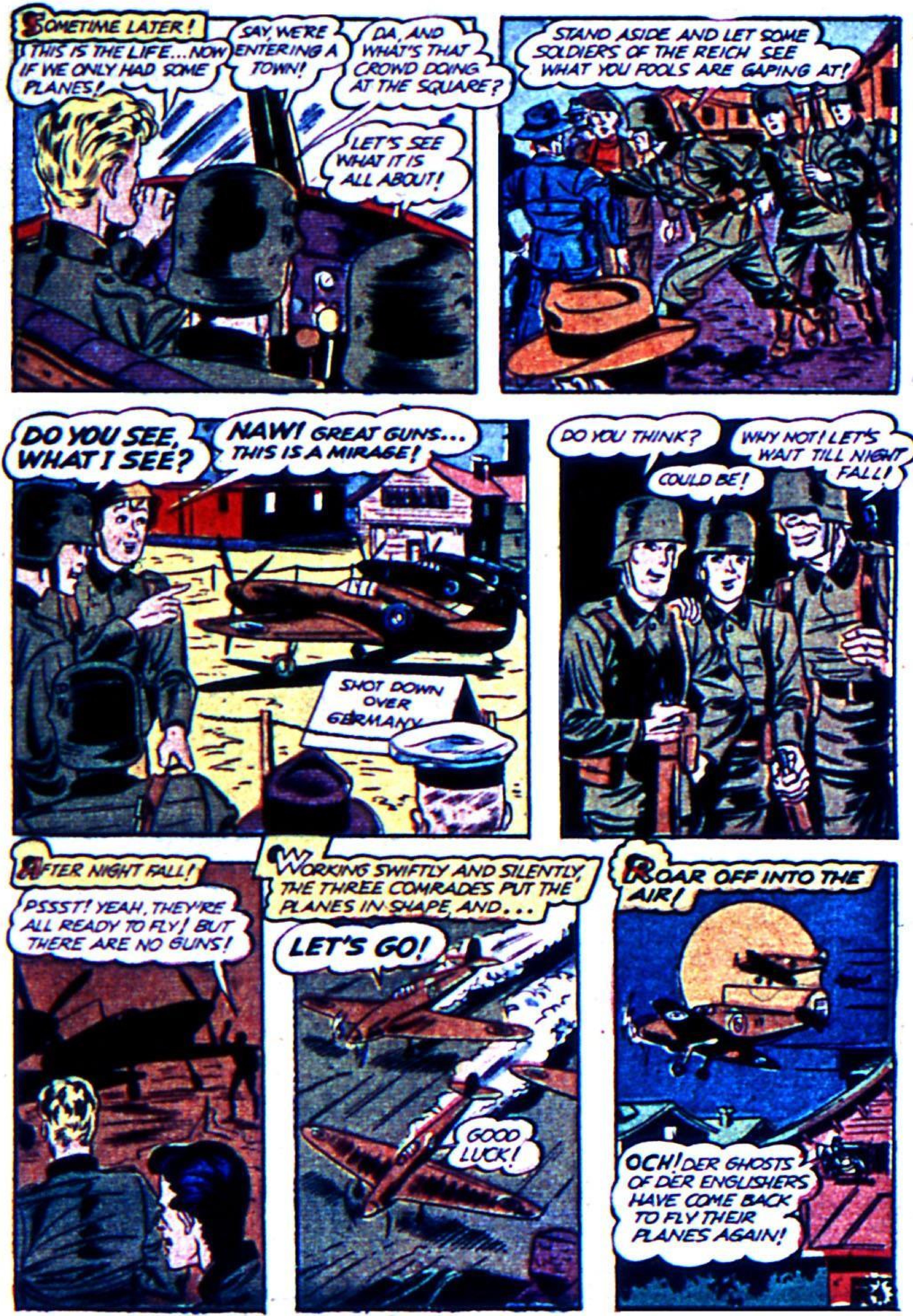

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO OR WHAT'S IN BACK OF THIS SNAKE MONSTER BUSINESS!
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW THIS WOULD END IN A SECRET NAZI ARSENAL!
IT'S CURTAIN TIME FOR YOU WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU ARE!
WE'LL SEE HOW YOU STAND UP UNDER COLD 'STEEL, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
OH BOY! I'VE BEEN PRACTICING FOR MONTHS HOW TO HANDLE BAYONETS!
I'LL STICK YOU AS I WOULD A PIG!
YESSIR! LEARNED ALL ABOUT THIS AT CAMP LEHIGH! FIRST.. PARRY...
...THEN GIVE HIM THE BUTT OF THE GUN!

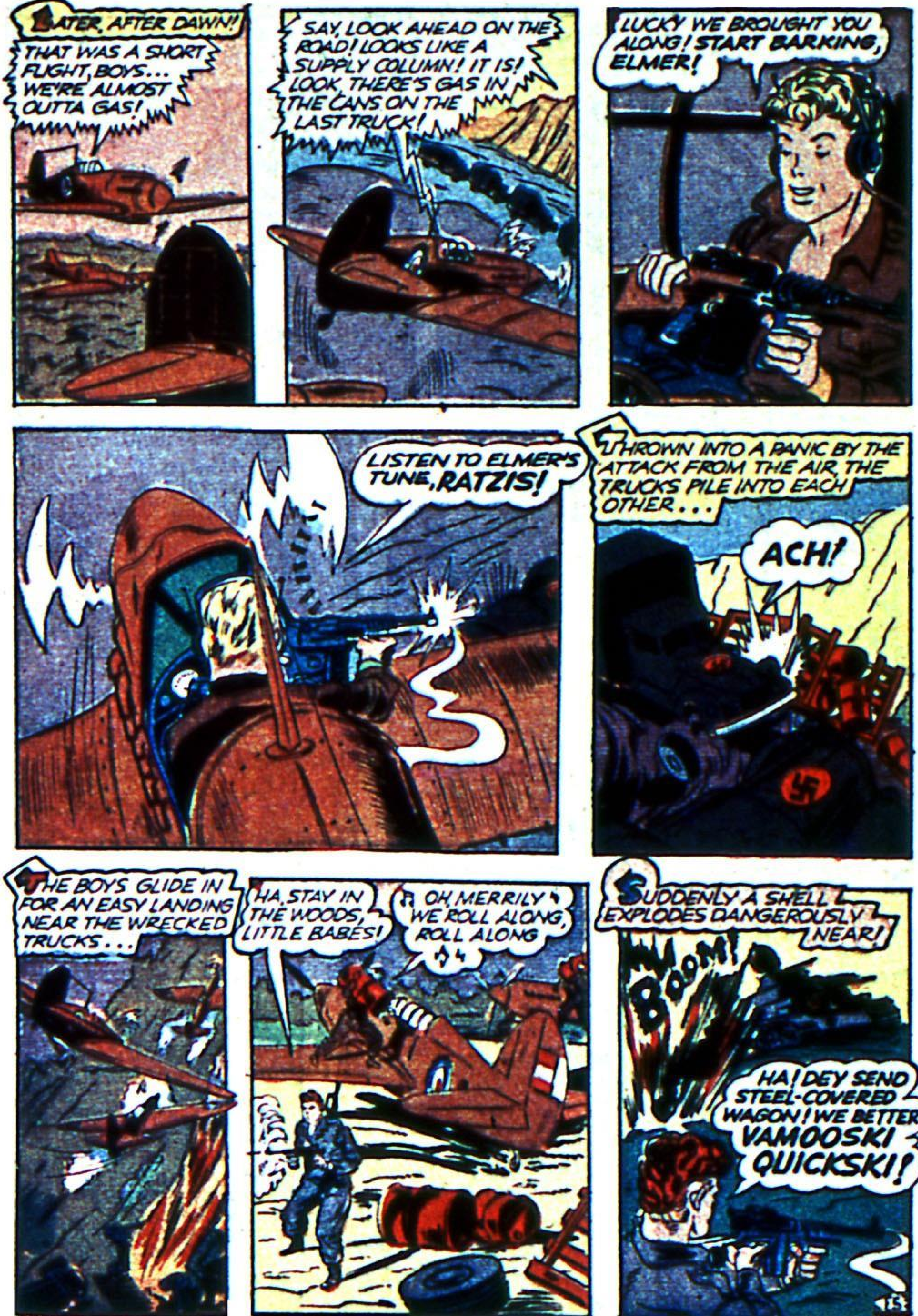

YOU SWINE! STOP THIS GRENADE!
SURE! JUST POP IT WITH MY LITTLE POP GUN!
AAAHHH!
CAP, THAT THING UNDER THE GLASS CAGE WAS A DUMMY!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! LOOK!
PROFESSOR ANTON HARVEY!
RIGHT! WE NAILED ONE OF THE DEADLIEST OF NAZI RATS! AS A PROFESSOR HE WAS FILLING THE MINDS OF AMERICAN STUDENTS WITH SLOW POISON!
B-BUT THE SNAKES... AND HOW DID HE KILL PEOPLE BY JUST LOOKING AT THEM?
THEY WEREN'T REAL SNAKES, BUCKY! THEY WERE MADE OF RUBBER AND COATED WITH COLORED PHOSPEROUS! PEOPLE'S IMAGINATION DID THE REST!
HERE'S HOW HE "KILLED WITH LOOKS"! IT'S A TINY NEEDLE GUN WORKED WITH COMPRESSED AIR! EACH LITTLE NEEDLE IS TIPPED WITH POISON! THE GUN IS ONLY EFFECTIVE AT CLOSE RANGE...... HE TRANSFIXED HIS VICTIMS WITH FEAR SO HE COULD GET CLOSE TO THEM TO SHOOT! NOTHING TO IT!
MYSTERY FEEDS ON FEAR, FOLKS! THERE ISN'T ANY MYSTERY IN THE WORLD THAT CAN'T BE EXPLAINED LOGICALLY! SO DON'T LET THE NAZIS PUZZLE YOU WITH A LOT OF PHONEY MAGIC!
THE END

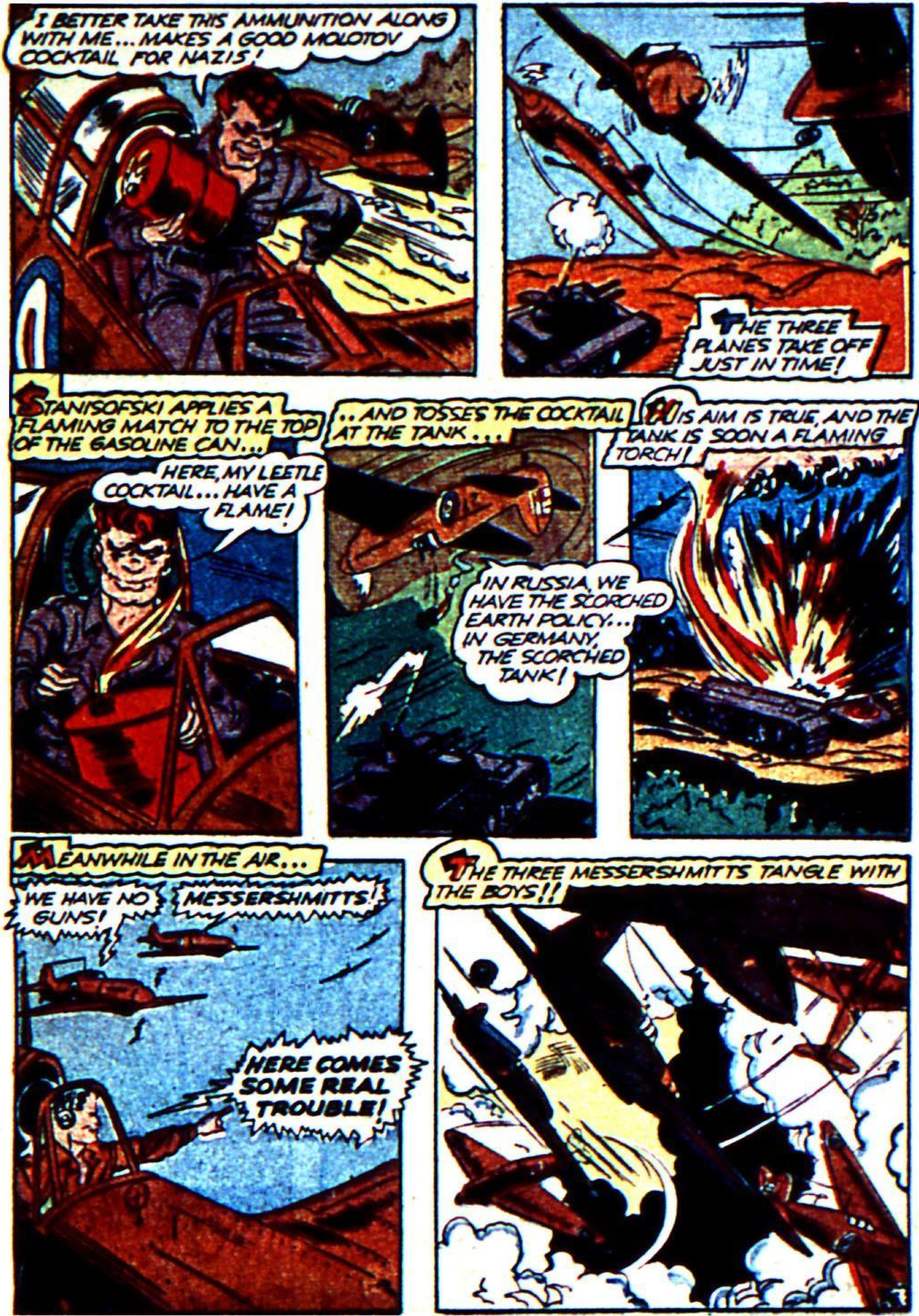

TERROR SQUAD

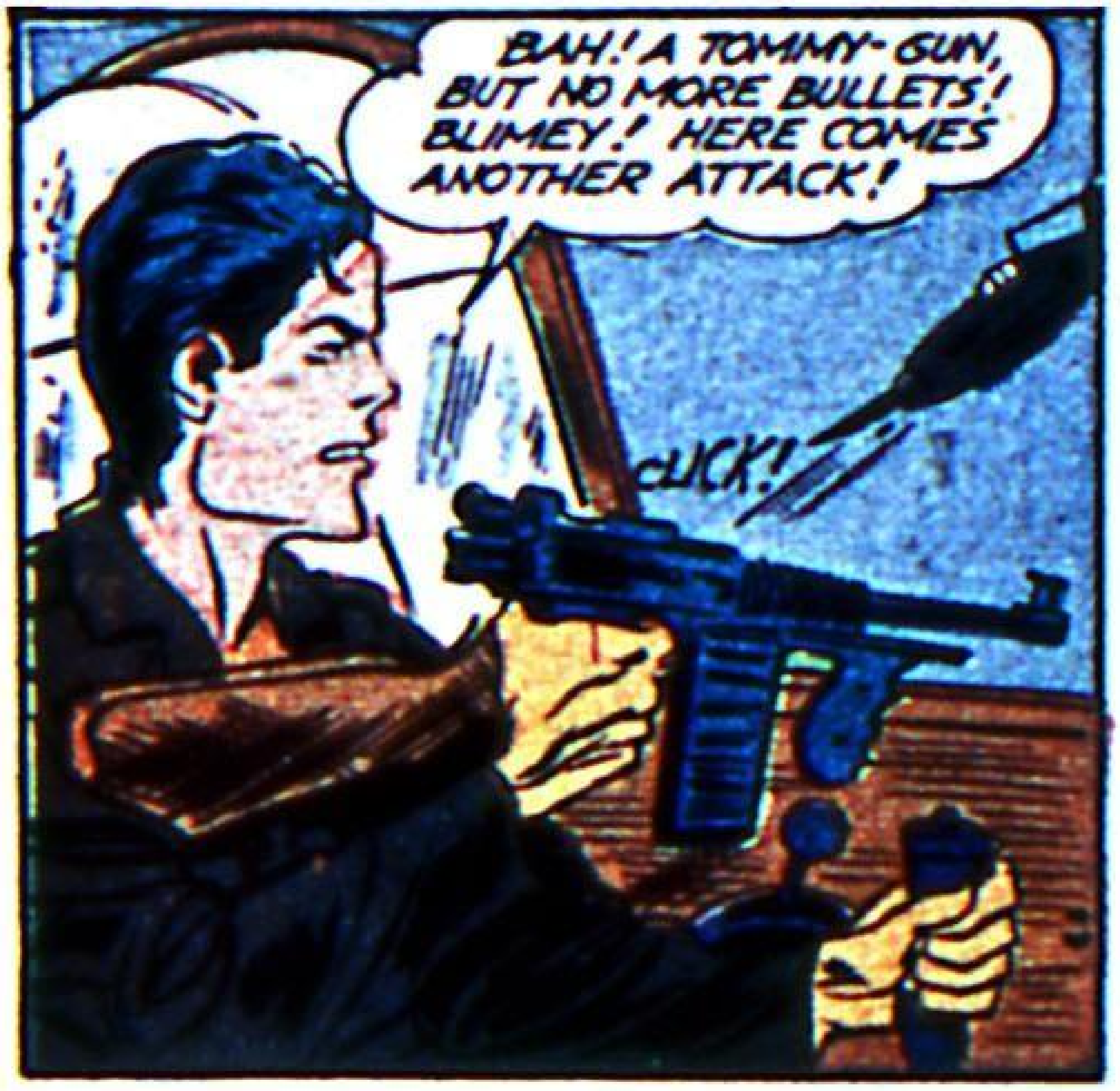

COME ON GANG! LET'S FOLLOW AN ADVENTURE, JAM-PACKED WITH FUN, -AS THREE REFUGEES FROM A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP, ALL OF THEM ACE PILOTS, DECIDE TO WIN THE WAR BY THEMSELVES, ESPECIALLY "CHUCK WILSON" AN AMERICAN FROM BROOKLYN, WHO WONDERED HOW HE GOT IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP IN THE FIRST PLACE!. . .
WE SEE CHUCK WILSON NOW, SQUIRMING THROUGH A BREAK IN THE BARBED WIRE FENCE SURROUNDING THE CONCENTRATION CAMP WHEN SUDDENLY---
GOOD THING THOSE NAZIS DIDN'T FEED ME WELL, OR I'D NEVER FIT THROUGH HERE! A SEARCHLIGHT! THEY'VE SPOTTED ME!
HURRY, I'LL FIX THAT LIGHT!
BUT STANISOFSKI, A RUSSIAN PRISONER ALSO ESCAPING, PUTS OUT THE LIGHT WITH A WELL-PLACED SHOT!
THANKS, PAL!
IT EES NOTHING, COME TO THE WOODS!
HURRY! THOSE FILTHY NAZIS ARE GETTING OUR RANGE!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', PAL!
JUST THEN...
OW!
BLIMEY!
UP ON YOUR FEETS!
YEAH, YA CRULLER-BRAINED NAZI!
I SAY! TAKE THAT REVOLVER OUT OF MY FACE! IT'S ME TWIMBLY!

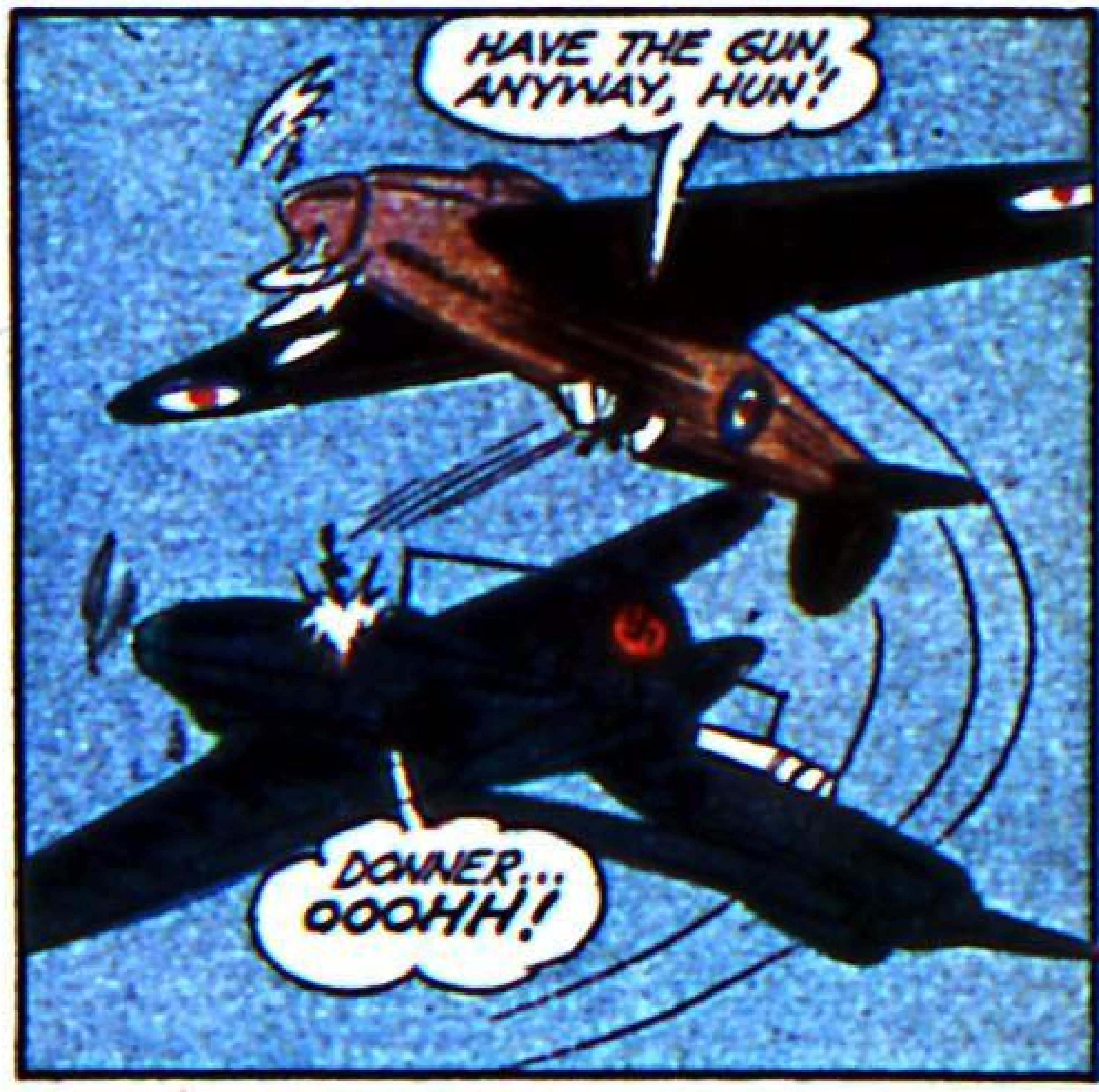

REMEMBER ME? YOU SHOULD.. YOU WON ALL MY TOBACCO IN CAMP! I KNOCKED OUT A NAZI, STOLE HIS UNIFORM AND HOPPED THE FENCE IN THE EXCITEMENT!
YEAH! IF THIS KEEPS UP, WELL HAVE AN ARMY!
WELCOME TO OUR PARTY!
THE INTREPID THREE HEAD FOR THE WOODS, WHEN....
WE'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!
HA! CHUCK, SHE IS RIGHT! HAY, WHAT IS THAT NOISE?
A TRUCK FULL OF GUARDS!
HA! THE NAZIS COME TO LOOK FOR THE SHEEP!
WAIT A MOMENT, I'VE GOT A PLAN! I'VE STILL GOT ON THIS NAZI UNIFORM! I'LL PRETEND I'VE CAPTURED YOU, AND...
HEIL HITLER! THE SEARCH IS OVER! I HAVE CAUGHT THE PRISONERS! MOVE, SWINE!
HA, THEY LOOK FEEBLE!
AARGH!
LOOK FEEBLE, DO WE?
FEEBLE, EH? TAKE THAT!
HEY STAN! SAVE SOME FOR US!
3

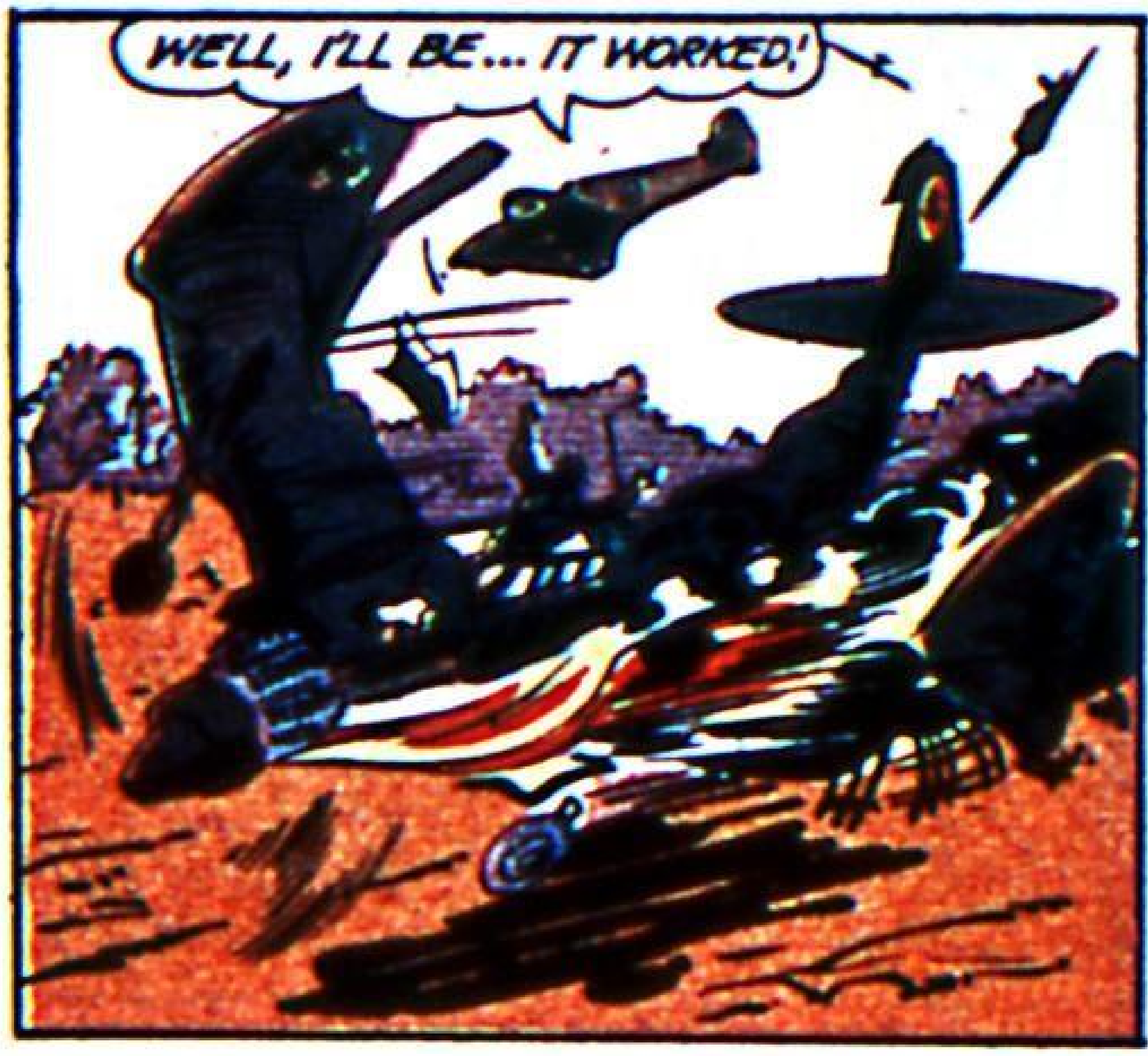

SOMETIME LATER!
THIS IS THE LIFE... NOW IF WE ONLY HAD SOME PLANES!
SAY, WE'RE ENTERING A TOWN!
DA, AND WHAT'S THAT CROWD DOING AT THE SQUARE?
LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT!
STAND ASIDE AND LET SOME SOLDIERS OF THE REICH SEE WHAT YOU FOOLS ARE GAPING AT!
DO YOU SEE, WHAT I SEE?
NAW! GREAT GUNS... THIS IS A MIRAGE!
SHOT DOWN OVER GERMANY
DO YOU THINK?
COULD BE!
WHY NOT! LET'S WAIT TILL NIGHT FALL!
AFTER NIGHT FALL!
PSSST! YEAH, THEY'RE ALL READY TO FLY! BUT THERE ARE NO GUNS!
WORKING SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE THREE COMRADES PUT THE PLANES IN SHAPE, AND...
LET'S GO!
GOOD LUCK!
ROAR OFF INTO THE AIR!
OCH! DER GHOSTS OF DER ENGLISHERS HAVE COME BACK TO FLY THEIR PLANES AGAIN!

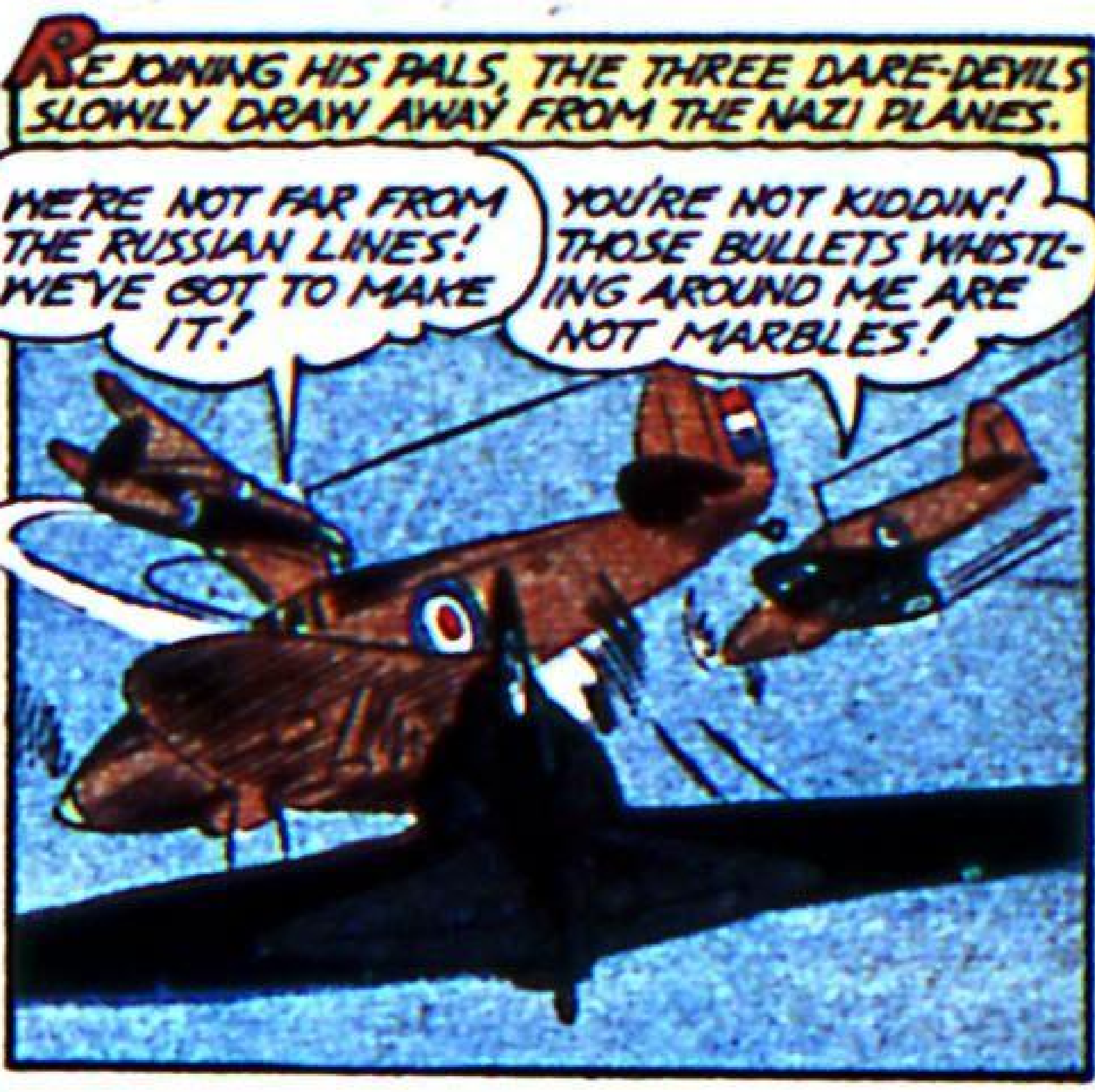

LATER, AFTER DAWN!
THAT WAS A SHORT FLIGHT, BOYS... WE'RE ALMOST OUTTA GAS!
SAY, LOOK AHEAD ON THE ROAD! LOOKS LIKE A SUPPLY COLUMN! IT IS! LOOK, THERE'S GAS IN THE CANS ON THE LAST TRUCK!
LUCKY WE BROUGHT YOU ALONG! START BARKING, ELMER!
LISTEN TO ELMER'S TUNE, RATZIS!
THROWN INTO A PANIC BY THE ATTACK FROM THE AIR THE TRUCKS PILE INTO EACH OTHER...
ACH!
THE BOYS GLIDE IN FOR AN EASY LANDING NEAR THE WRECKED TRUCKS...
HA, STAY IN THE WOODS, LITTLE BABES!
♪ OH, MERRILY ♪ WE ROLL ALONG, ROLL ALONG ♪♪
SUDDENLY A SHELL EXPLODES DANGEROUSLY NEAR!
BOOM!
HA! DEY SEND STEEL-COVERED WAGON! WE BETTER VAMOOSKI QUICKSKI!

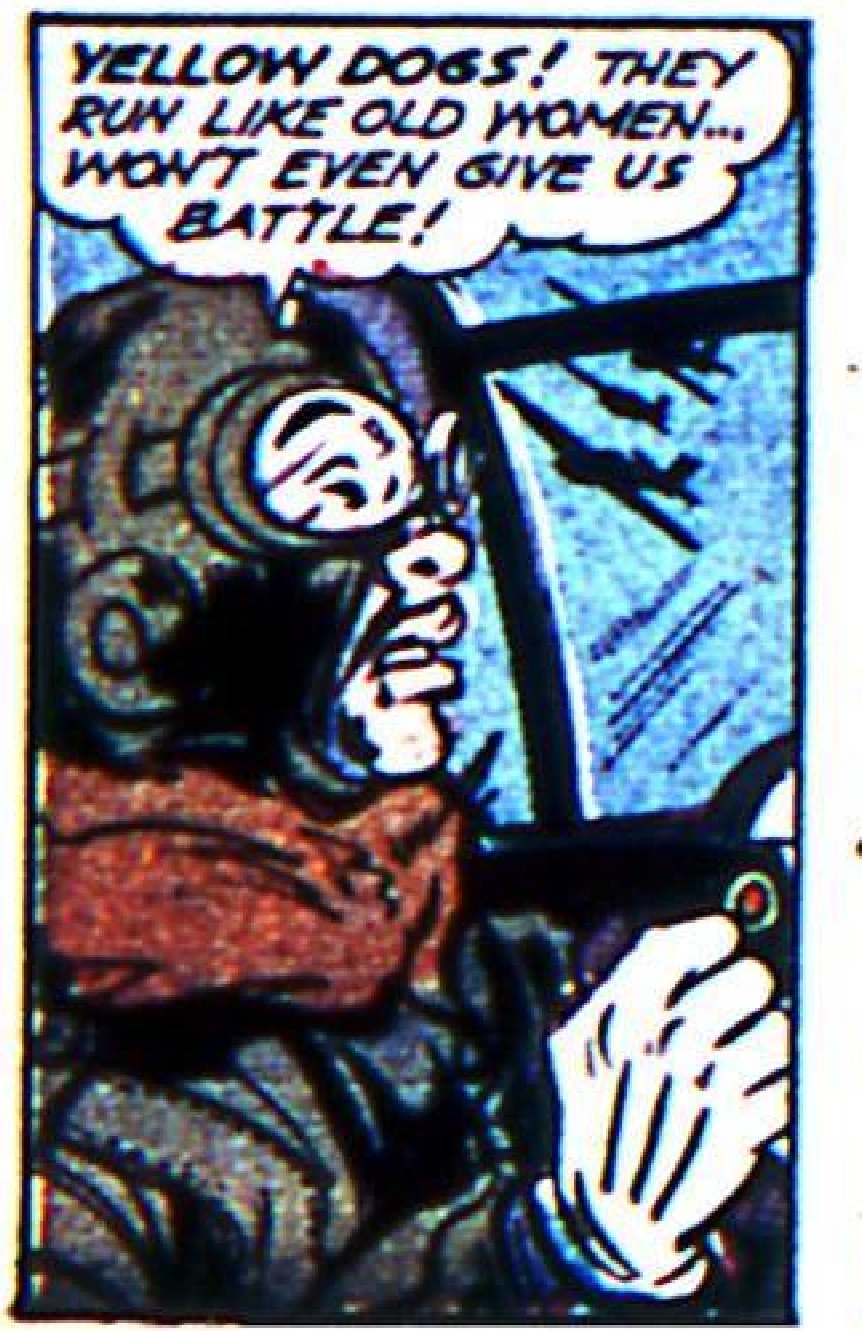

I BETTER TAKE THIS AMMUNITION ALONG WITH ME... MAKES A GOOD MOLOTOV COCKTAIL FOR NAZIS!
THE THREE PLANES TAKE OFF JUST IN TIME!
STANISOFSKI APPLIES A FLAMING MATCH TO THE TOP OF THE GASOLINE CAN...
HERE, MY LEETLE COCKTAIL... HAVE A FLAME!
..AND TOSSES THE COCKTAIL AT THE TANK...
IN RUSSIA, WE HAVE THE SCORCHED EARTH POLICY... IN GERMANY, THE SCORCHED TANK!
HIS AIM IS TRUE, AND THE TANK IS SOON A FLAMING TORCH!
MEANWHILE IN THE AIR...
WE HAVE NO GUNS!
MESSERSHMITTS!
HERE COMES SOME REAL TROUBLE!
THE THREE MESSERSHMITTS TANGLE WITH THE BOYS!!

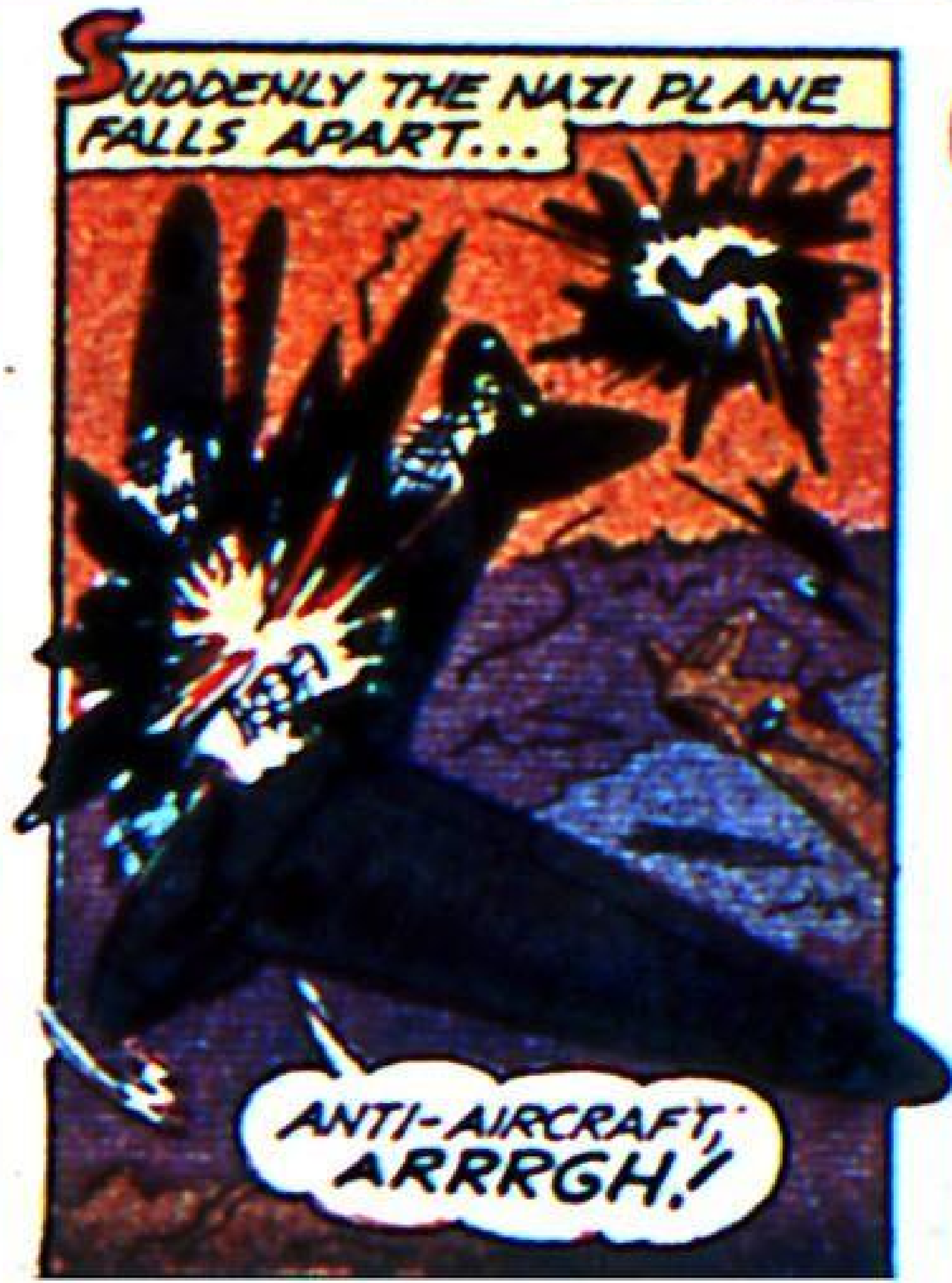

BAH! A TOMMY-GUN, BUT NO MORE BULLETS! BLIMEY! HERE COMES ANOTHER ATTACK!
CLICK!

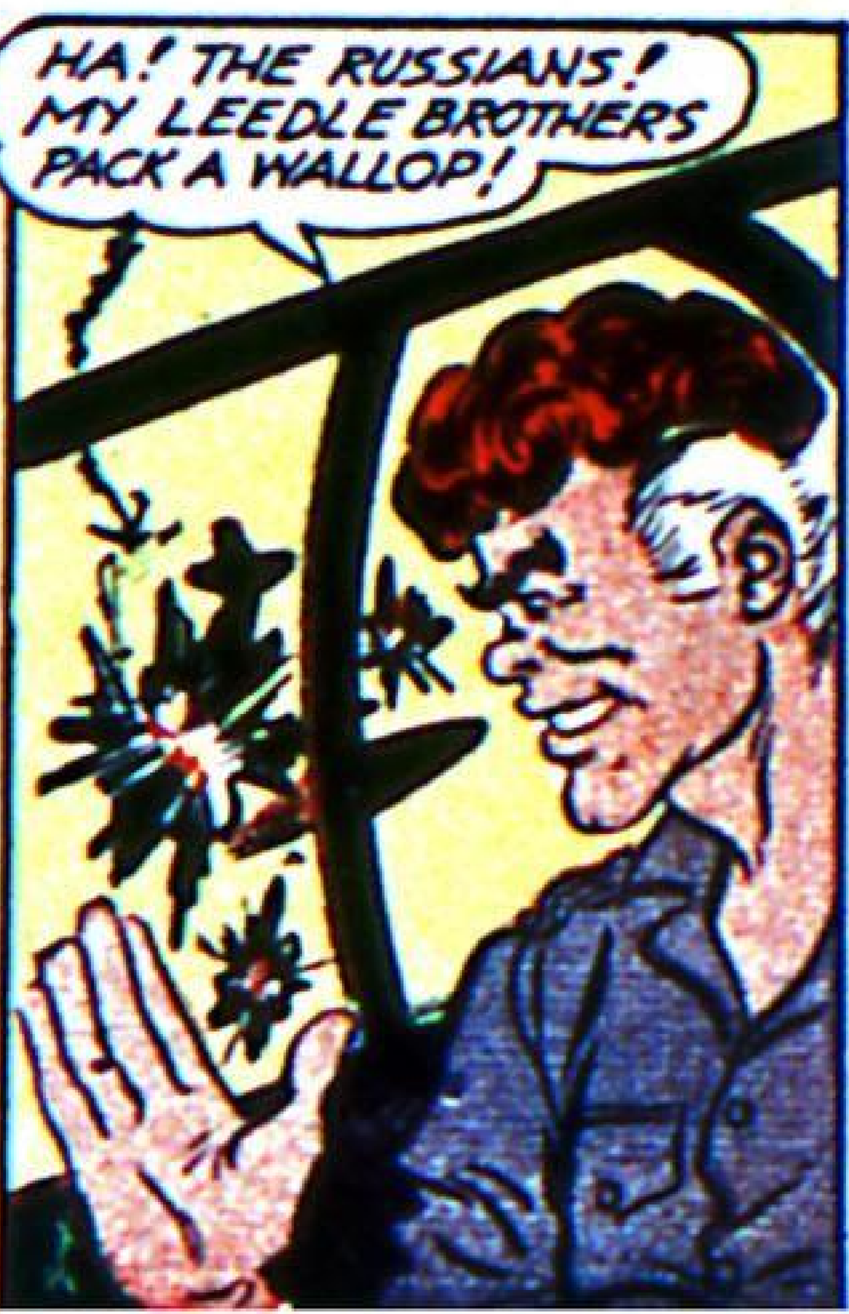

HAVE THE GUN, ANYWAY, HUN!
DONNER... OOOHH!

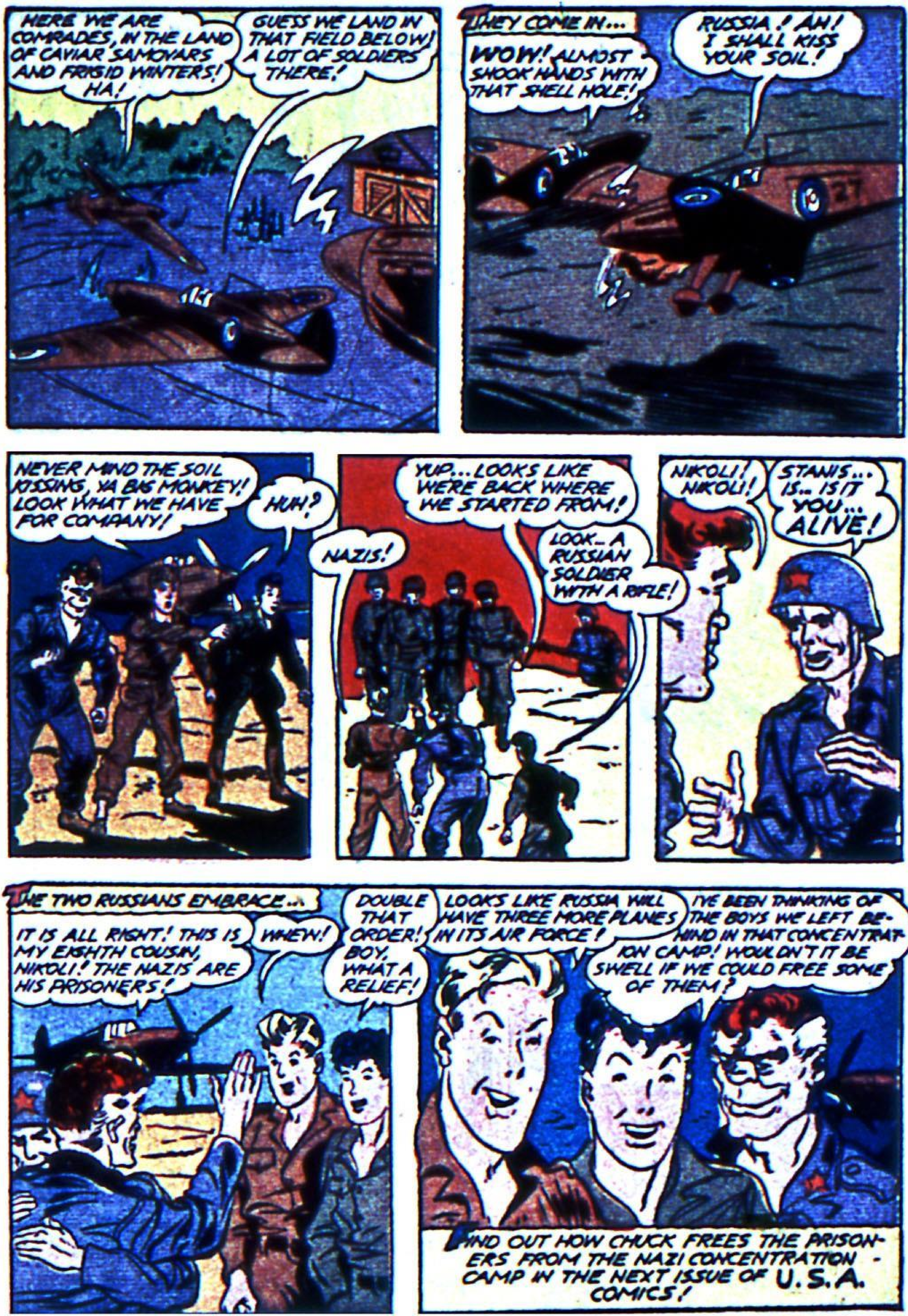

WELL, I'LL BE... IT WORKED!


REJOINING HIS PALS, THE THREE DARE-DEVILS SLOWLY DRAW AWAY FROM THE NAZI PLANES.
WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE RUSSIAN LINES! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'! THOSE BULLETS WHISTLING AROUND ME ARE NOT MARBLES!


YELLOW DOGS! THEY RUN LIKE OLD WOMEN... WON'T EVEN GIVE US BATTLE!

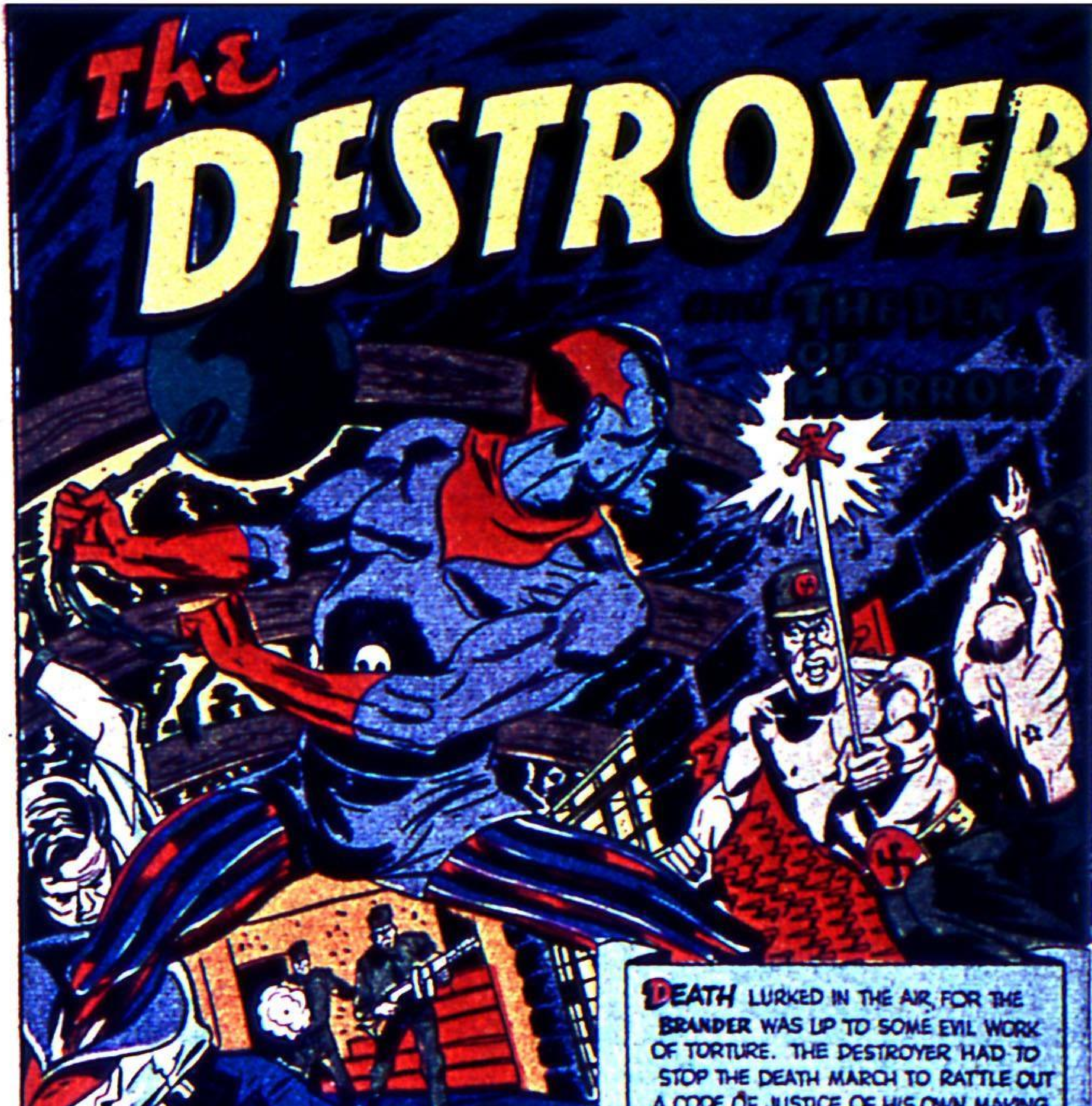

SUDDENLY THE NAZI PLANE FALLS APART...
ANTI-AIRCRAFT, ARRRGH!


HA! THE RUSSIANS! MY LEEDLE BROTHERS PACK A WALLOP!

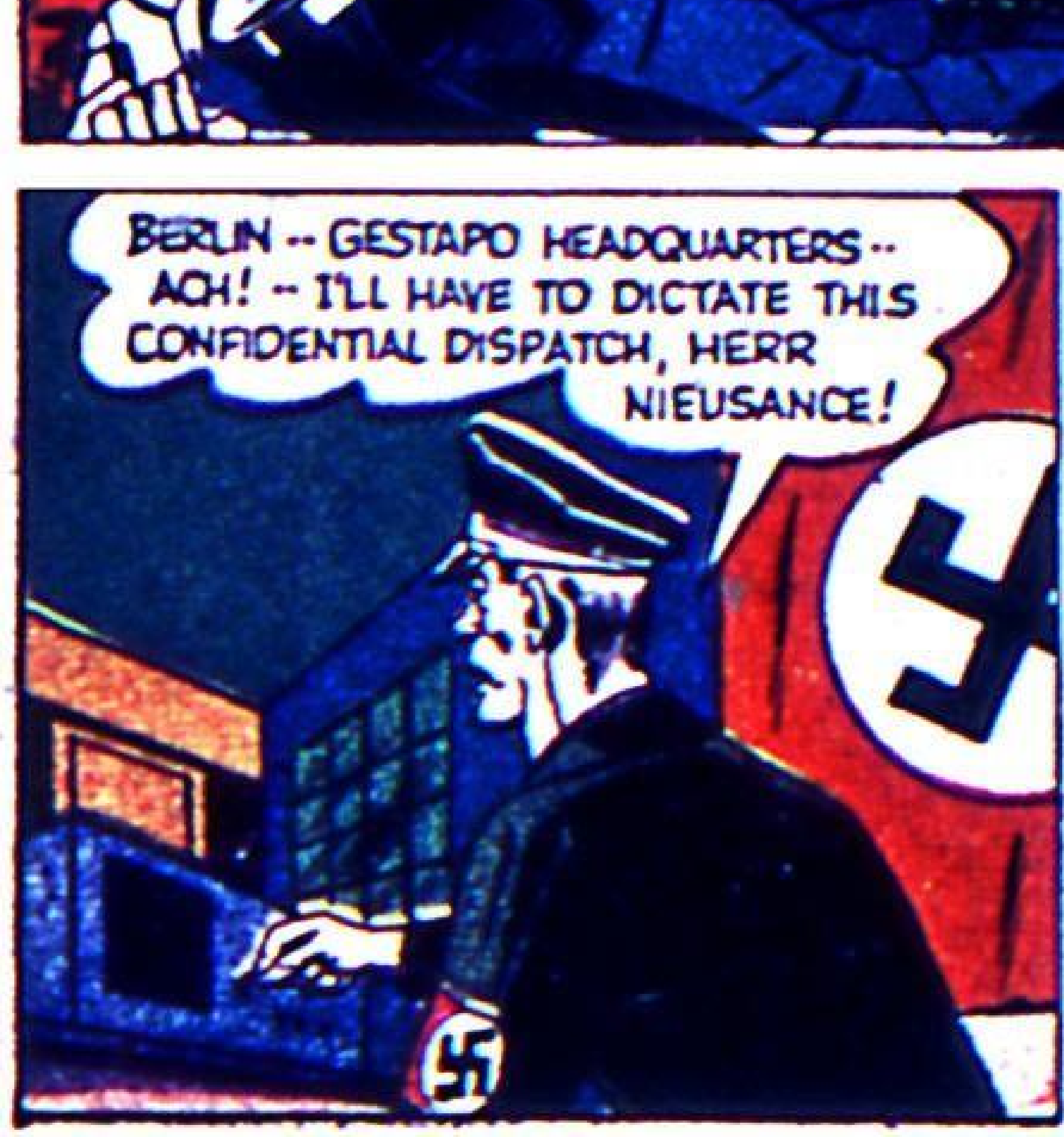

HERE WE ARE COMRADES, IN THE LAND OF CAVIAR SAMOVARS AND FRIGID WINTERS! HA!
GUESS WE LAND IN THAT FIELD BELOW! A LOT OF SOLDIERS THERE!
THEY COME IN...
WOW! ALMOST SHOOK HANDS WITH THAT SHELL HOLE!
RUSSIA! AH! I SHALL KISS YOUR SOIL!
27
NEVER MIND THE SOIL KISSING, YA BIG MONKEY! LOOK WHAT WE HAVE FOR COMPANY!
HUH?
YUP...LOOKS LIKE WERE BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM!
NAZIS!
LOOK.. A RUSSIAN SOLDIER WITH A RIFLE!
NIKOLI! NIKOLI!
STANIS... IS.. IS IT YOU... ALIVE!
THE TWO RUSSIANS EMBRACE...
IT IS ALL RIGHT! THIS IS MY EIGHTH COUSIN, NIKOLI! THE NAZIS ARE HIS PRISONERS!
WHEW!
DOUBLE THAT ORDER! BOY, WHAT A RELIEF!
LOOKS LIKE RUSSIA WILL HAVE THREE MORE PLANES IN ITS AIR FORCE!
I'VE BEEN THINKING OF THE BOYS WE LEFT BEHIND IN THAT CONCENTRATION CAMP! WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF WE COULD FREE SOME OF THEM?
FIND OUT HOW CHUCK FREES THE PRISONERS FROM THE NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. COMICS!

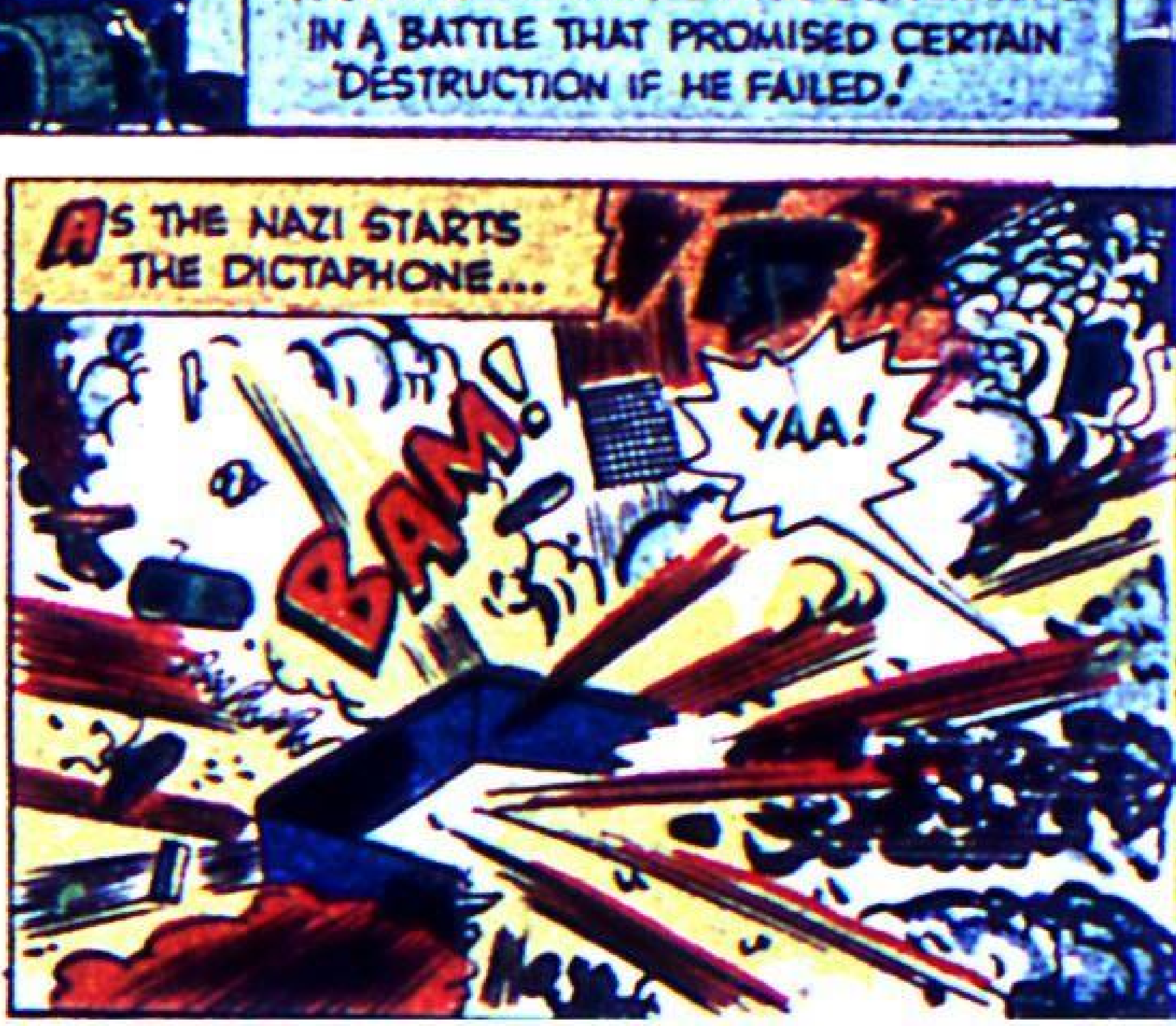
The DESTROYER

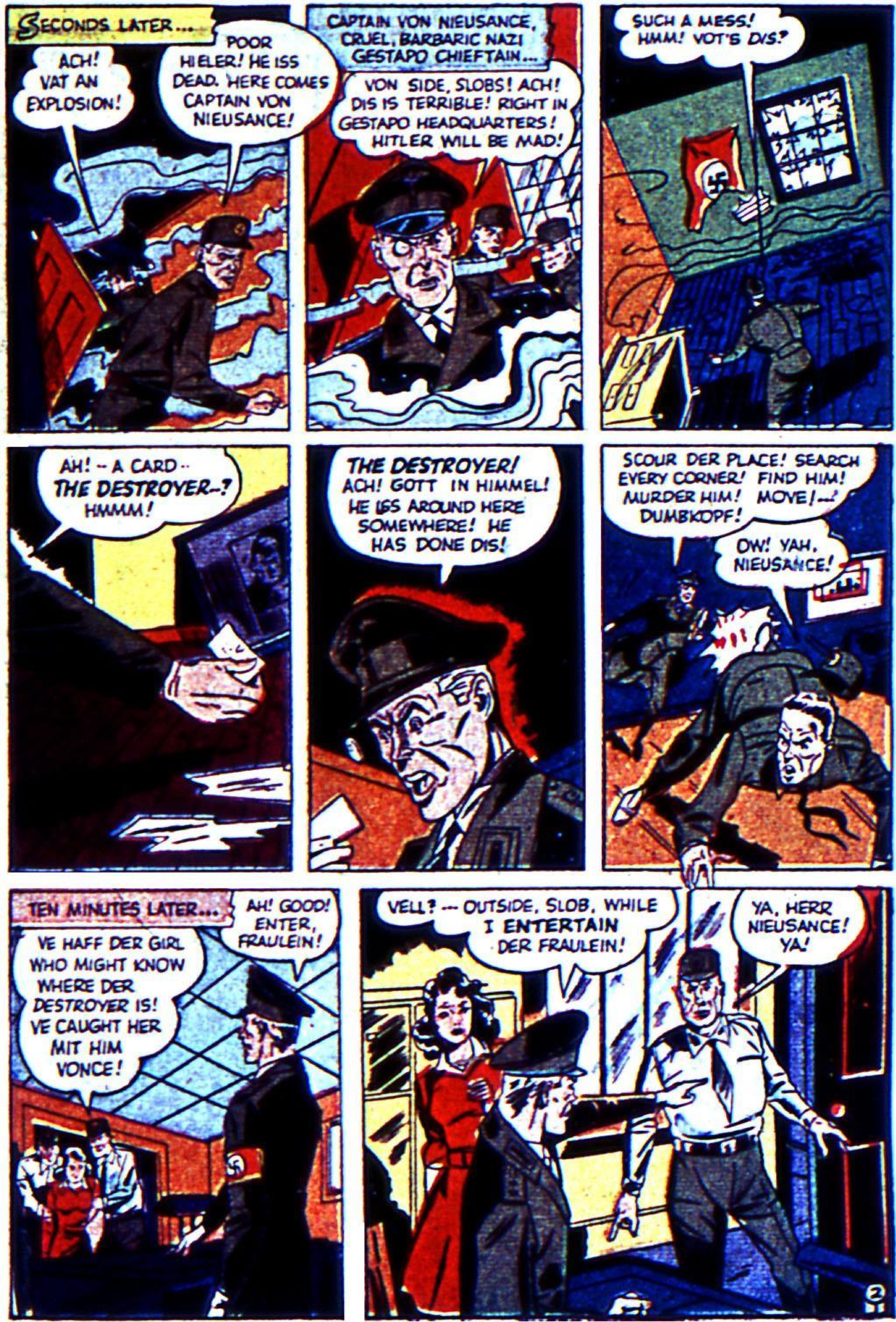
and THE DEN OF HORROR

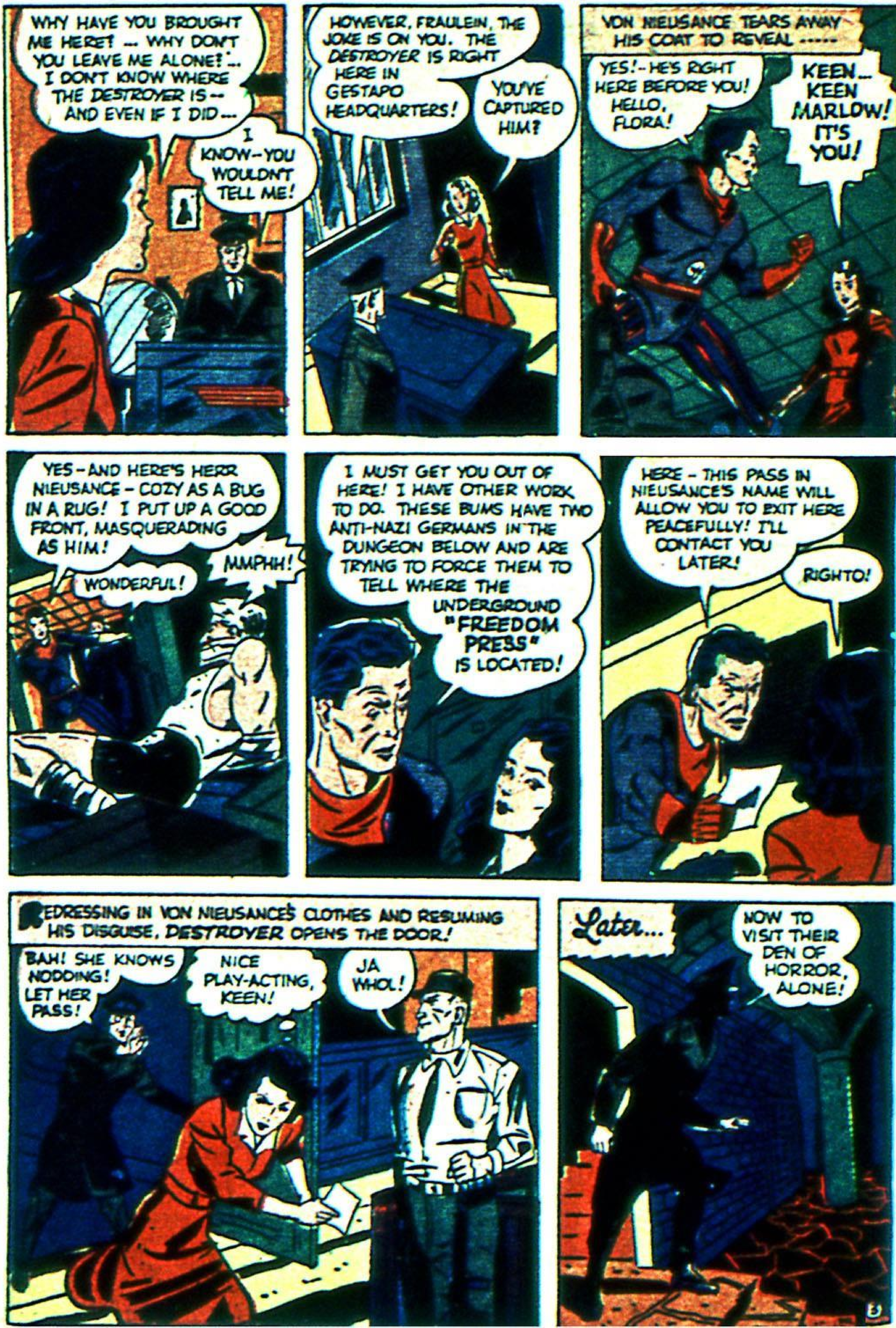


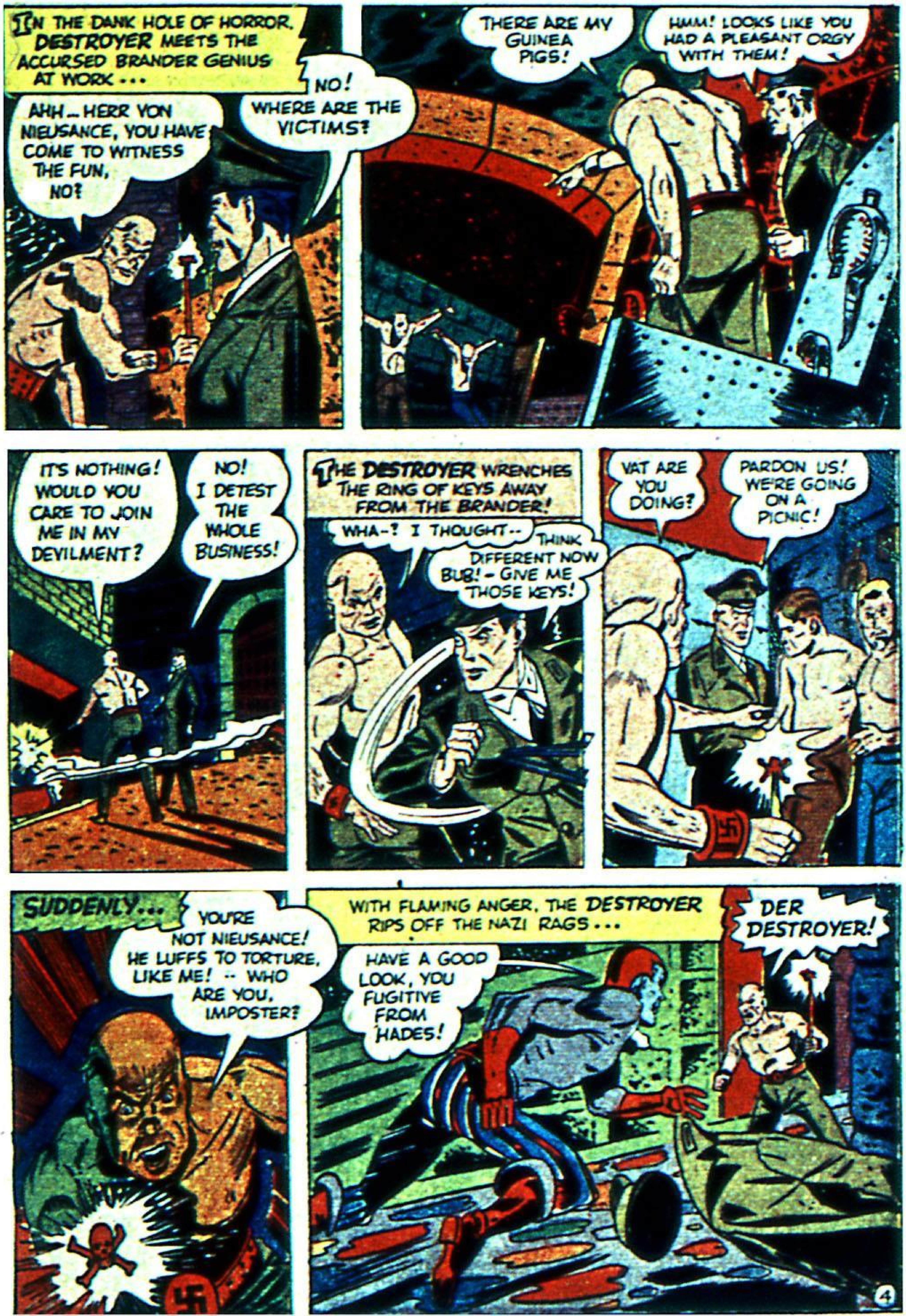
DEATH LURKED IN THE AIR, FOR THE **BRANDER** WAS UP TO SOME EVIL WORK OF TORTURE. THE DESTROYER HAD TO STOP THE DEATH MARCH TO RATTLE OUT A CODE OF JUSTICE OF HIS OWN MAKING IN A BATTLE THAT PROMISED CERTAIN DESTRUCTION IF HE FAILED!

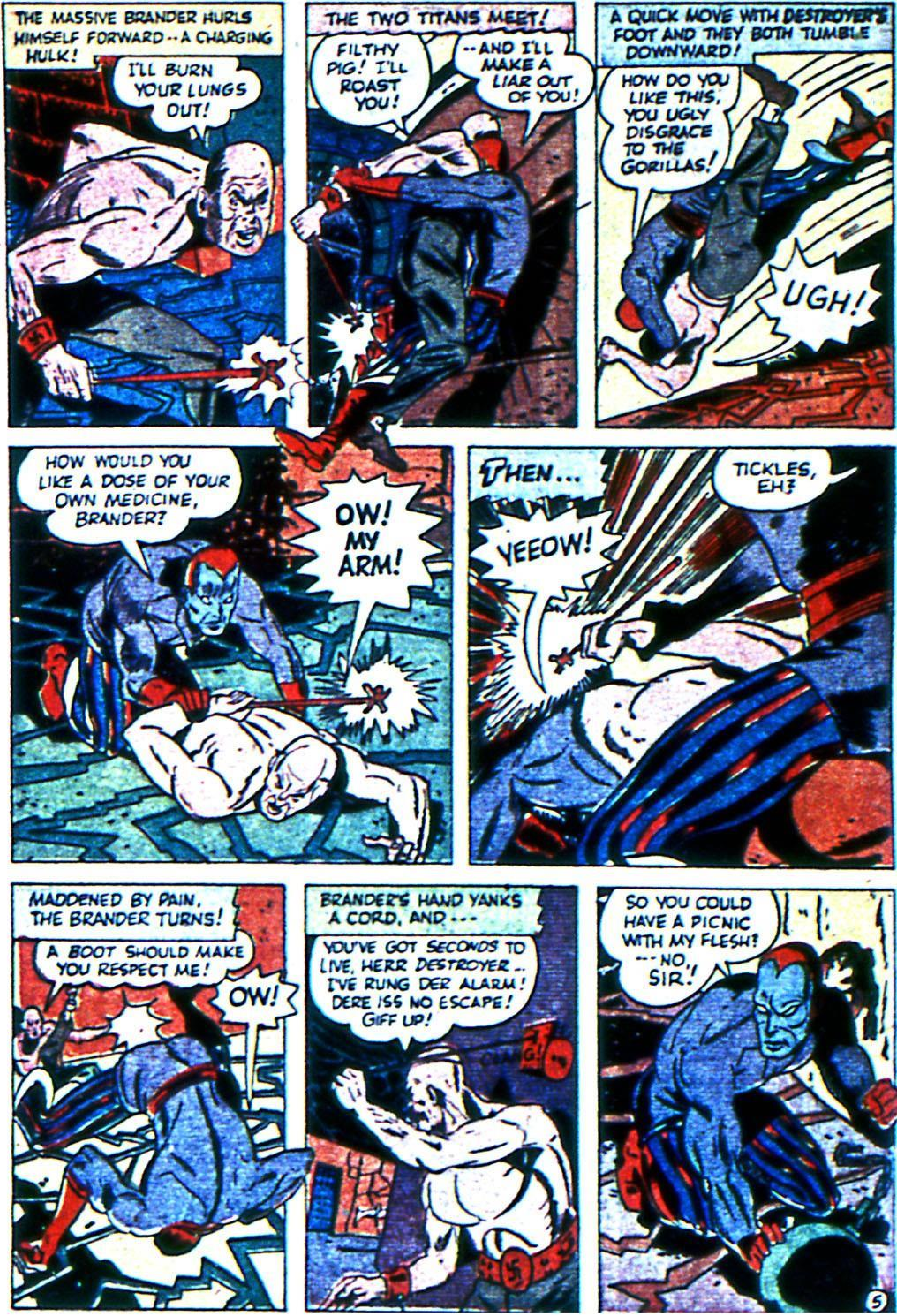

BERLIN -- GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS -- ACH! -- I'LL HAVE TO DICTATE THIS CONFIDENTIAL DISPATCH, HERR NIEUSANCE!

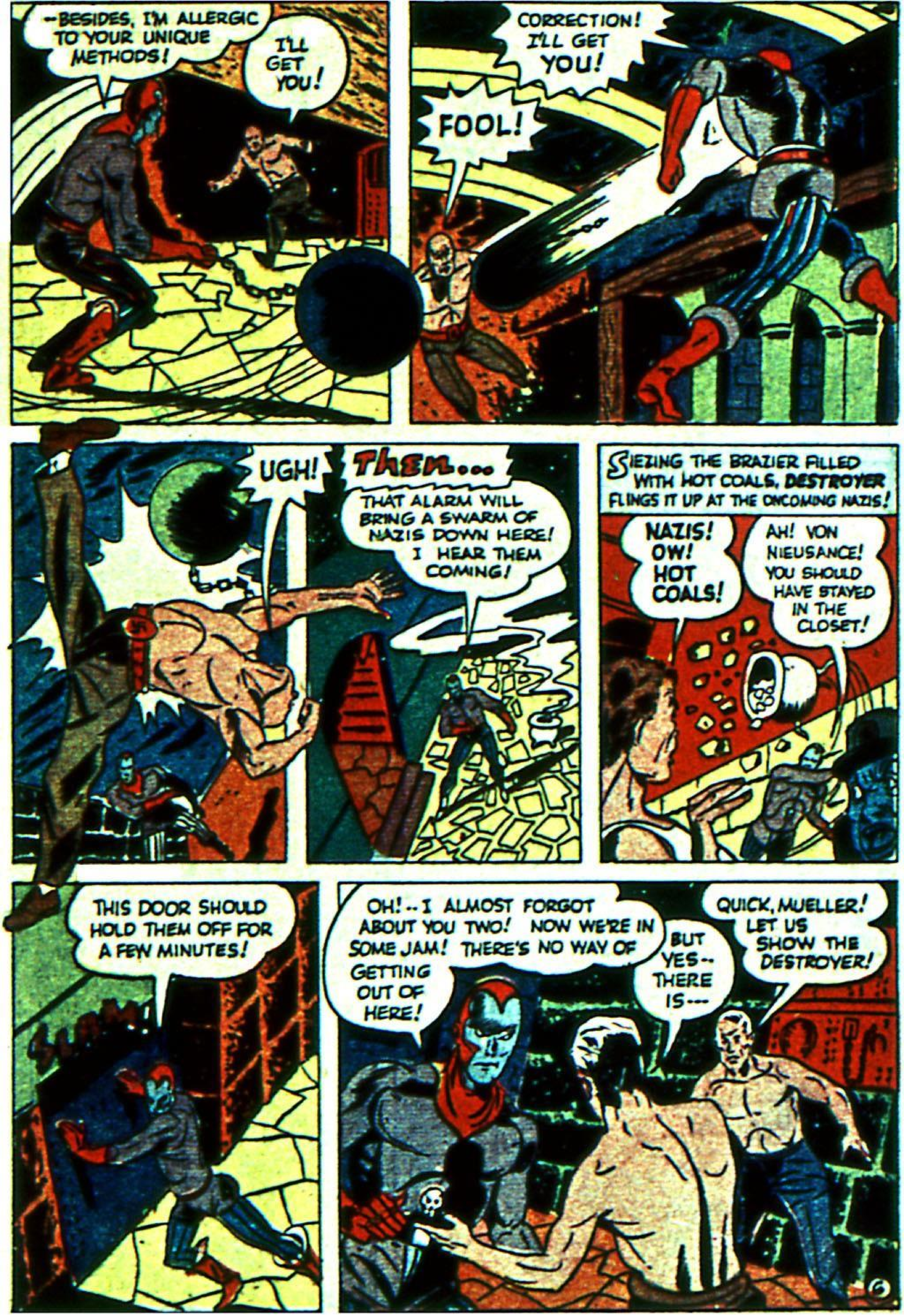

AS THE NAZI STARTS THE DICTAPHONE...
BAM!
YAA!

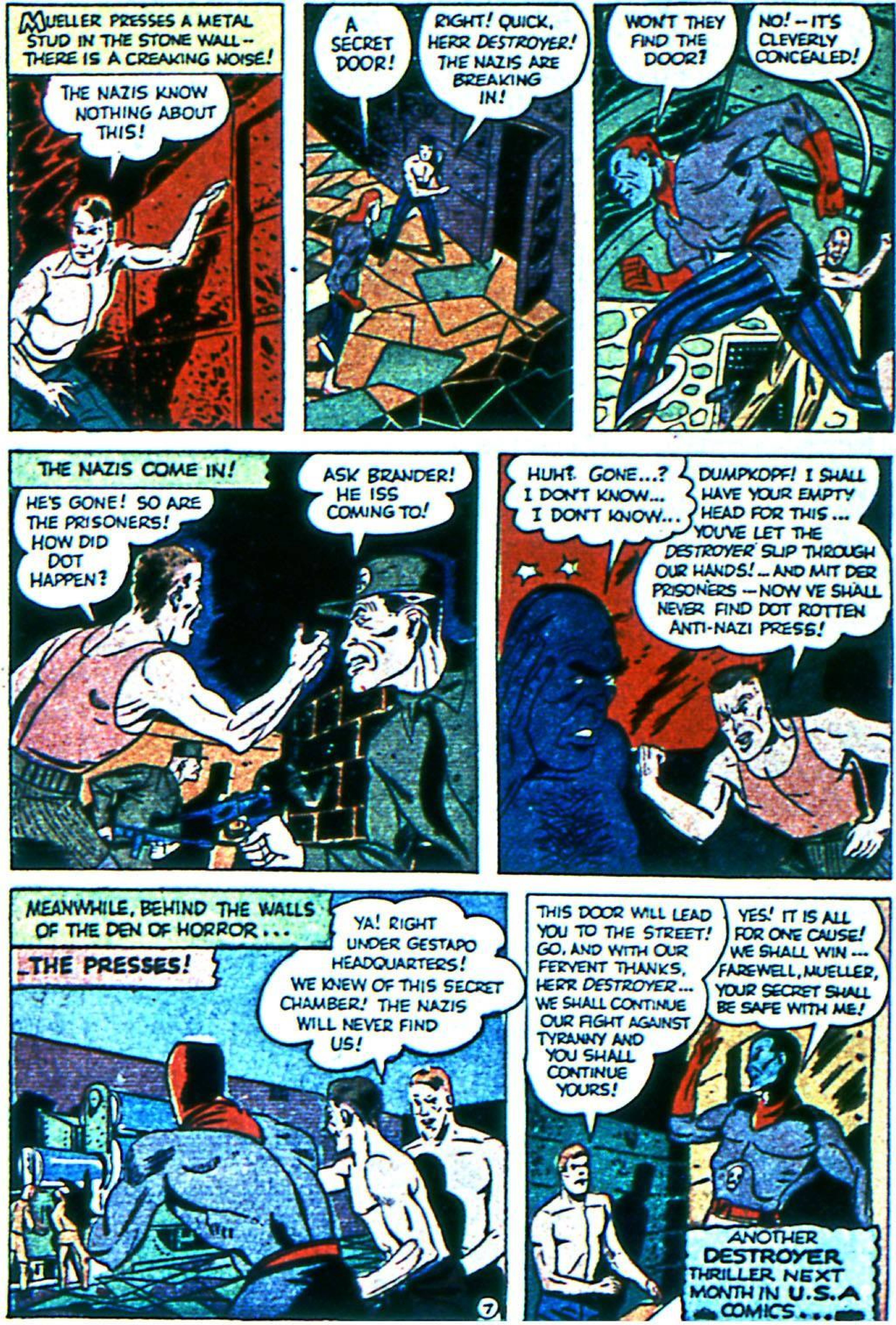

SECONDS LATER...
ACH! VAT AN EXPLOSION!
POOR HIELER! HE ISS DEAD. HERE COMES CAPTAIN VON NIEUSANCE!
CAPTAIN VON NIEUSANCE, CRUEL, BARBARIC NAZI GESTAPO CHIEFTAIN...
VON SIDE, SLOBS! ACH! DIS IS TERRIBLE! RIGHT IN GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS! HITLER WILL BE MAD!
SUCH A MESS! HMM! VOT'S DIS?
AH! -- A CARD -- THE DESTROYER--? HMMM!
THE DESTROYER! ACH! GOTT IN HIMMEL! HE ISS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! HE HAS DONE DIS!
SCOUR DER PLACE! SEARCH EVERY CORNER! FIND HIM! MURDER HIM! MOVE! --! DUMBKOPF!
OW! YAH, NIEUSANCE!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
VE HAFF DER GIRL WHO MIGHT KNOW WHERE DER DESTROYER IS! VE CAUGHT HER MIT HIM VONCE!
AH! GOOD! ENTER, FRAULEIN!
VELL? -- OUTSIDE, SLOB, WHILE I ENTERTAIN DER FRAULEIN!
YA, HERR NIEUSANCE! YA!


WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE? ... WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? ... I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DESTROYER IS -- AND EVEN IF I DID ...
I KNOW -- YOU WOULDN'T TELL ME!
HOWEVER, FRAULEIN, THE JOKE IS ON YOU. THE DESTROYER IS RIGHT HERE IN GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS!
YOU'VE CAPTURED HIM?
VON NIEUSANCE TEARS AWAY HIS COAT TO REVEAL .....
YES! - HE'S RIGHT HERE BEFORE YOU! HELLO, FLORA!
KEEN... KEEN MARLOW! IT'S YOU!
YES - AND HERE'S HERR NIEUSANCE - COZY AS A BUG IN A RUG! I PUT UP A GOOD FRONT, MASQUERADING AS HIM!
WONDERFUL!
MMPHH!
I MUST GET YOU OUT OF HERE! I HAVE OTHER WORK TO DO. THESE BUMS HAVE TWO ANTI-NAZI GERMANS IN THE DUNGEON BELOW AND ARE TRYING TO FORCE THEM TO TELL WHERE THE UNDERGROUND "FREEDOM PRESS" IS LOCATED!
HERE - THIS PASS IN NIEUSANCE'S NAME WILL ALLOW YOU TO EXIT HERE PEACEFULLY! I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER!
RIGHTO!
REDRESSING IN VON NIEUSANCE'S CLOTHES AND RESUMING HIS DISGUISE, DESTROYER OPENS THE DOOR!
BAH! SHE KNOWS NODDING! LET HER PASS!
NICE PLAY-ACTING, KEEN!
JA WHOL!
Later...
NOW TO VISIT THEIR DEN OF HORROR, ALONE!

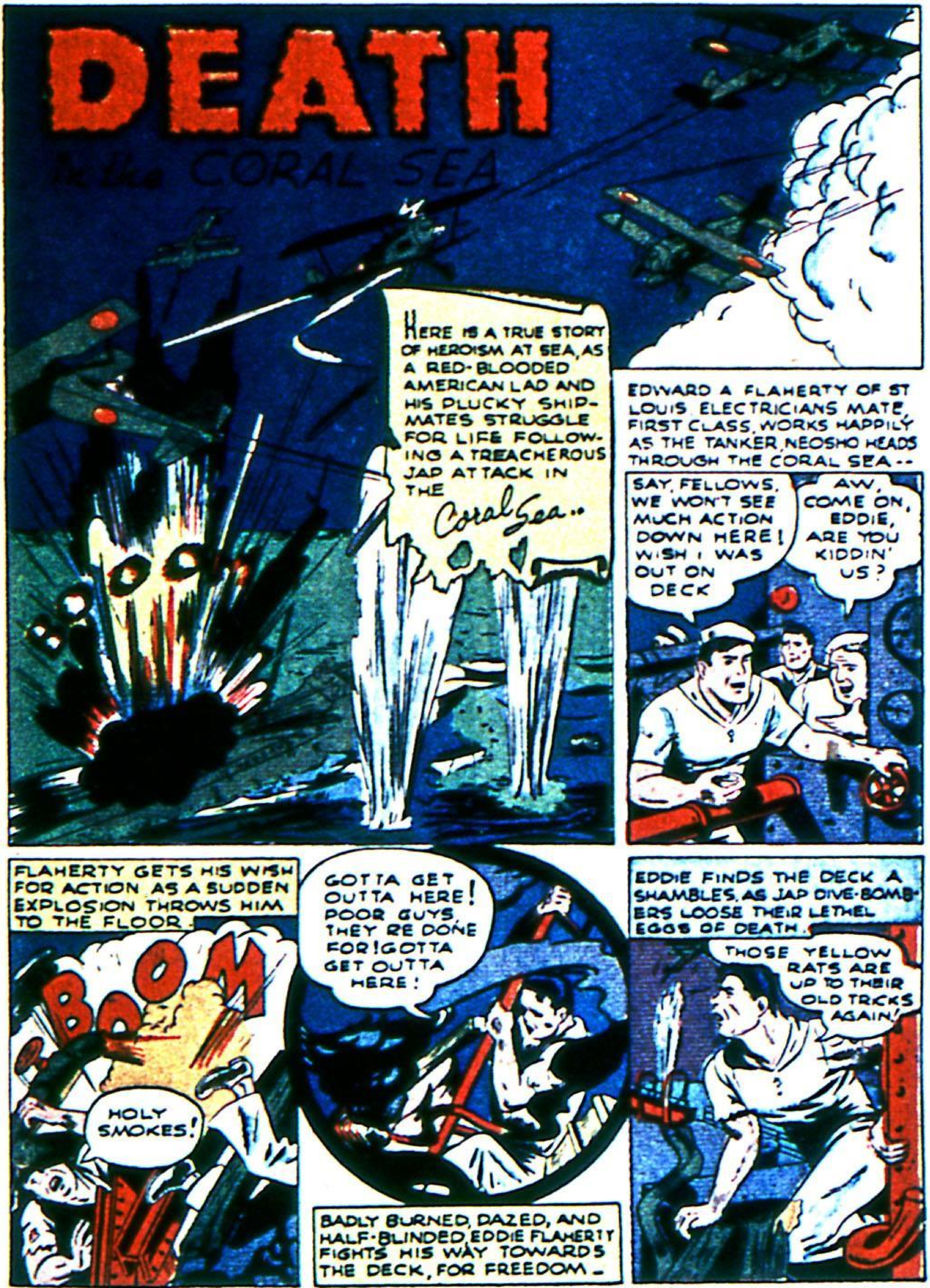

IN THE DANK HOLE OF HORROR, DESTROYER MEETS THE ACCURSED BRANDER GENIUS AT WORK...
AHH...HERR VON NIEUSANCE, YOU HAVE COME TO WITNESS THE FUN, NO?
NO! WHERE ARE THE VICTIMS?
THERE ARE MY GUINEA PIGS!
HMM! LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A PLEASANT ORGY WITH THEM!
IT'S NOTHING! WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME IN MY DEVILMENT?
NO! I DETEST THE WHOLE BUSINESS!
THE DESTROYER WRENCHES THE RING OF KEYS AWAY FROM THE BRANDER!
WHA-? I THOUGHT--
THINK DIFFERENT NOW BUB! - GIVE ME THOSE KEYS!
VAT ARE YOU DOING?
PARDON US! WE'RE GOING ON A PICNIC!
SUDDENLY...
YOU'RE NOT NIEUSANCE! HE LUFFS TO TORTURE, LIKE ME! -- WHO ARE YOU, IMPOSTER?
WITH FLAMING ANGER, THE DESTROYER RIPS OFF THE NAZI RAGS...
HAVE A GOOD LOOK, YOU FUGITIVE FROM HADES!
DER DESTROYER!

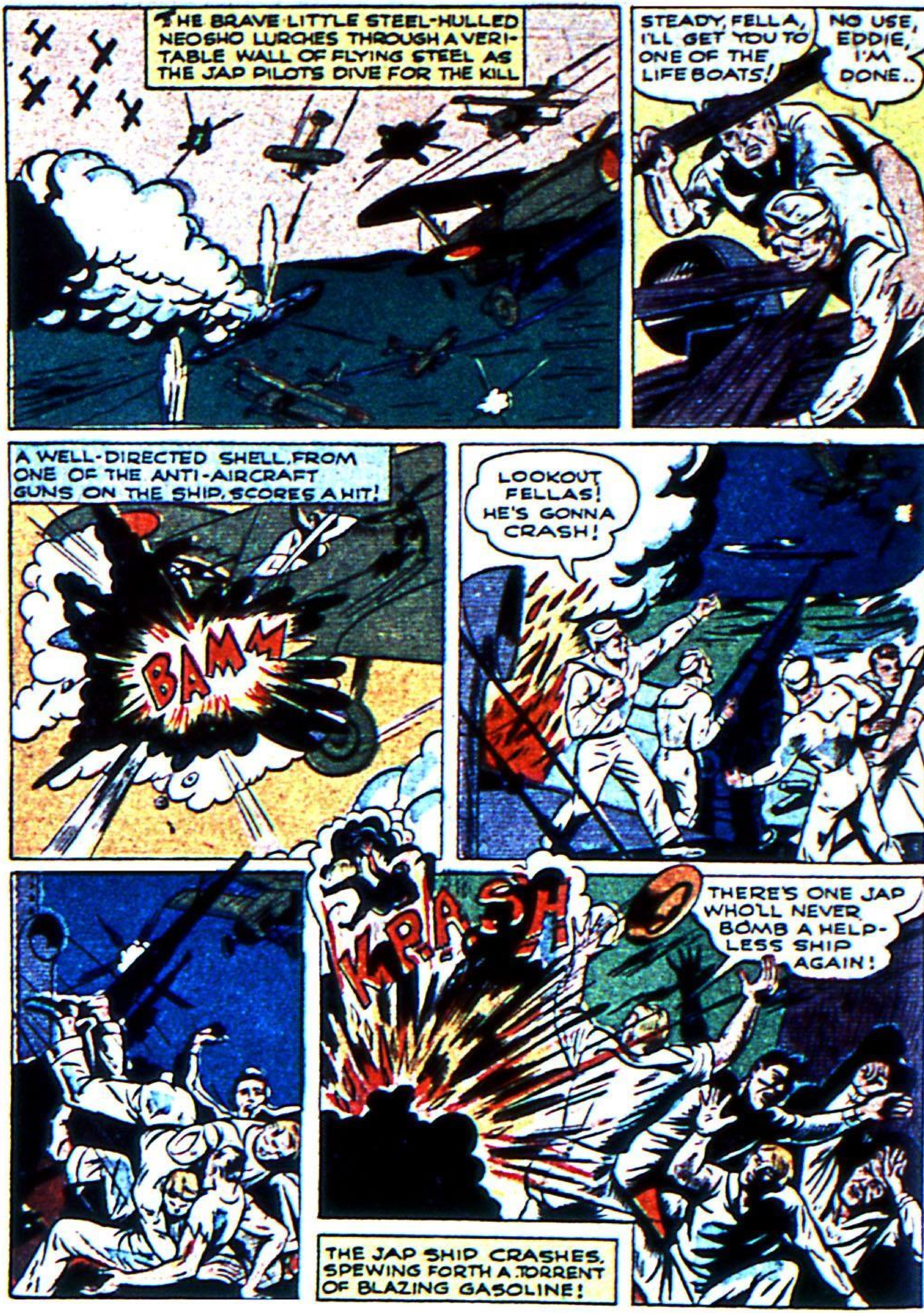

THE MASSIVE BRANDER HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD -- A CHARGING HULK!
I'LL BURN YOUR LUNGS OUT!
THE TWO TITANS MEET!
FILTHY PIG! I'LL ROAST YOU!
--AND I'LL MAKE A LIAR OUT OF YOU!
A QUICK MOVE WITH DESTROYER'S FOOT AND THEY BOTH TUMBLE DOWNWARD!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, YOU UGLY DISGRACE TO THE GORILLAS!
UGH!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, BRANDER?
OW! MY ARM!
THEN...
TICKLES, EH?
YEEOW!
MADDENED BY PAIN, THE BRANDER TURNS!
A BOOT SHOULD MAKE YOU RESPECT ME!
OW!
BRANDER'S HAND YANKS A CORD, AND---
YOU'VE GOT SECONDS TO LIVE, HERR DESTROYER.. I'VE RUNG DER ALARM! DERE ISS NO ESCAPE! GIFF UP!
SO YOU COULD HAVE A PICNIC WITH MY FLESH? ---NO, SIR!

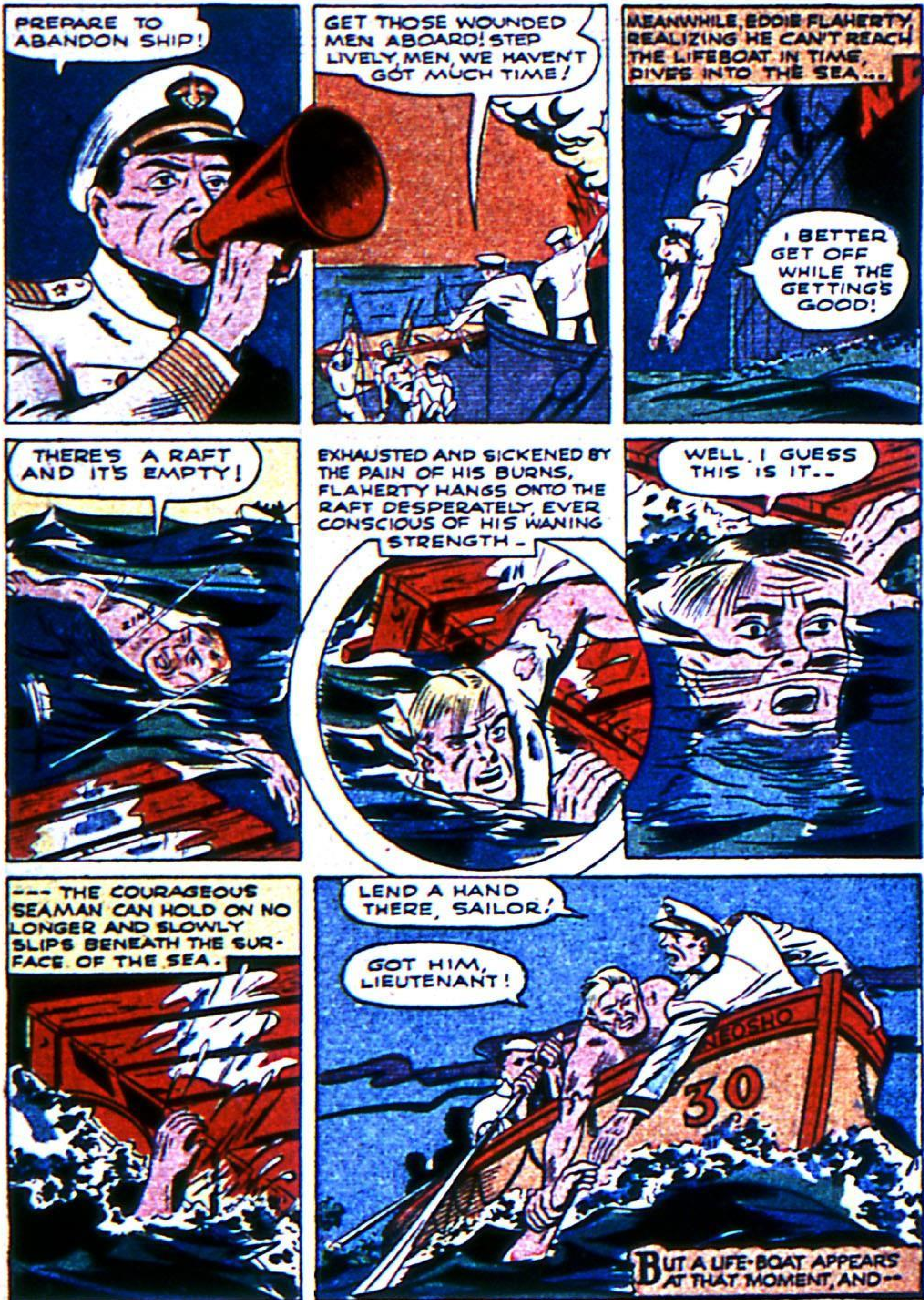

--BESIDES, I'M ALLERGIC TO YOUR UNIQUE METHODS!
I'LL GET YOU!
CORRECTION! I'LL GET YOU!
FOOL!
UGH!
Then...
THAT ALARM WILL BRING A SWARM OF NAZIS DOWN HERE! I HEAR THEM COMING!
SIEZING THE BRAZIER FILLED WITH HOT COALS, DESTROYER FLINGS IT UP AT THE ONCOMING NAZIS!
NAZIS! OW! HOT COALS!
AH! VON NIEUSANCE! YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE CLOSET!
THIS DOOR SHOULD HOLD THEM OFF FOR A FEW MINUTES!
SLAM!
OH!--I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT YOU TWO! NOW WE'RE IN SOME JAM! THERE'S NO WAY OF GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BUT YES-- THERE IS---
QUICK, MUELLER! LET US SHOW THE DESTROYER!

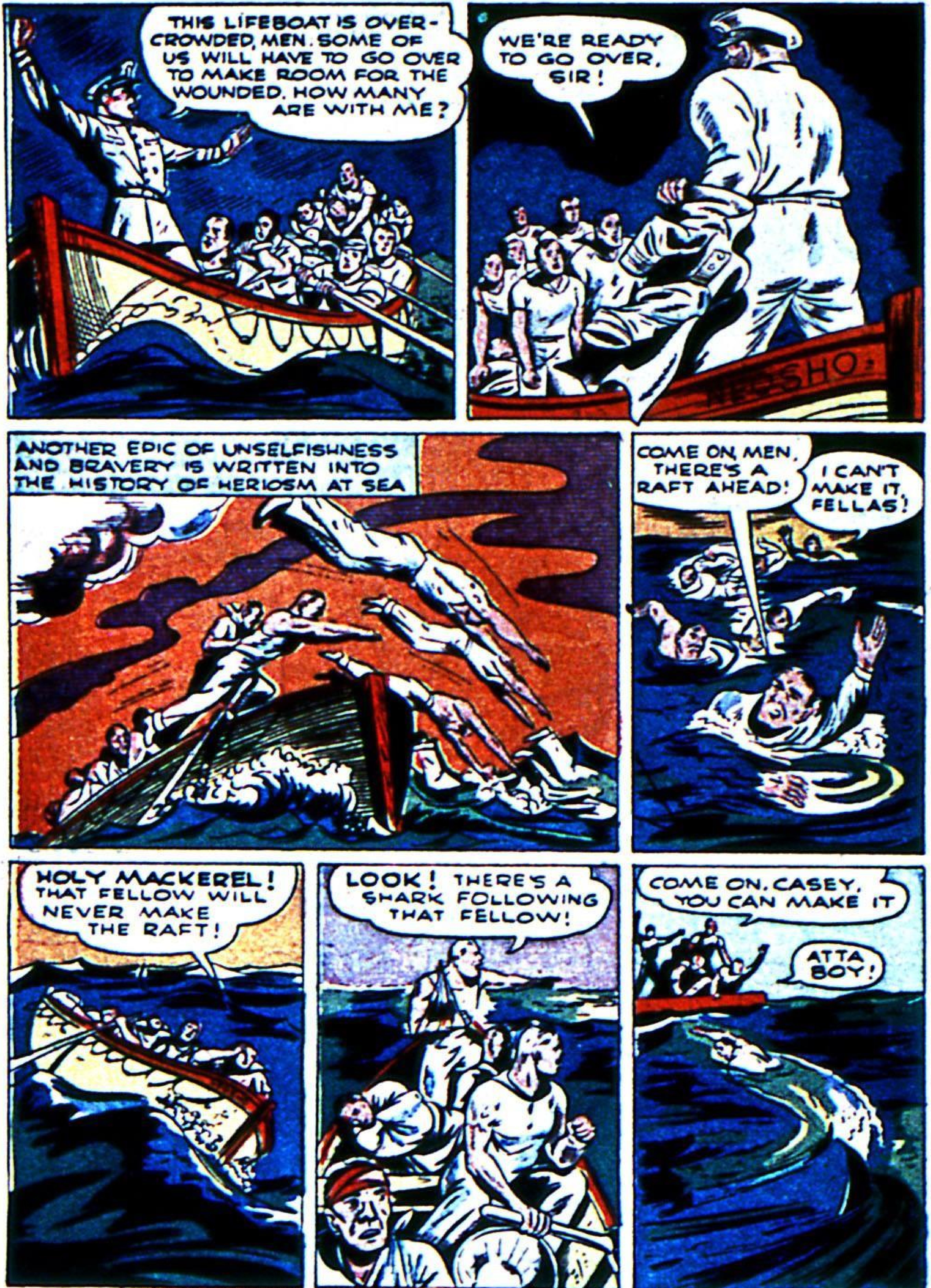

MUELLER PRESSES A METAL STUD IN THE STONE WALL -- THERE IS A CREAKING NOISE!
THE NAZIS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THIS!
A SECRET DOOR!
RIGHT! QUICK, HERR DESTROYER! THE NAZIS ARE BREAKING IN!
WON'T THEY FIND THE DOOR?
NO! -- IT'S CLEVERLY CONCEALED!
THE NAZIS COME IN!
HE'S GONE! SO ARE THE PRISONERS! HOW DID DOT HAPPEN?
ASK BRANDER! HE ISS COMING TO!
HUH? GONE...? I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW...
DUMPKOPF! I SHALL HAVE YOUR EMPTY HEAD FOR THIS ... YOU'VE LET THE DESTROYER SLIP THROUGH OUR HANDS! ... AND MIT DER PRISONERS -- NOW VE SHALL NEVER FIND DOT ROTTEN ANTI-NAZI PRESS!
MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE DEN OF HORROR ...
THE PRESSES!
YA! RIGHT UNDER GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS! WE KNEW OF THIS SECRET CHAMBER! THE NAZIS WILL NEVER FIND US!
THIS DOOR WILL LEAD YOU TO THE STREET! GO, AND WITH OUR FERVENT THANKS, HERR DESTROYER ... WE SHALL CONTINUE OUR FIGHT AGAINST TYRANNY AND YOU SHALL CONTINUE YOURS!
YES! IT IS ALL FOR ONE CAUSE! WE SHALL WIN --- FAREWELL, MUELLER, YOUR SECRET SHALL BE SAFE WITH ME!
ANOTHER DESTROYER THRILLER NEXT MONTH IN U.S.A COMICS...
7

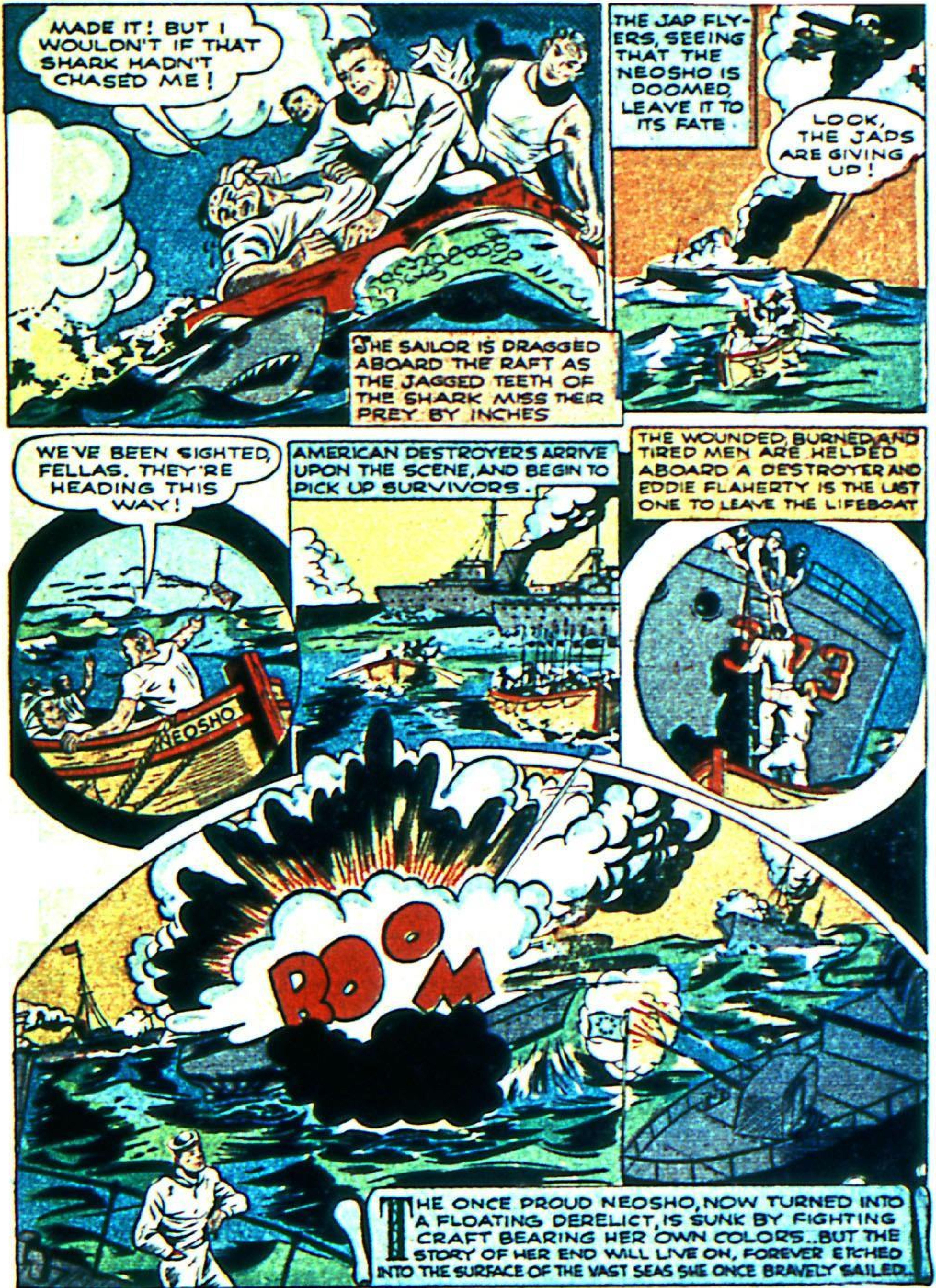
DEATH in the CORAL SEA

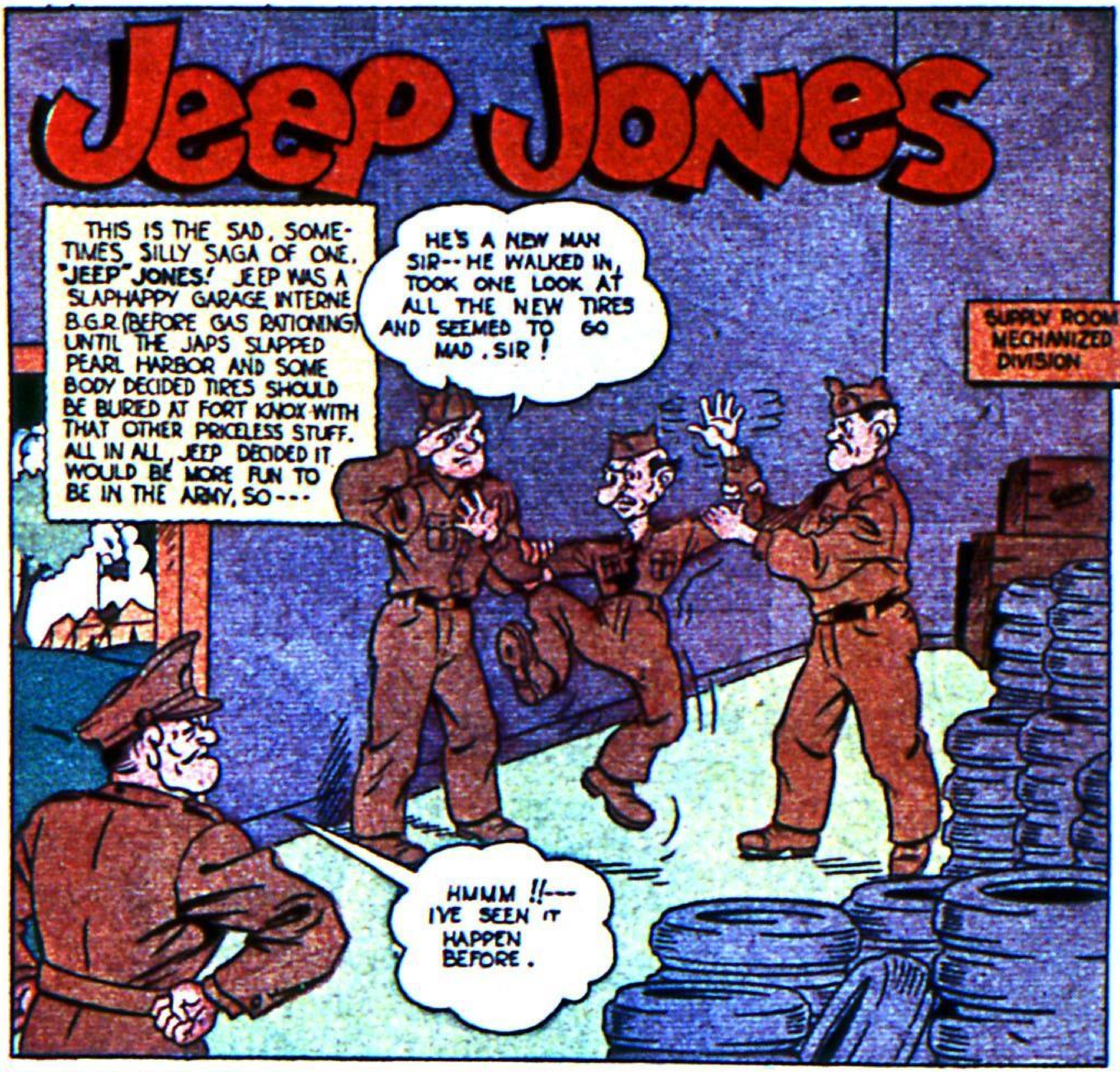

HERE IS A TRUE STORY OF HEROISM AT SEA, AS A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN LAD AND HIS PLUCKY SHIPMATES STRUGGLE FOR LIFE FOLLOWING A TREACHEROUS JAP ATTACK IN THE Coral Sea..
BOOOM
EDWARD A FLAHERTY OF ST LOUIS, ELECTRICIANS MATE, FIRST CLASS, WORKS HAPPILY AS THE TANKER, NEOSHO HEADS THROUGH THE CORAL SEA--
SAY, FELLOWS, WE WON'T SEE MUCH ACTION DOWN HERE! WISH I WAS OUT ON DECK
AW, COME ON, EDDIE, ARE YOU KIDDIN' US?
FLAHERTY GETS HIS WISH FOR ACTION AS A SUDDEN EXPLOSION THROWS HIM TO THE FLOOR.
BOOM
HOLY SMOKES!
GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! POOR GUYS, THEY'RE DONE FOR! GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
BADLY BURNED, DAZED, AND HALF-BLINDED, EDDIE FLAHERTY FIGHTS HIS WAY TOWARDS THE DECK, FOR FREEDOM_
EDDIE FINDS THE DECK A SHAMBLES, AS JAP DIVE-BOMBERS LOOSE THEIR LETHEL EGGS OF DEATH.
THOSE YELLOW RATS ARE UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN!

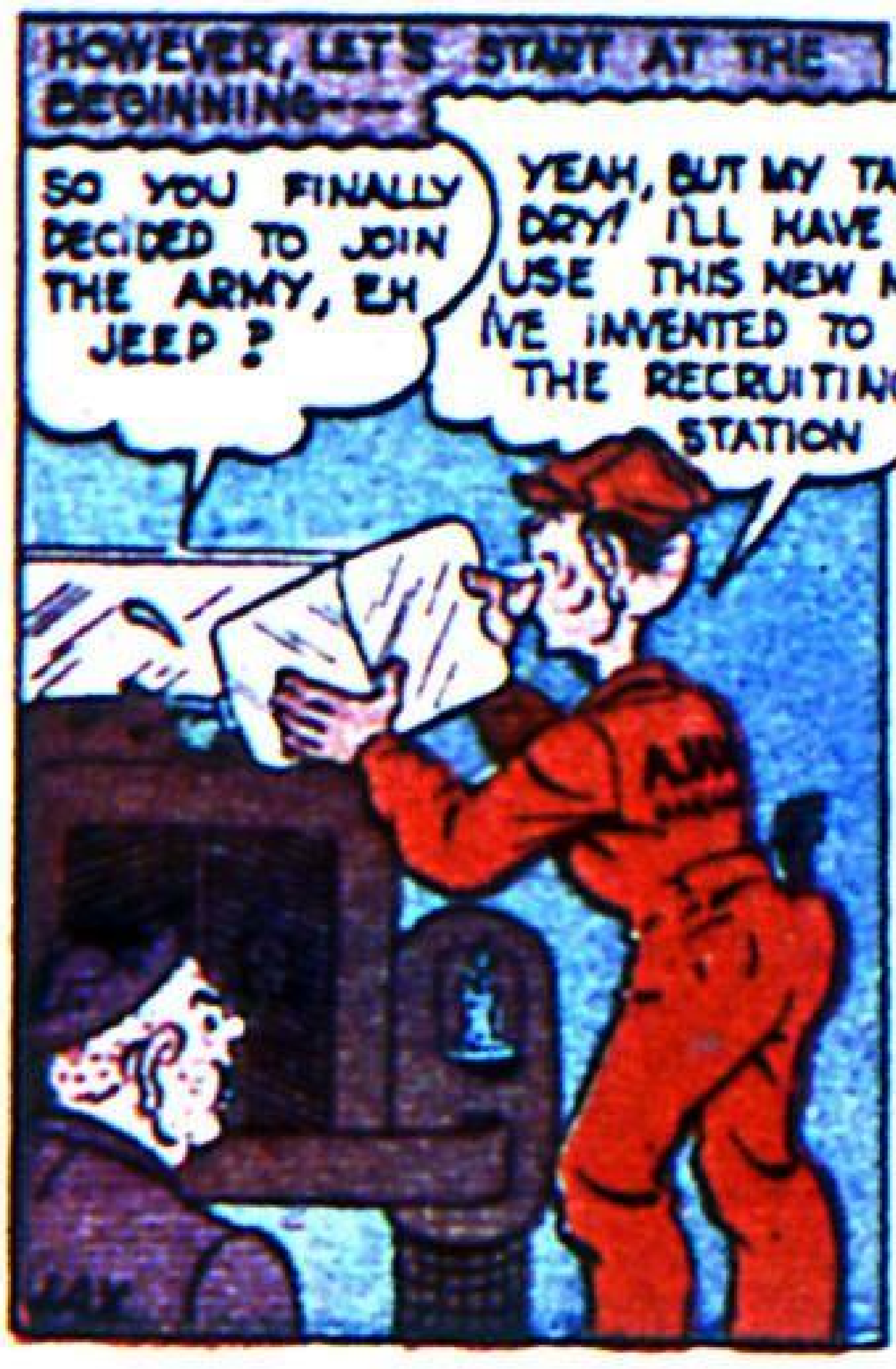

THE BRAVE LITTLE STEEL-HULLED NEOSHO LURCHES THROUGH A VERITABLE WALL OF FLYING STEEL AS THE JAP PILOTS DIVE FOR THE KILL
STEADY, FELLA, I'LL GET YOU TO ONE OF THE LIFE BOATS!
NO USE, EDDIE, I'M DONE..
A WELL-DIRECTED SHELL, FROM ONE OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ON THE SHIP, SCORES A HIT!
BAMM
LOOKOUT FELLAS! HE'S GONNA CRASH!
K.R.A.S.H
THERE'S ONE JAP WHO'LL NEVER BOMB A HELPLESS SHIP AGAIN!
THE JAP SHIP CRASHES, SPEWING FORTH A TORRENT OF BLAZING GASOLINE!

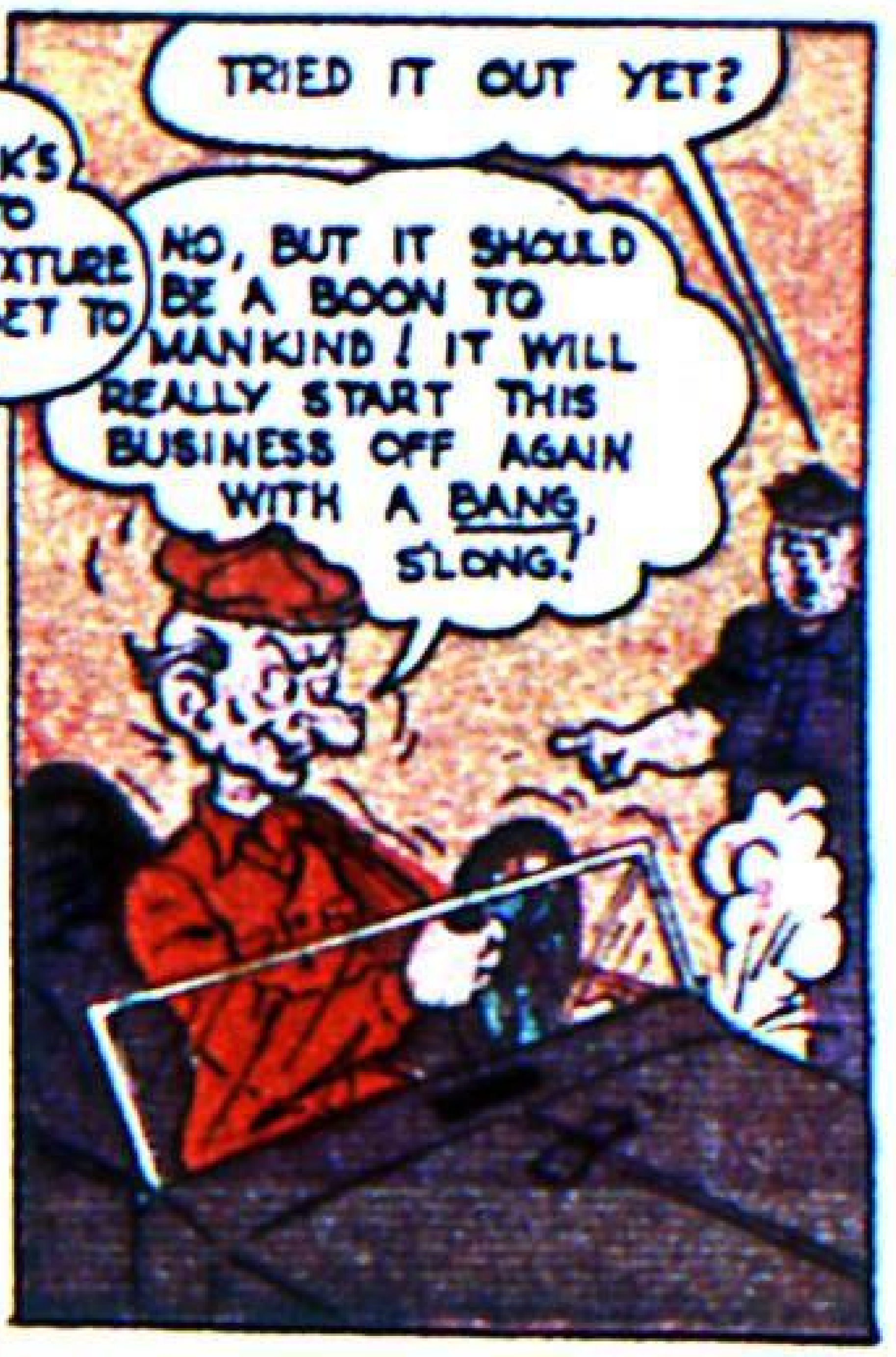

PREPARE TO ABANDON SHIP!
GET THOSE WOUNDED MEN ABOARD! STEP LIVELY, MEN, WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME!
MEANWHILE, EDDIE FLAHERTY, REALIZING HE CAN'T REACH THE LIFEBOAT IN TIME, DIVES INTO THE SEA...
I BETTER GET OFF WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!
THERE'S A RAFT AND IT'S EMPTY!
EXHAUSTED AND SICKENED BY THE PAIN OF HIS BURNS, FLAHERTY HANGS ONTO THE RAFT DESPERATELY, EVER CONSCIOUS OF HIS WANING STRENGTH -
WELL, I GUESS THIS IS IT..
--- THE COURAGEOUS SEAMAN CAN HOLD ON NO LONGER AND SLOWLY SLIPS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.
LEND A HAND THERE, SAILOR!
GOT HIM, LIEUTENANT!
NEOSHO
30
BUT A LIFE-BOAT APPEARS AT THAT MOMENT, AND--

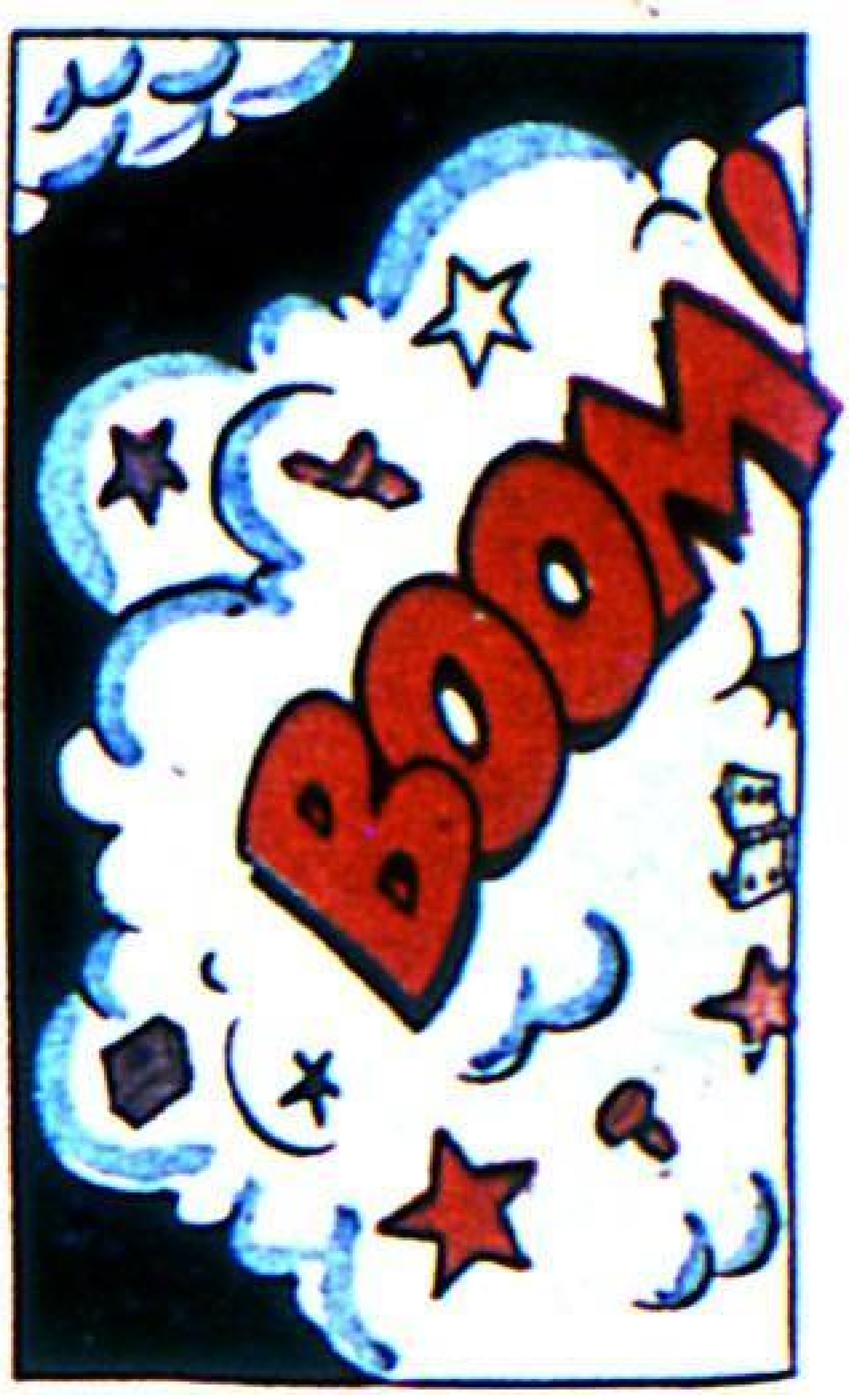

THIS LIFEBOAT IS OVER-CROWDED, MEN. SOME OF US WILL HAVE TO GO OVER TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE WOUNDED. HOW MANY ARE WITH ME?
WE'RE READY TO GO OVER, SIR!
ANOTHER EPIC OF UNSELFISHNESS AND BRAVERY IS WRITTEN INTO THE HISTORY OF HERIOSM AT SEA
COME ON, MEN, THERE'S A RAFT AHEAD!
I CAN'T MAKE IT, FELLAS!
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT FELLOW WILL NEVER MAKE THE RAFT!
LOOK! THERE'S A SHARK FOLLOWING THAT FELLOW!
COME ON, CASEY, YOU CAN MAKE IT
ATTA BOY!

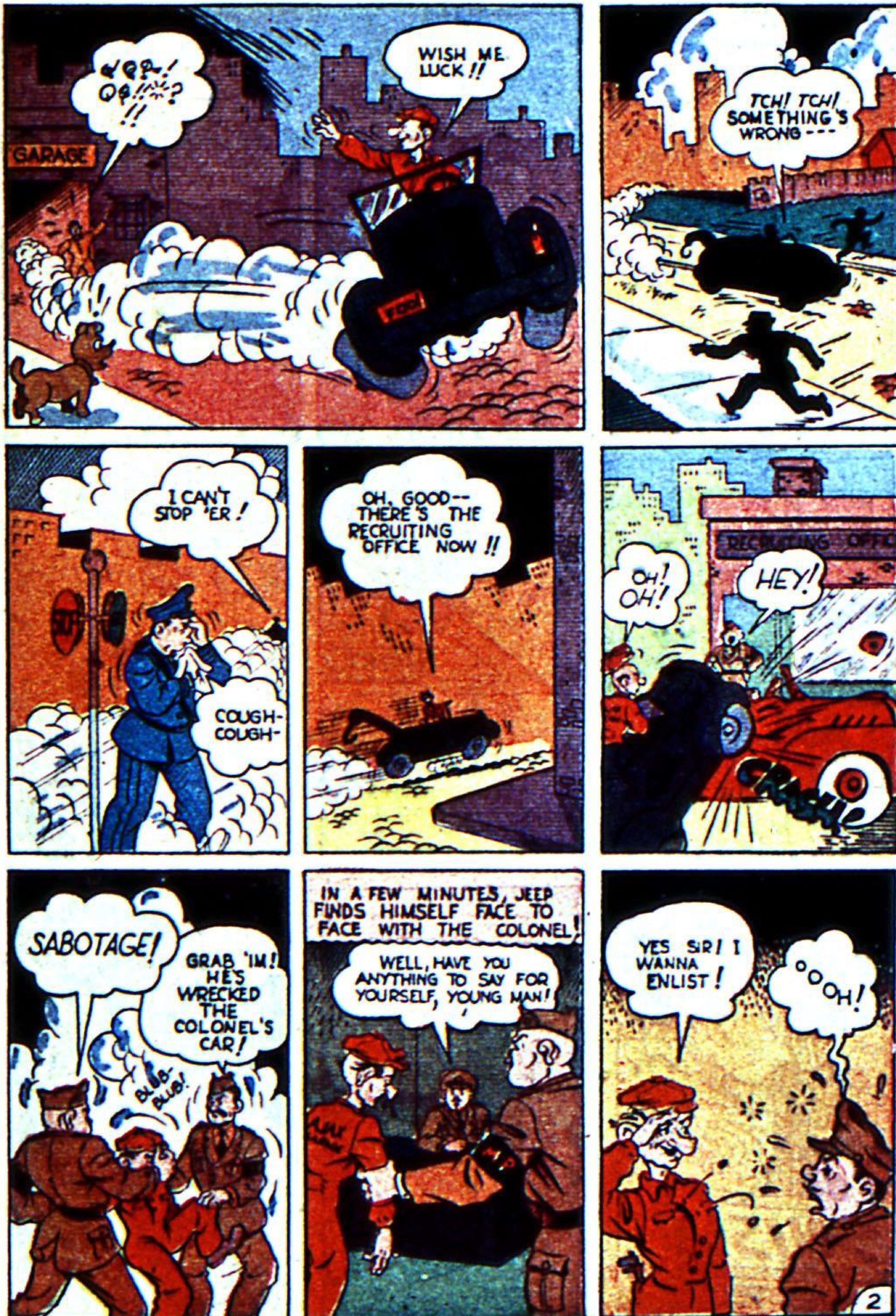

MADE IT! BUT I WOULDN'T IF THAT SHARK HADN'T CHASED ME!
THE SAILOR IS DRAGGED ABOARD THE RAFT AS THE JAGGED TEETH OF THE SHARK MISS THEIR PREY BY INCHES
THE JAP FLYERS, SEEING THAT THE NEOSHO IS DOOMED, LEAVE IT TO ITS FATE
LOOK, THE JAPS ARE GIVING UP!
WE'VE BEEN SIGHTED, FELLAS. THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY!
NEOSHO
AMERICAN DESTROYERS ARRIVE UPON THE SCENE, AND BEGIN TO PICK UP SURVIVORS.
THE WOUNDED, BURNED AND TIRED MEN ARE HELPED ABOARD A DESTROYER AND EDDIE FLAHERTY IS THE LAST ONE TO LEAVE THE LIFEBOAT
373
ROOM
THE ONCE PROUD NEOSHO, NOW TURNED INTO A FLOATING DERELICT, IS SUNK BY FIGHTING CRAFT BEARING HER OWN COLORS...BUT THE STORY OF HER END WILL LIVE ON, FOREVER ETCHED INTO THE SURFACE OF THE VAST SEAS SHE ONCE BRAVELY SAILED...

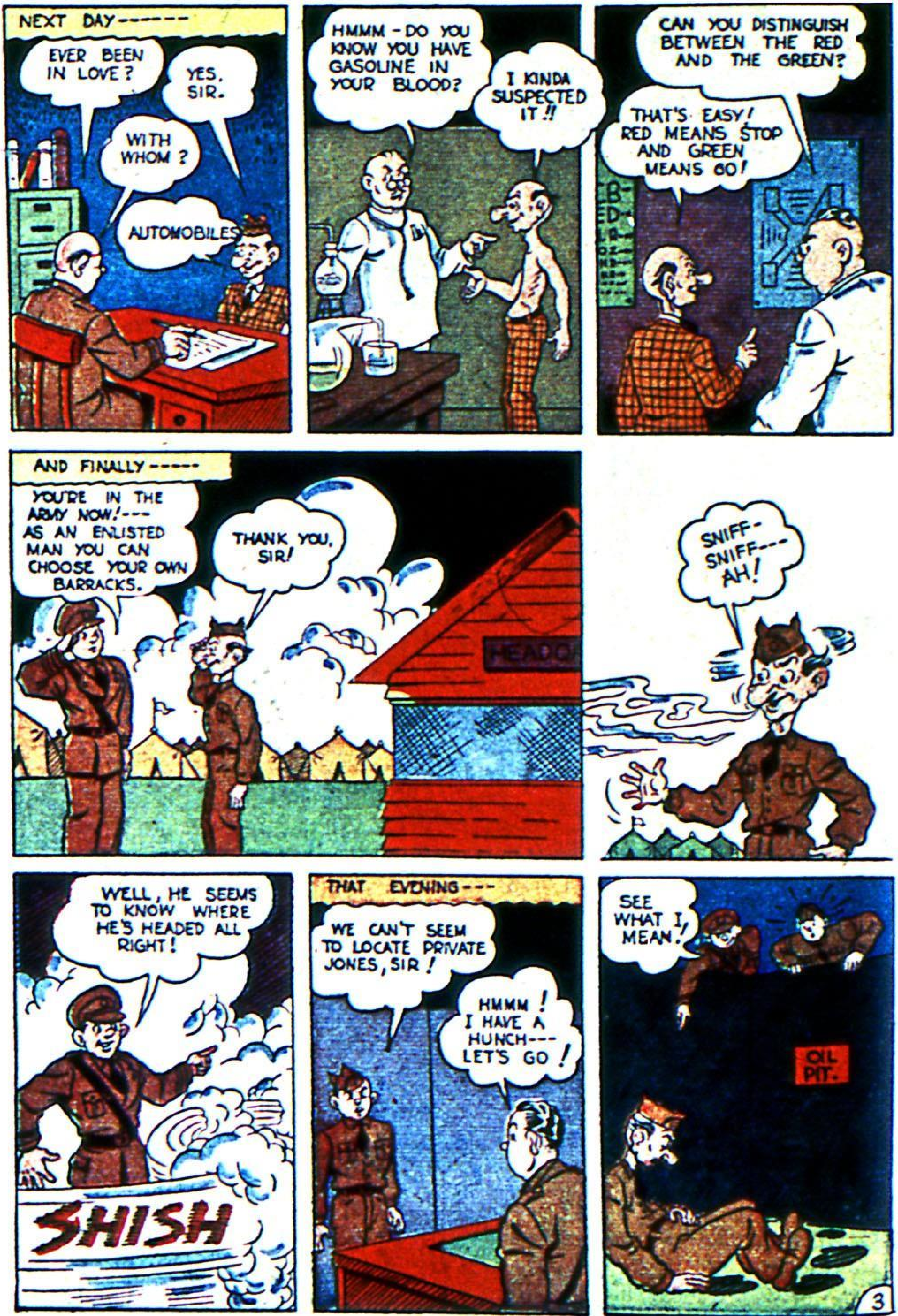

JEEP JONES
THIS IS THE SAD, SOMETIMES SILLY SAGA OF ONE, "JEEP" JONES! JEEP WAS A SLAPHAPPY GARAGE INTERNE B.G.R. (BEFORE GAS RATIONING) UNTIL THE JAPS SLAPPED PEARL HARBOR AND SOMEBODY DECIDED TIRES SHOULD BE BURIED AT FORT KNOX WITH THAT OTHER PRICELESS STUFF. ALL IN ALL, JEEP DECIDED IT WOULD BE MORE FUN TO BE IN THE ARMY, SO---
HE'S A NEW MAN SIR-- HE WALKED IN, TOOK ONE LOOK AT ALL THE NEW TIRES AND SEEMED TO GO MAD, SIR!
SUPPLY ROOM MECHANIZED DIVISION
HMMM !!--- IVE SEEN IT HAPPEN BEFORE.

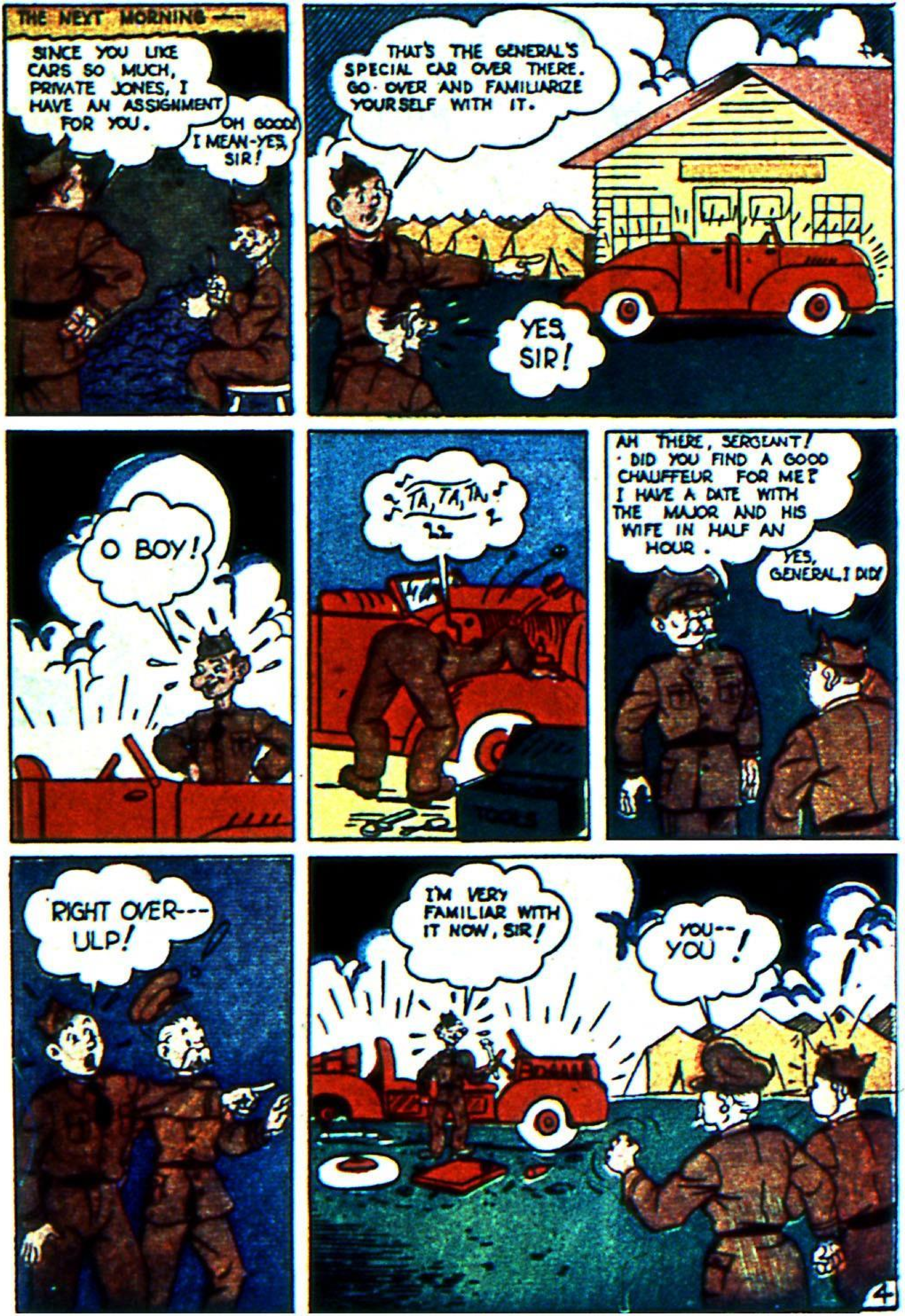

HOWEVER, LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING---
SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO JOIN THE ARMY, EH JEEP?
YEAH, BUT MY TANK'S DRY! I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS NEW MIXTURE I'VE INVENTED TO GET TO THE RECRUITING STATION
AJM

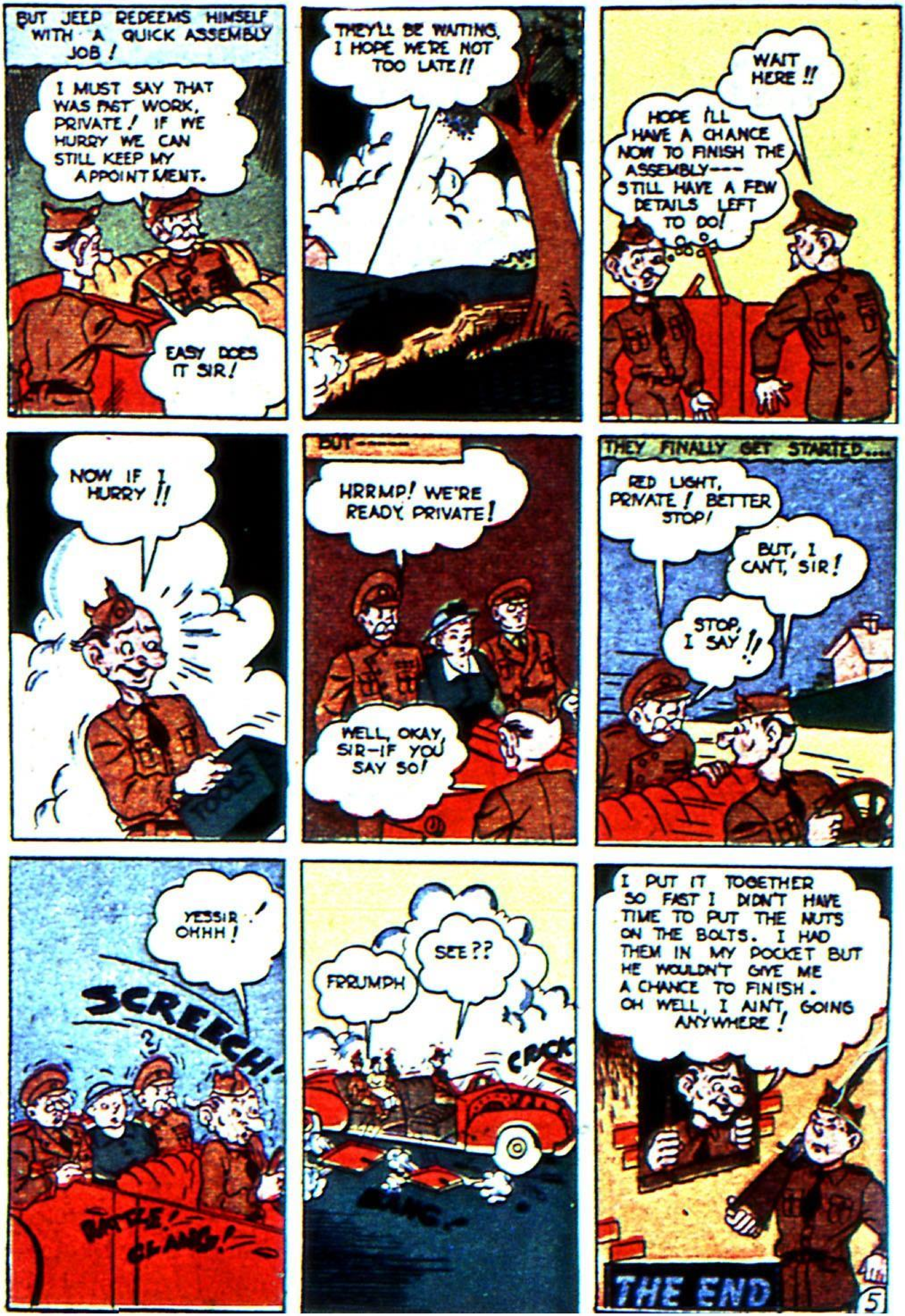

TRIED IT OUT YET?
NO, BUT IT SHOULD BE A BOON TO MANKIND! IT WILL REALLY START THIS BUSINESS OFF AGAIN WITH A BANG, SLONG!


BOOM!


GARAGE
WISH ME LUCK!!
TCH! TCH! SOMETHING'S WRONG---
I CAN'T STOP 'ER!
STOP
COUGH-COUGH-
OH, GOOD--THERE'S THE RECRUITING OFFICE NOW!!
RECRUITING OFF
OH! OH!
HEY!
CRASH!
SABOTAGE!
GRAB 'IM! HE'S WRECKED THE COLONEL'S CAR!
BLUB-BLUB!
IN A FEW MINUTES, JEEP FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE COLONEL!
WELL, HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN!
YES SIR! I WANNA ENLIST!
OOOH!


NEXT DAY------
EVER BEEN IN LOVE?
YES, SIR.
WITH WHOM?
AUTOMOBILES
HMMM - DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVE GASOLINE IN YOUR BLOOD?
I KINDA SUSPECTED IT!!
CAN YOU DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE RED AND THE GREEN?
THAT'S EASY! RED MEANS STOP AND GREEN MEANS GO!
AND FINALLY-----
YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!--- AS AN ENLISTED MAN YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN BARRACKS.
THANK YOU, SIR!
HEADQ
SNIFF-SNIFF--- AH!
WELL, HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S HEADED ALL RIGHT!
SHISH
THAT EVENING---
WE CAN'T SEEM TO LOCATE PRIVATE JONES, SIR!
HMMM! I HAVE A HUNCH--- LET'S GO!
SEE WHAT I MEAN!
OIL PIT.


THE NEXT MORNING ---
SINCE YOU LIKE CARS SO MUCH, PRIVATE JONES, I HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU.
OH GOOD! I MEAN-YES, SIR!
THAT'S THE GENERAL'S SPECIAL CAR OVER THERE. GO OVER AND FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH IT.
YES, SIR!
O BOY!
TA, TA, TA
AH THERE, SERGEANT! DID YOU FIND A GOOD CHAUFFEUR FOR ME? I HAVE A DATE WITH THE MAJOR AND HIS WIFE IN HALF AN HOUR.
YES, GENERAL, I DID!
TOOLS
RIGHT OVER--- ULP!
I'M VERY FAMILIAR WITH IT NOW, SIR!
YOU-- YOU!


BUT JEEP REDEEMS HIMSELF WITH A QUICK ASSEMBLY JOB!
I MUST SAY THAT WAS FAST WORK, PRIVATE! IF WE HURRY WE CAN STILL KEEP MY APPOINTMENT.
EASY DOES IT SIR!
THEY'LL BE WAITING, I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!!
WAIT HERE!!
HOPE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE NOW TO FINISH THE ASSEMBLY--- STILL HAVE A FEW DETAILS LEFT TO DO!
NOW IF I HURRY!!
TOOLS
BUT-----
HRRMP! WE'RE READY, PRIVATE!
WELL, OKAY, SIR—IF YOU SAY SO!
THEY FINALLY GET STARTED....
RED LIGHT, PRIVATE! BETTER STOP!
BUT, I CAN'T, SIR!
STOP, I SAY!!
YESSIR! OHHH!
SCREECH!
RATTLE! CLANG!
FRRUMPH
SEE??
CRACK
CLANG
I PUT IT TOGETHER SO FAST I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PUT THE NUTS ON THE BOLTS. I HAD THEM IN MY POCKET BUT HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO FINISH. OH WELL, I AIN'T, GOING ANYWHERE!
THE END

LOOK OUT FOR SPIES!

TOMMY COLT'S ears caught a strange sound and a funny tingle ran up and down his spine. Then he shrugged. Maybe he was hearing things. Guard duty always made a guy oversensitive.

He put the collar of his waterproof windbreaker up around his neck and cast a youthful eye up into the night sky that was pouring down rain in bucketsful over the airplane plant, where he was just one of dozens of guards on duty to prevent sabotage. Tonight the plant was clothed in rainy darkness because engineers had just finished the task of retooling for the manufacture of a new fighting plane with a fixed tail gun. Tomorrow production would begin on the new model on a 24 hour schedule.

His sharp ears again caught that foreign sound. Like hobnails on the concrete floor inside the door in the east wing. Moving like a streak, he dashed to the door and swung his flashlight beam inside. And just as he did so a diving human body hit him around the knees and smashed him to the ground. Tommy rolled over and scrambled to his feet and jerked at the service revolver under his coat.

A heavy fist crashed into his cheek and he felt a searing pain tear at his jaw. His fingers grabbed for his gun again. But this time a brutal fist smashed into his chin and his brain whirled. He felt his body hit the wet ground. Everything went dark as unconsciousness engulfed him.

Bill Gibbs found him there and the rain beating in his face brought him back to his senses. Bill said, "What happened, Tommy? Why didn't you yell? Your whole jaw's tore up! Somebody must of hit you with a pair of brass knucks."

Tommy managed to stagger to his feet. "Better look around inside the wing. Somebody was in there and I heard them but before I could do anything I was knocked cold."

Bill ran into the plant and was back in just a few moments. "The filing and plan room has been ransacked from top to bottom and I think the plans for the fixed tail gun are gone. We better call the superintendent right away. And I better call a doctor for you. That cut on your jaw is bleeding like the devil. Looks like whoever socked you cut clear to the bone. Did you get a good look at him?"

"No. He socked me before I had a chance to get a look at his face. But he was a big man. That much I know."

They called the superintendent and he verified the fact that the plans for the fixed tail gun model had been stolen. And the plant doctor took four stitches in the jagged wound on Tommy's chin. And after he had finished the job the doctor gave Tommy a tiny, thin scrap of shiny metal. "This was buried in the cut on your chin. Looks like a sliver of brass off the brass knucks you were socked with."

Tommy put the bright bit of metal in his watch pocket and went back to his post on guard, refusing to take the rest of the night off, as he superintendent suggested. He resolved to stick to his post until his relief man came on duty at seven in the morning.

At seven o'clock Tommy Colt and Bill Gibbs checked out on the time clock and then stopped in the little restaurant next to the plant to get their breakfast. They took their places at the counter and it wasn't until they were already seated that Tommy noticed that his neighbor was Big Jake Groman, previously a guard at the plant, but who had been discharged for drunkenness and was in that condition now. He noticed Tommy sitting next to him and forthwith became nasty.

"Look!" he said, "here's little angel-face! They fire big and tough guys like me and hire mamma-boys like him. Git off that stool, kid, or I'll knock you off!"

The proprietor came around the counter in a hurry and he grabbed Groman by the collar of his leather jacket. "Get out, Groman! I won't have you annoyin' my customers." And as the restaurant owner was a big man and handy with his fists, Groman didn't argue. He tossed a twenty dollar bill on the counter and ostentatiously raked his change into his dirty hands. And on one of Groman's fingers there was a narrow band of clean white skin.

After Groman left, the proprietor apologized to the boys. "Gotta excuse that Groman. Ever since he got fired he's been sore at everybody connected with the company. He hasn't had a job since but he always seems to have money." He went behind the counter and then paused in front of the boys and picked up a pair of dark-colored glasses from behind the sugar bowl. He said, "Looks like Groman forgot his glasses. I'll put them away until he calls for them."

Bill Gibbs was excited. "Say, Tommy, did you notice that band of clean skin on Groman's finger? Like he might have worn a ring at some time or other?"

"Yeah. I noticed it. Why?"

"Maybe that little piece of metal the doc took out of your jaw ain't brass off a pair of knucks. Maybe it's gold and it could be a prong off a ring. Maybe off Groman's ring. Maybe he's the guy that socked you last night."

Tommy was impressed but he shook his head. "I don't think that Groman would stoop to stealing plans from the plant. And besides, you heard the restaurant man say that Groman still has money to spend even if he ain't working. Probably pawned that ring of his."

Bill shrugged. "Always giving the other guy the benefit of the doubt. That's you all over. At that, you're probably right." . . .

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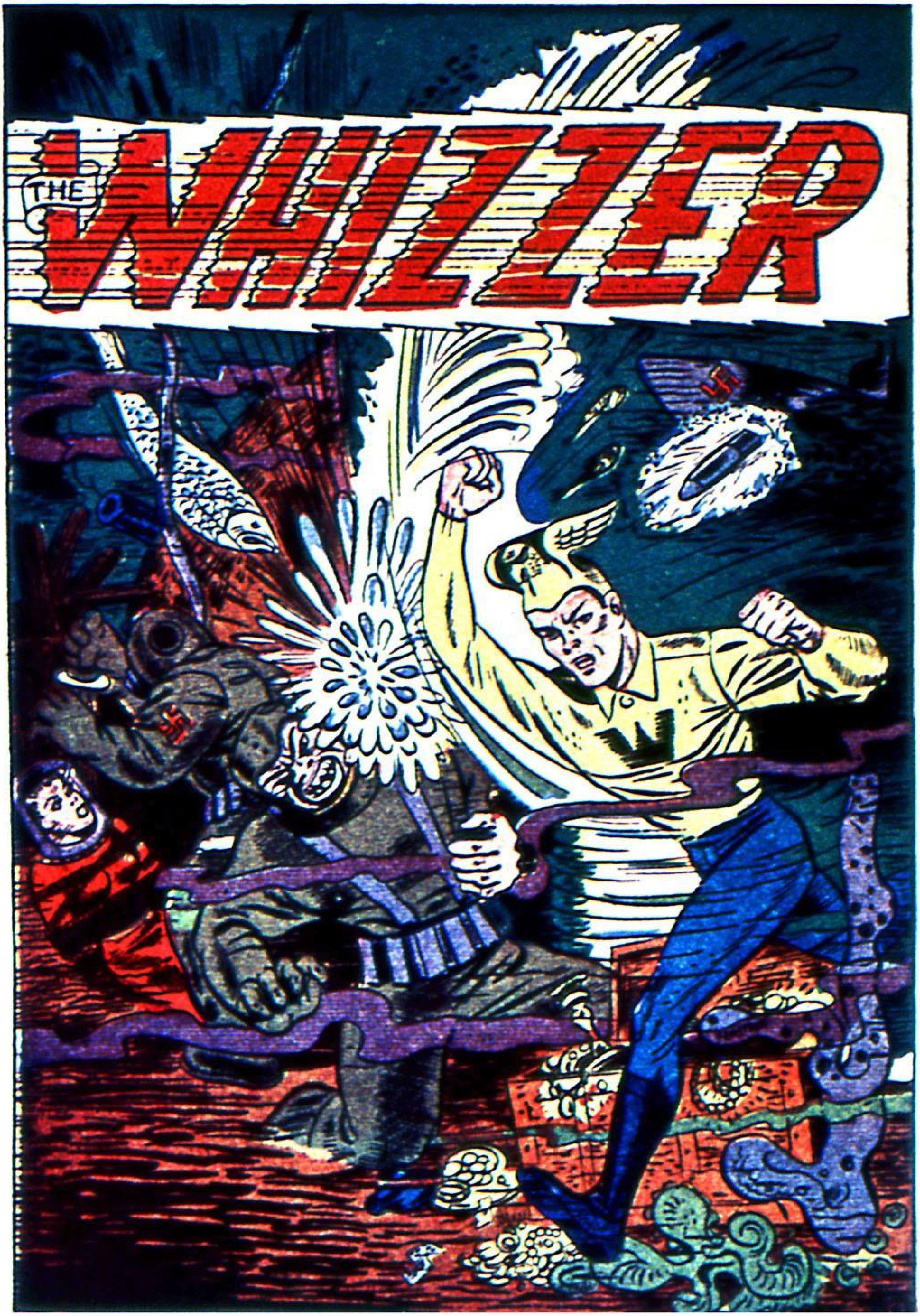
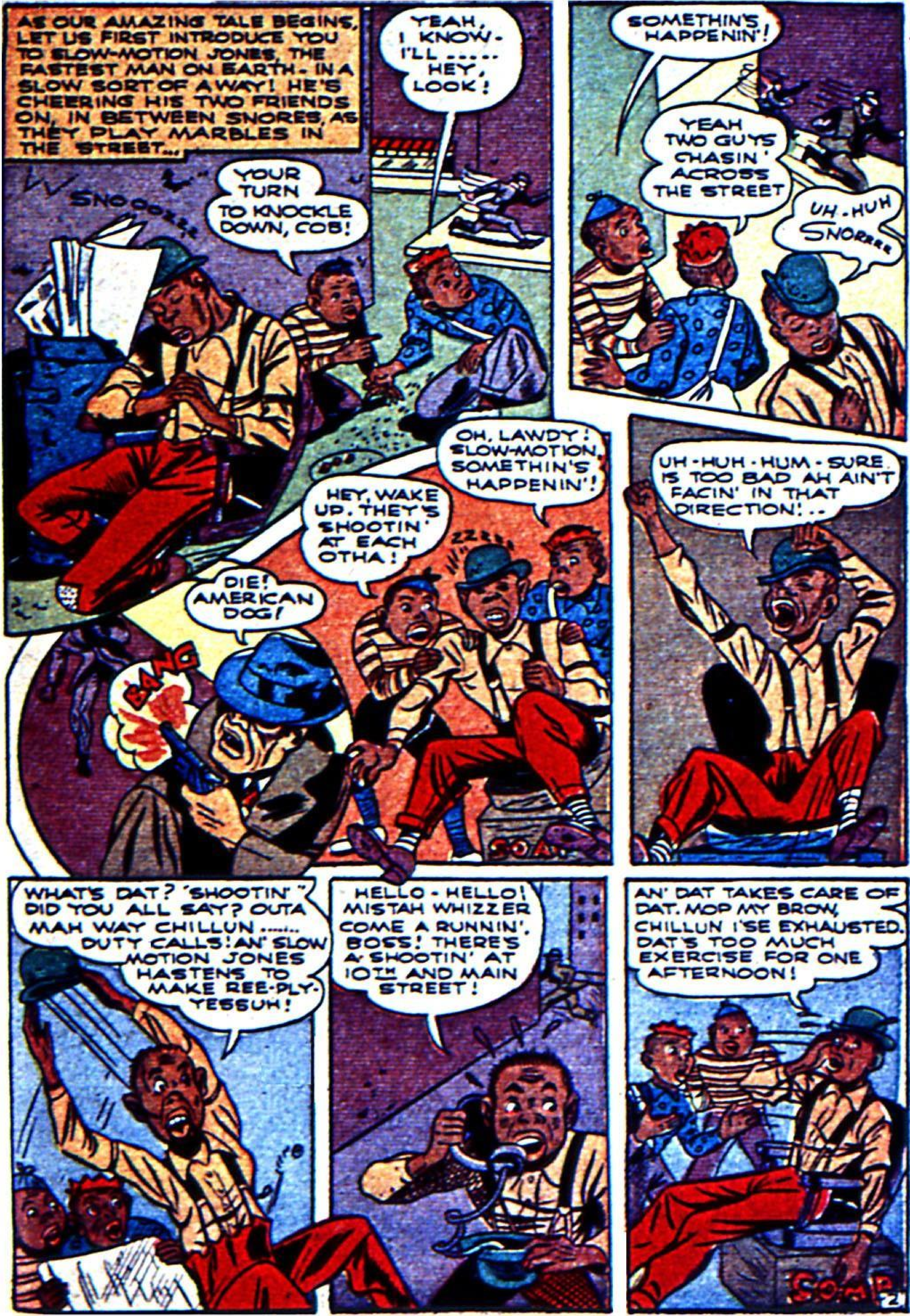
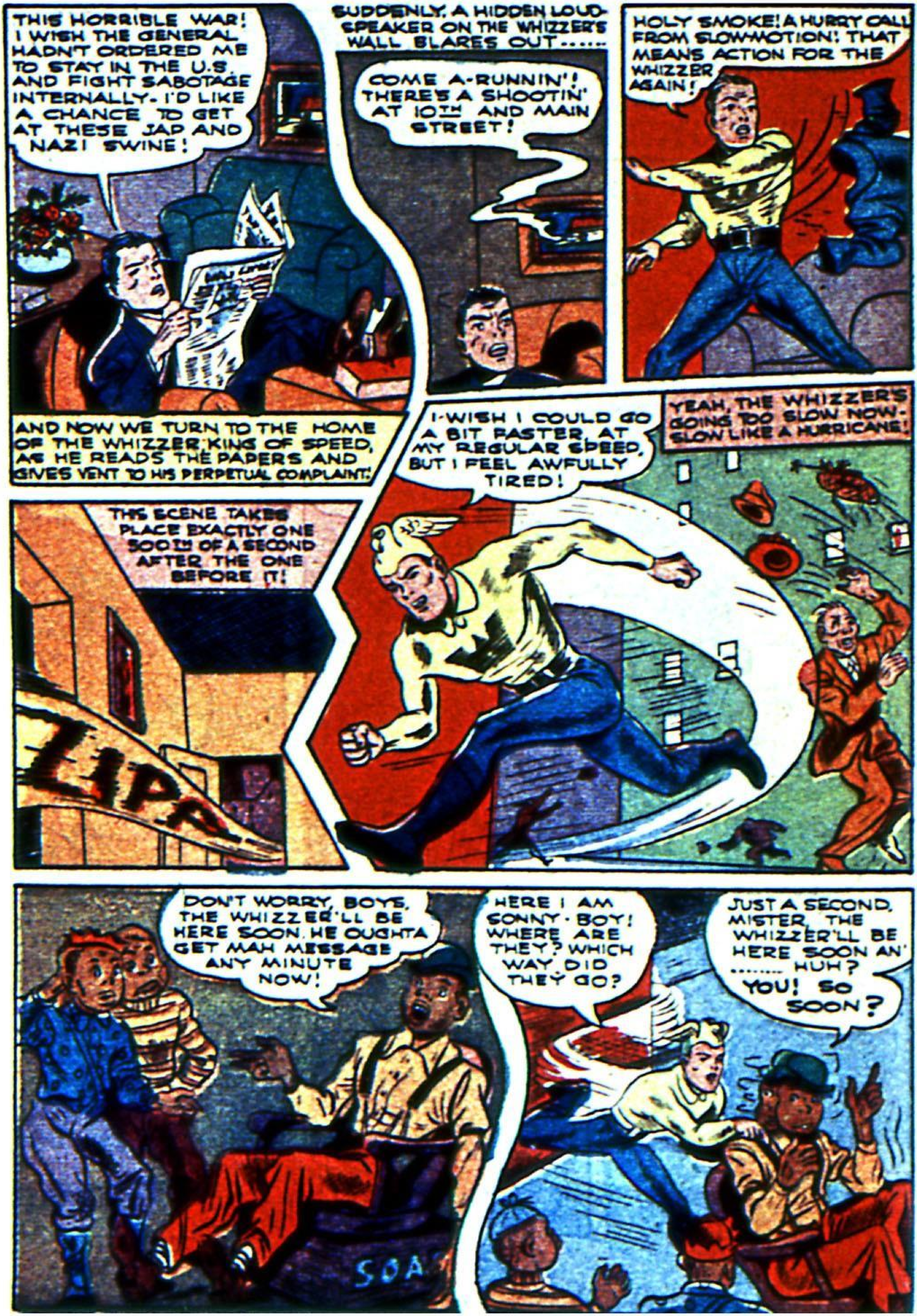
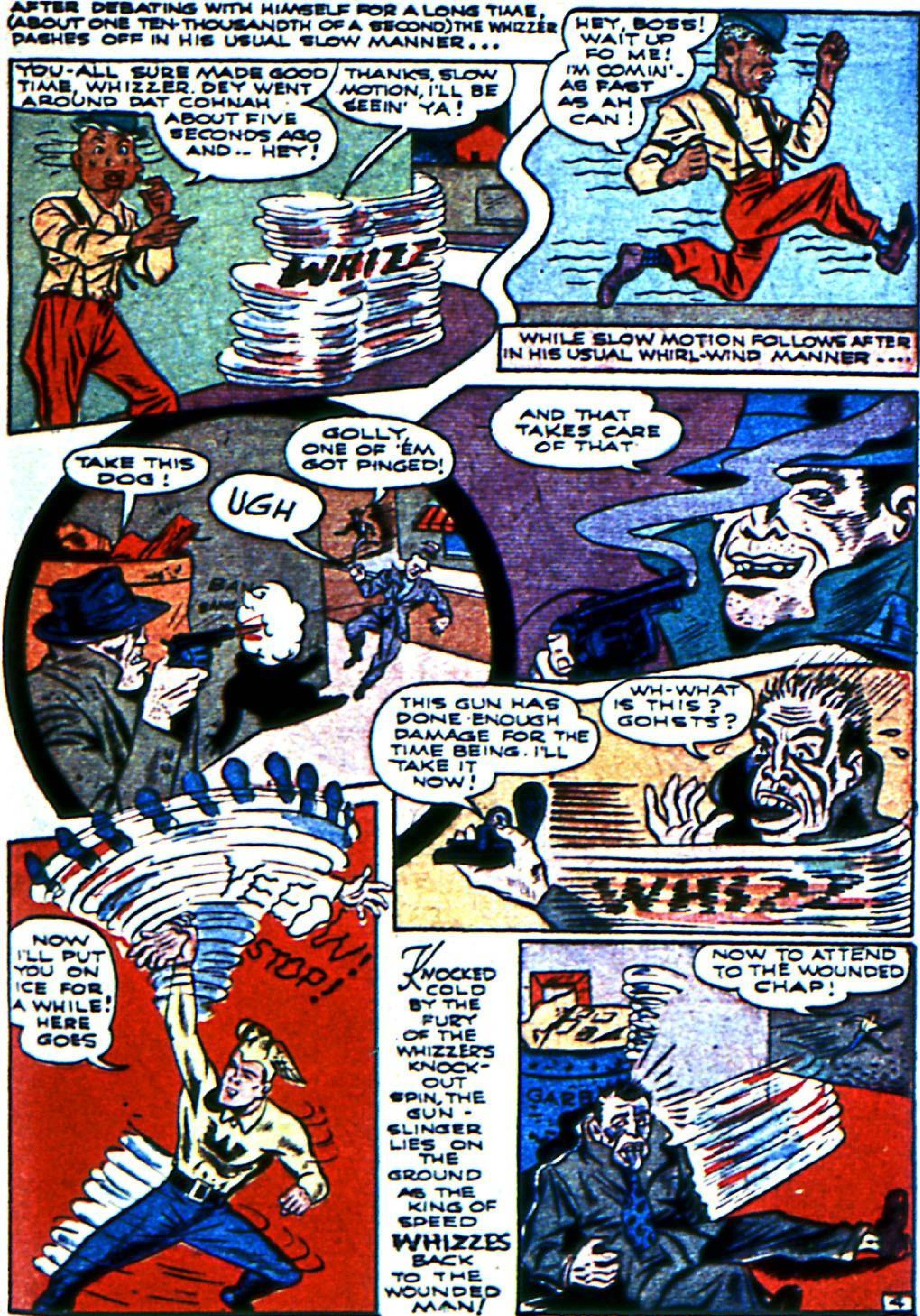
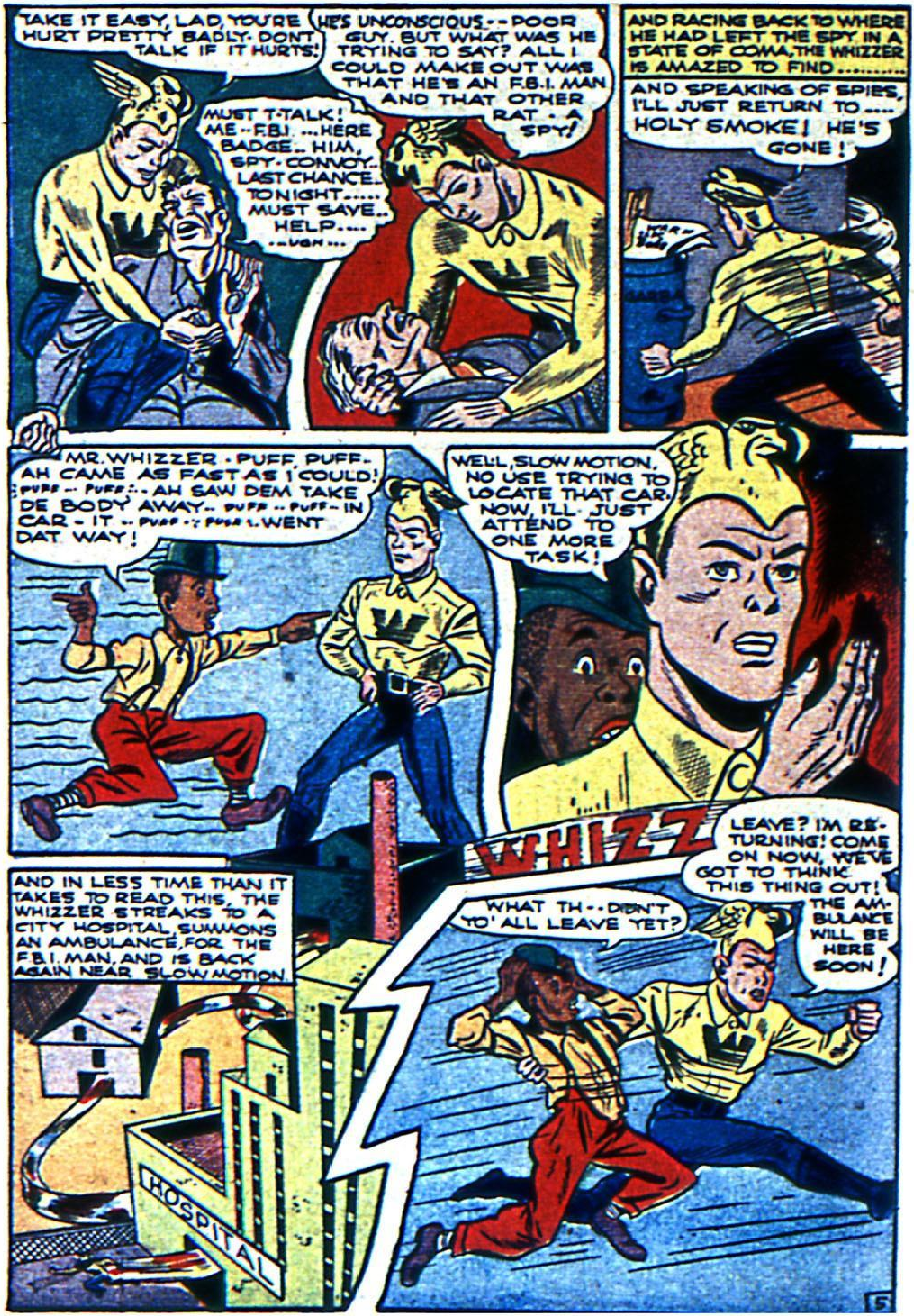
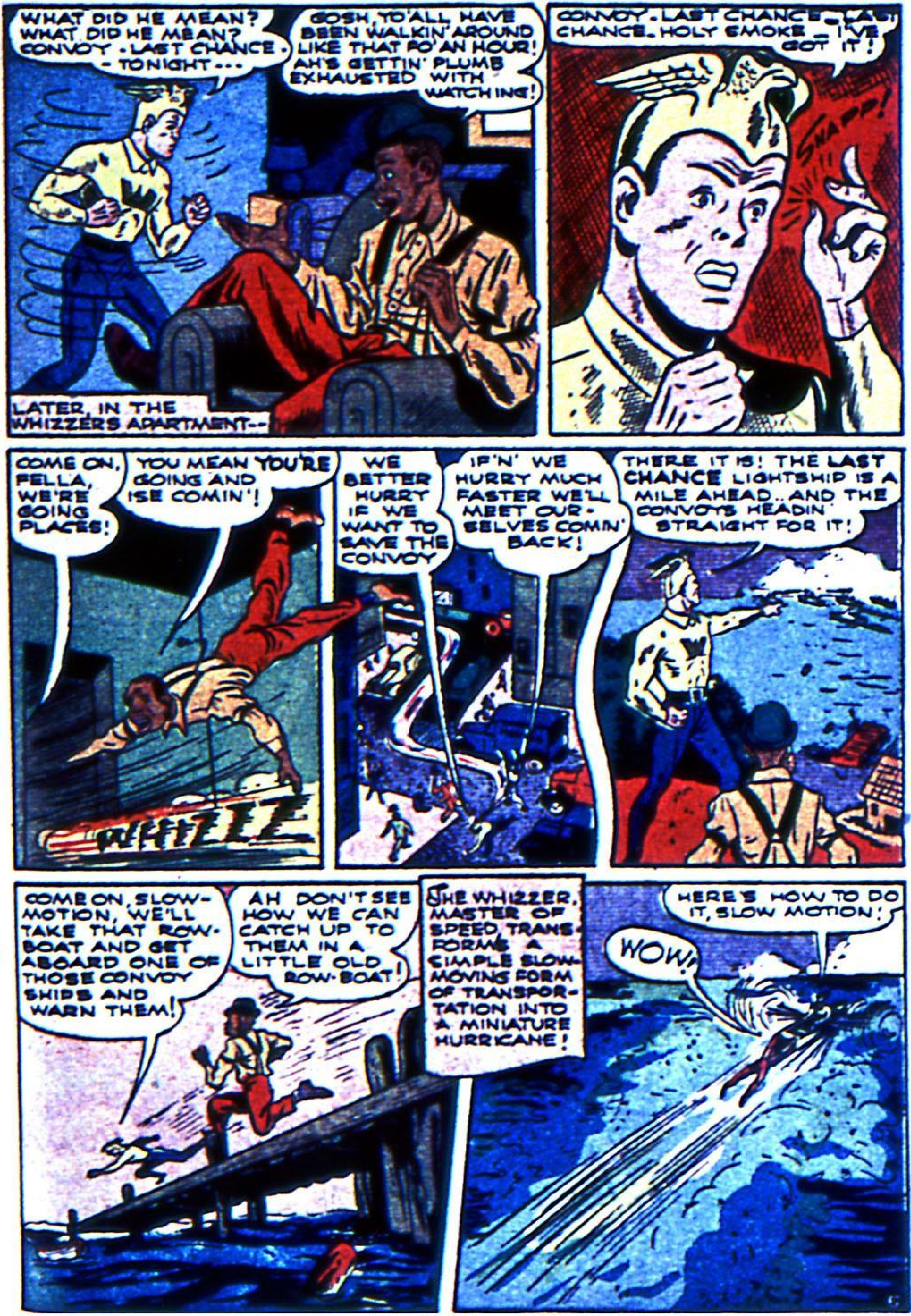

THE WHIZZER

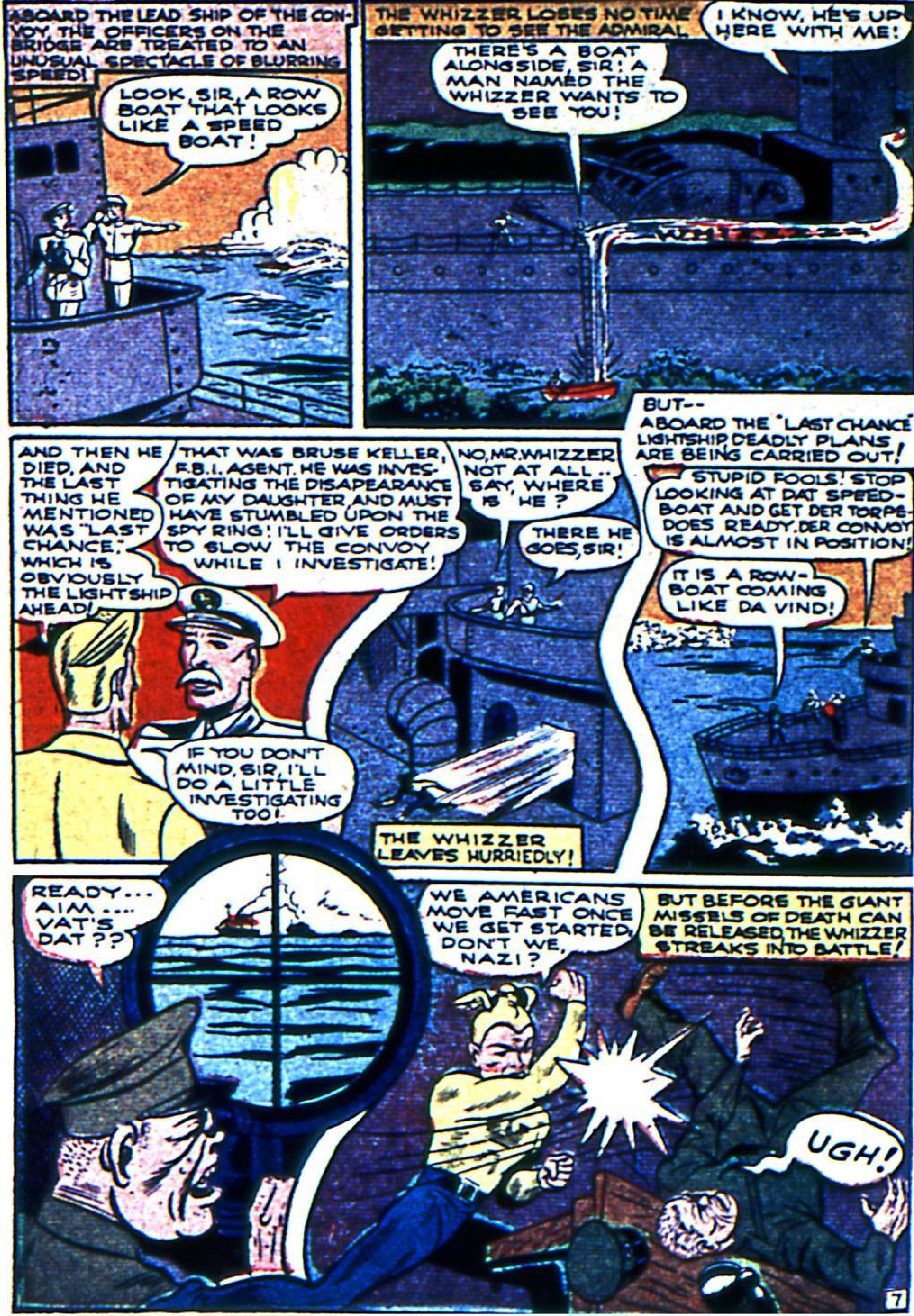

AS OUR AMAZING TALE BEGINS, LET US FIRST INTRODUCE YOU TO SLOW-MOTION JONES, THE FASTEST MAN ON EARTH - IN A SLOW SORT OF A WAY! HE'S CHEERING HIS TWO FRIENDS ON, IN BETWEEN SNORES, AS THEY PLAY MARBLES IN THE STREET...
SNOOOOZZZ
YOUR TURN TO KNOCKLE DOWN, COB!
YEAH, I KNOW - I'LL ..... HEY, LOOK!
SOMETHIN'S HAPPENIN'!
YEAH TWO GUYS CHASIN' ACROSS THE STREET
UH-HUH SNORRRR
OH, LAWDY! SLOW-MOTION, SOMETHIN'S HAPPENIN'!
HEY, WAKE UP. THEY'S SHOOTIN' AT EACH OTHA!
ZZZZ
DIE! AMERICAN DOG!
BANG
UH-HUH-HUM-SURE IS TOO BAD AH AIN'T FACIN' IN THAT DIRECTION!..
SOAP
WHAT'S DAT? 'SHOOTIN'' DID YOU ALL SAY? OUTA MAH WAY CHILLUN ...... DUTY CALLS! AN' SLOW MOTION JONES HASTENS TO MAKE REE-PLY-YESSUH!
HELLO - HELLO! MISTAH WHIZZER COME A RUNNIN', BOSS! THERE'S A SHOOTIN' AT 10TH AND MAIN STREET!
AN' DAT TAKES CARE OF DAT. MOP MY BROW, CHILLUN I'SE EXHAUSTED. DAT'S TOO MUCH EXERCISE FOR ONE AFTERNOON!
SOAP

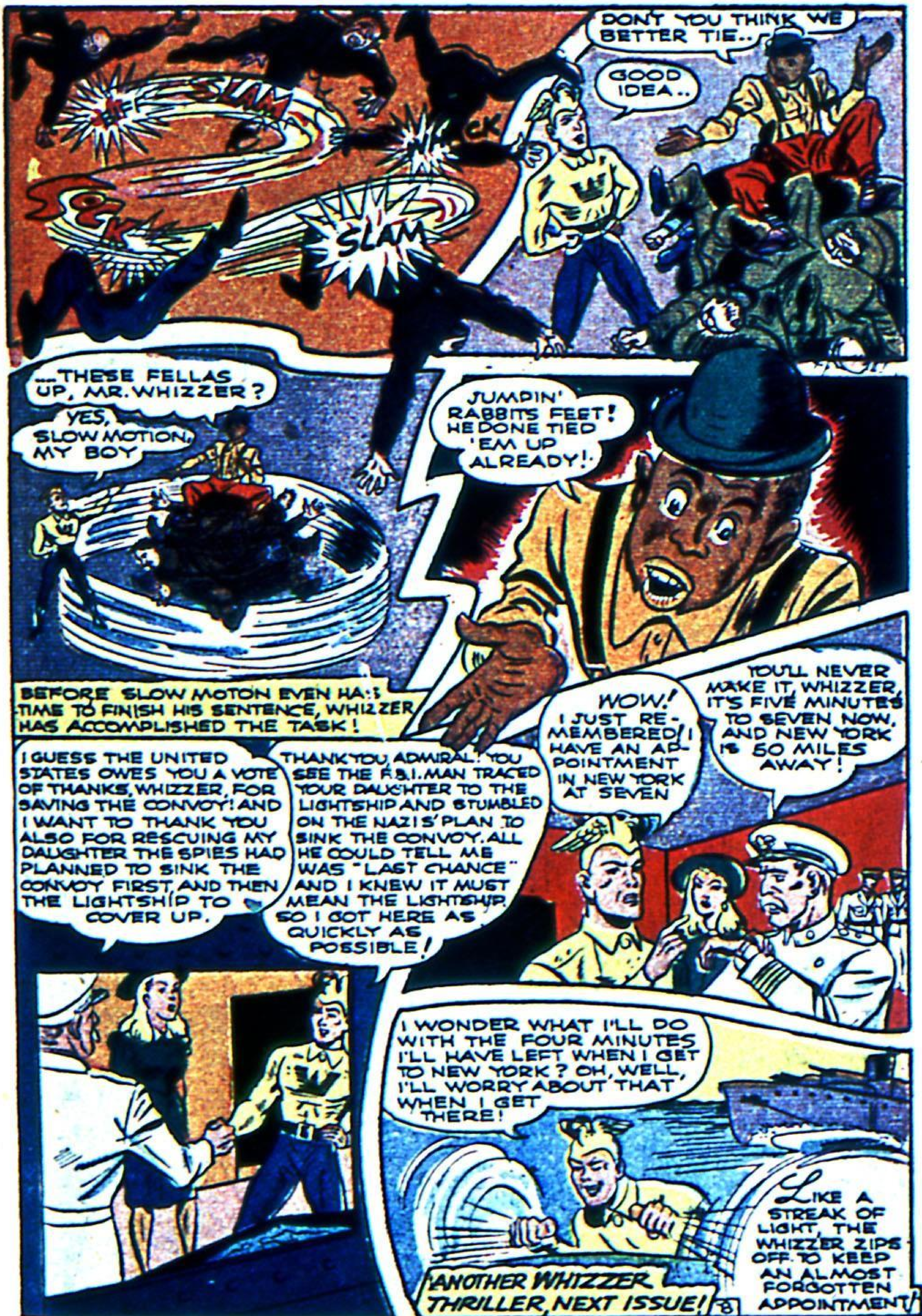

AND NOW WE TURN TO THE HOME OF THE WHIZZER KING OF SPEED, AS HE READS THE PAPERS AND GIVES VENT TO HIS PERPETUAL COMPLAINT!
THIS HORRIBLE WAR! I WISH THE GENERAL HADN'T ORDERED ME TO STAY IN THE U.S. AND FIGHT SABOTAGE INTERNALLY- I'D LIKE A CHANCE TO GET AT THESE JAP AND NAZI SWINE!
SUDDENLY, A HIDDEN LOUD-SPEAKER ON THE WHIZZER'S WALL BLARES OUT......
COME A-RUNNIN'! THERE'S A SHOOTIN' AT 10TH AND MAIN STREET!
HOLY SMOKE! A HURRY CALL FROM SLOW-MOTION! THAT MEANS ACTION FOR THE WHIZZER AGAIN!
THIS SCENE TAKES PLACE EXACTLY ONE 500TH OF A SECOND AFTER THE ONE BEFORE IT!
ZIPP
I-WISH I COULD GO A BIT FASTER, AT MY REGULAR SPEED, BUT I FEEL AWFULLY TIRED!
YEAH, THE WHIZZER'S GOING TOO SLOW NOW- SLOW LIKE A HURRICANE!
DON'T WORRY, BOYS, THE WHIZZER'LL BE HERE SOON. HE OUGHTA GET MAH MESSAGE ANY MINUTE NOW!
SOA
HERE I AM SONNY-BOY! WHERE ARE THEY? WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?
JUST A SECOND, MISTER, THE WHIZZER'LL BE HERE SOON AN' .... HUH? YOU! SO SOON?

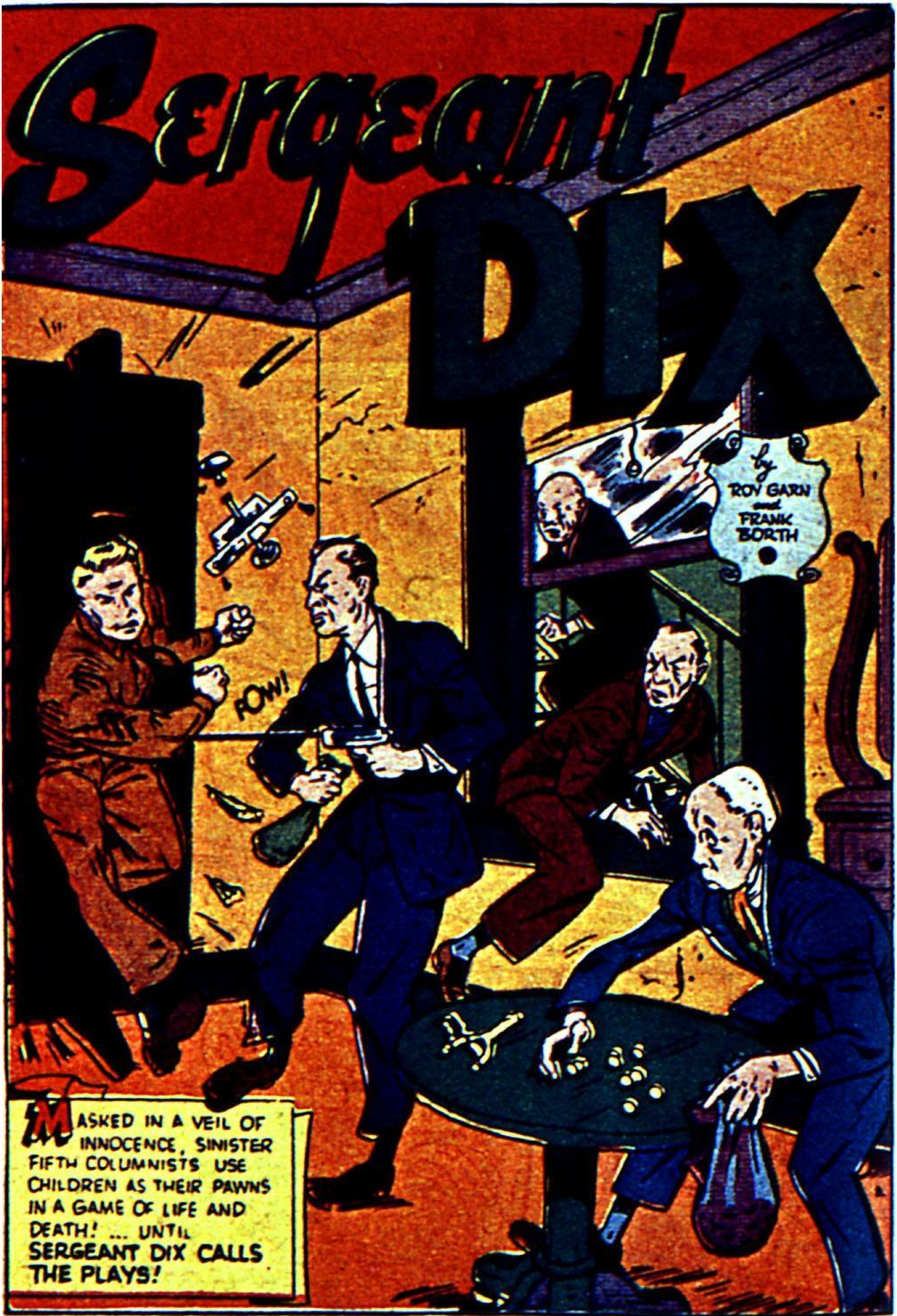

AFTER DEBATING WITH HIMSELF FOR A LONG TIME, (ABOUT ONE TEN-THOUSANDTH OF A SECOND) THE WHIZZER DASHES OFF IN HIS USUAL SLOW MANNER . . .
YOU-ALL SURE MADE GOOD TIME, WHIZZER. DEY WENT AROUND DAT COHNAH ABOUT FIVE SECONDS AGO AND -- HEY!
THANKS, SLOW MOTION, I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
WHIZZ
HEY, BOSS! WAIT UP FO ME! I'M COMIN' - AS FAST AS AH CAN!
WHILE SLOW MOTION FOLLOWS AFTER IN HIS USUAL WHIRL-WIND MANNER . . . .
TAKE THIS DOG!
UGH
GOLLY, ONE OF 'EM GOT PINGED!
BANG
BANG
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT
THIS GUN HAS DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR THE TIME BEING. I'LL TAKE IT NOW!
WH-WHAT IS THIS? GOHSTS?
WHIZZ
NOW I'LL PUT YOU ON ICE FOR A WHILE! HERE GOES
STOP!
KNOCKED COLD BY THE FURY OF THE WHIZZER'S KNOCK-OUT SPIN, THE GUN-SLINGER LIES ON THE GROUND AS THE KING OF SPEED WHIZZES BACK TO THE WOUNDED MAN!
NOW TO ATTEND TO THE WOUNDED CHAP!
GARB

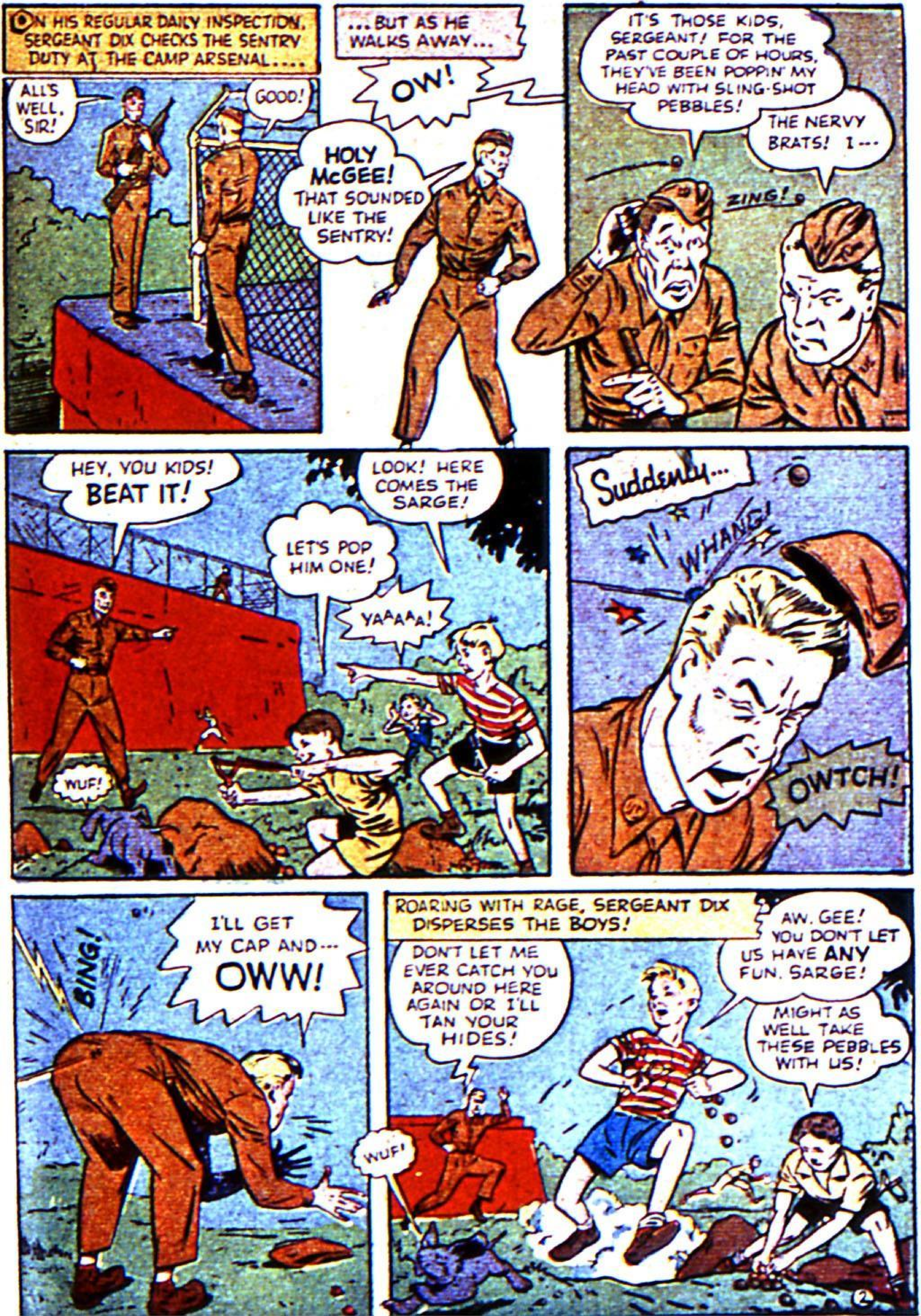

TAKE IT EASY, LAD, YOU'RE HURT PRETTY BADLY. DON'T TALK IF IT HURTS!
MUST T-TALK! ME--F.B.I. ...HERE BADGE.. HIM, SPY-CONVOY.. LAST CHANCE.. TONIGHT..... MUST SAVE.. HELP.... ..UGH...
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS--POOR GUY. BUT WHAT WAS HE TRYING TO SAY? ALL I COULD MAKE OUT WAS THAT HE'S AN F.B.I. MAN AND THAT OTHER RAT - A SPY!
AND RACING BACK TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT THE SPY IN A STATE OF COMA, THE WHIZZER IS AMAZED TO FIND ....
AND SPEAKING OF SPIES, I'LL JUST RETURN TO .... HOLY SMOKE! HE'S GONE!
MR. WHIZZER - PUFF, PUFF.. AH CAME AS FAST AS I COULD! PUFF -- PUFF -- AH SAW DEM TAKE DE BODY AWAY.. PUFF -- PUFF -- IN CAR - IT -- PUFF -- PUFF -- WENT DAT WAY!
WELL, SLOW MOTION, NO USE TRYING TO LOCATE THAT CAR. NOW, I'LL JUST ATTEND TO ONE MORE TASK!
WHIZZ
AND IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO READ THIS, THE WHIZZER STREAKS TO A CITY HOSPITAL, SUMMONS AN AMBULANCE FOR THE F.B.I. MAN, AND IS BACK AGAIN NEAR SLOW MOTION.
HOSPITAL
WHAT TH--DIDN'T YO' ALL LEAVE YET?
LEAVE? I'M RETURNING! COME ON NOW, WE'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THING OUT! THE AMBULANCE WILL BE HERE SOON!

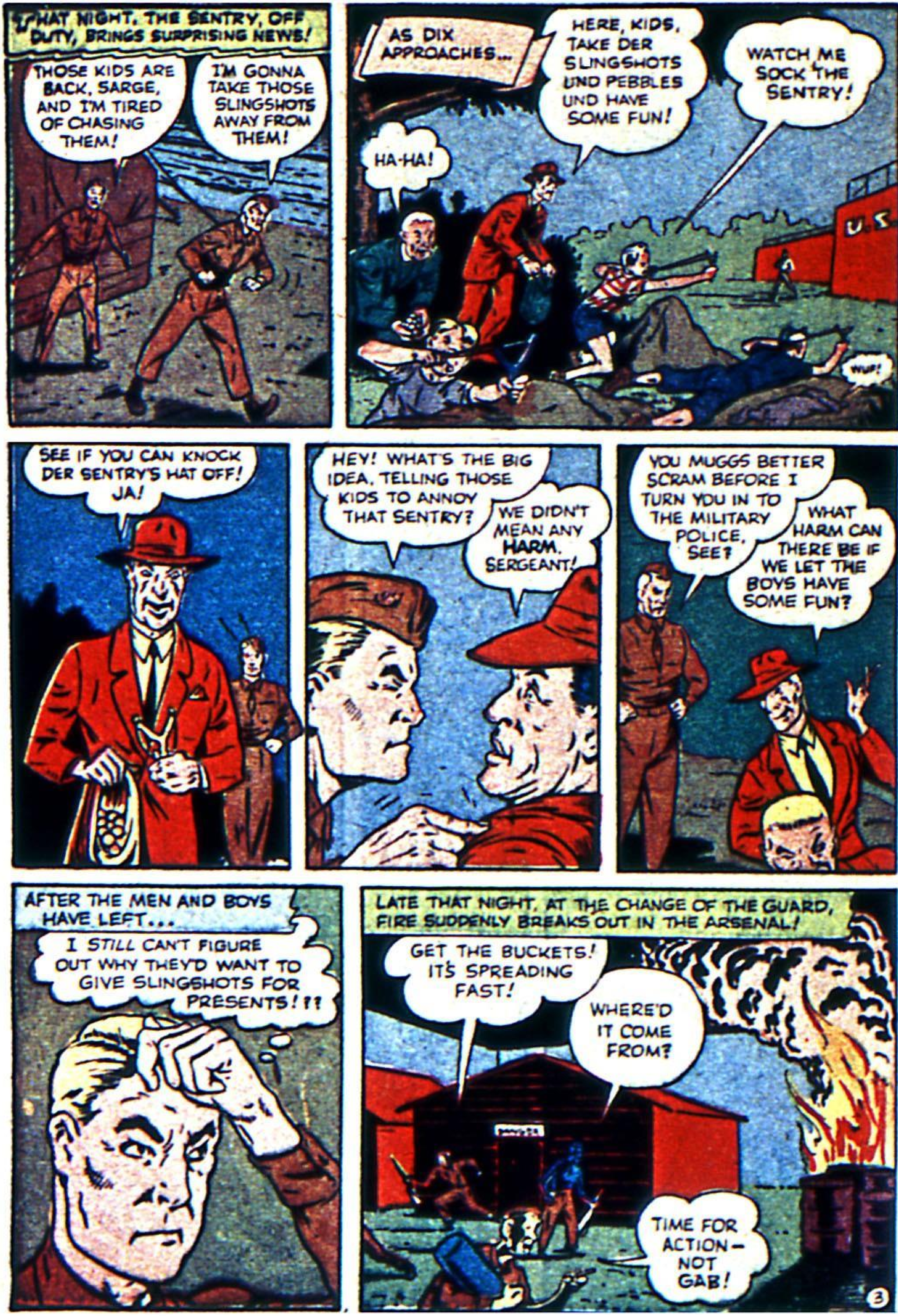

WHAT DID HE MEAN? WHAT DID HE MEAN? CONVOY - LAST CHANCE. - TONIGHT - - -
GOSH, YO'ALL HAVE BEEN WALKIN' AROUND LIKE THAT FO' AN HOUR! AH'S GETTIN' PLUMB EXHAUSTED WITH WATCHING!
LATER, IN THE WHIZZER'S APARTMENT--
CONVOY - LAST CHANCE _ LAST CHANCE _ HOLY SMOKE _ I'VE GOT IT!
SNAPP!
COME ON, FELLA, WE'RE GOING PLACES!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING AND ISE COMIN'!
WHIZZZZ
WE BETTER HURRY IF WE WANT TO SAVE THE CONVOY
IF'N' WE HURRY MUCH FASTER WE'LL MEET OUR-SELVES COMIN' BACK!
THERE IT IS! THE LAST CHANCE LIGHTSHIP IS A MILE AHEAD .. AND THE CONVOY'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR IT!
COME ON, SLOW-MOTION, WE'LL TAKE THAT ROW-BOAT AND GET ABOARD ONE OF THOSE CONVOY SHIPS AND WARN THEM!
AH DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN CATCH UP TO THEM IN A LITTLE OLD ROW-BOAT!
THE WHIZZER, MASTER OF SPEED, TRANSFORMS A SIMPLE SLOW-MOVING FORM OF TRANSPORTATION INTO A MINIATURE HURRICANE!
HERE'S HOW TO DO IT, SLOW MOTION!
WOW!

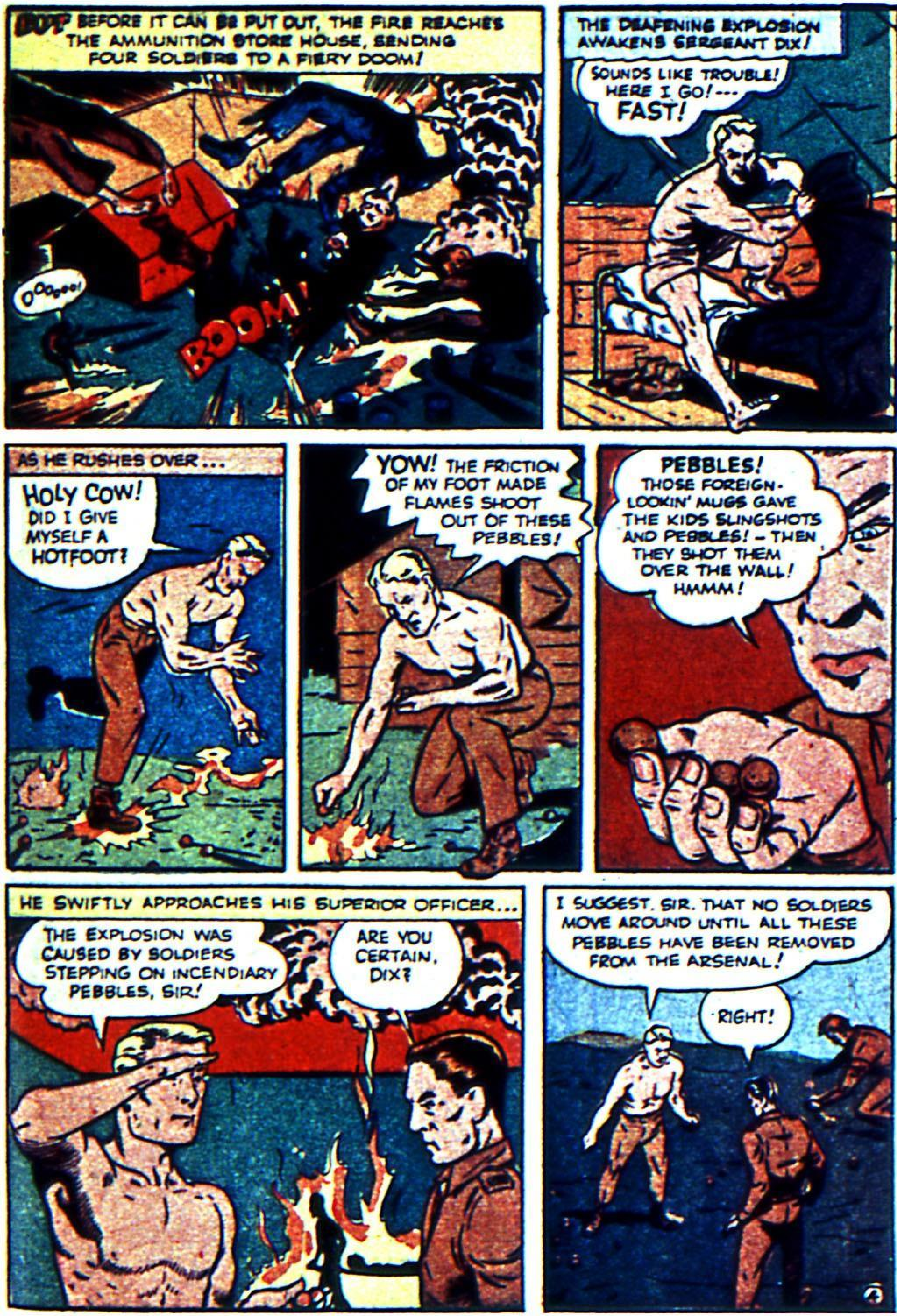

ABOARD THE LEAD SHIP OF THE CONVOY, THE OFFICERS ON THE BRIDGE ARE TREATED TO AN UNUSUAL SPECTACLE OF BLURRING SPEED!
LOOK, SIR, A ROW BOAT THAT LOOKS LIKE A SPEED BOAT!
THE WHIZZER LOSES NO TIME GETTING TO SEE THE ADMIRAL
THERE'S A BOAT ALONGSIDE, SIR! A MAN NAMED THE WHIZZER WANTS TO SEE YOU!
I KNOW, HE'S UP HERE WITH ME!
AND THEN HE DIED, AND THE LAST THING HE MENTIONED WAS "LAST CHANCE," WHICH IS OBVIOUSLY THE LIGHTSHIP AHEAD!
THAT WAS BRUSE KELLER, F.B.I. AGENT. HE WAS INVESTIGATING THE DISAPEARANCE OF MY DAUGHTER AND MUST HAVE STUMBLED UPON THE SPY RING! I'LL GIVE ORDERS TO SLOW THE CONVOY WHILE I INVESTIGATE!
IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR, I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING TOO!
NO, MR. WHIZZER NOT AT ALL.. SAY, WHERE IS HE?
THERE HE GOES, SIR!
THE WHIZZER LEAVES HURRIEDLY!
BUT-- ABOARD THE "LAST CHANCE" LIGHTSHIP, DEADLY PLANS ARE BEING CARRIED OUT!
STUPID FOOLS! STOP LOOKING AT DAT SPEEDBOAT AND GET DER TORPEDOES READY. DER CONVOY IS ALMOST IN POSITION!
IT IS A ROWBOAT COMING LIKE DA VIND!
READY... AIM.... VAT'S DAT??
WE AMERICANS MOVE FAST ONCE WE GET STARTED, DON'T WE, NAZI?
BUT BEFORE THE GIANT MISSELS OF DEATH CAN BE RELEASED THE WHIZZER STREAKS INTO BATTLE!
UGH!

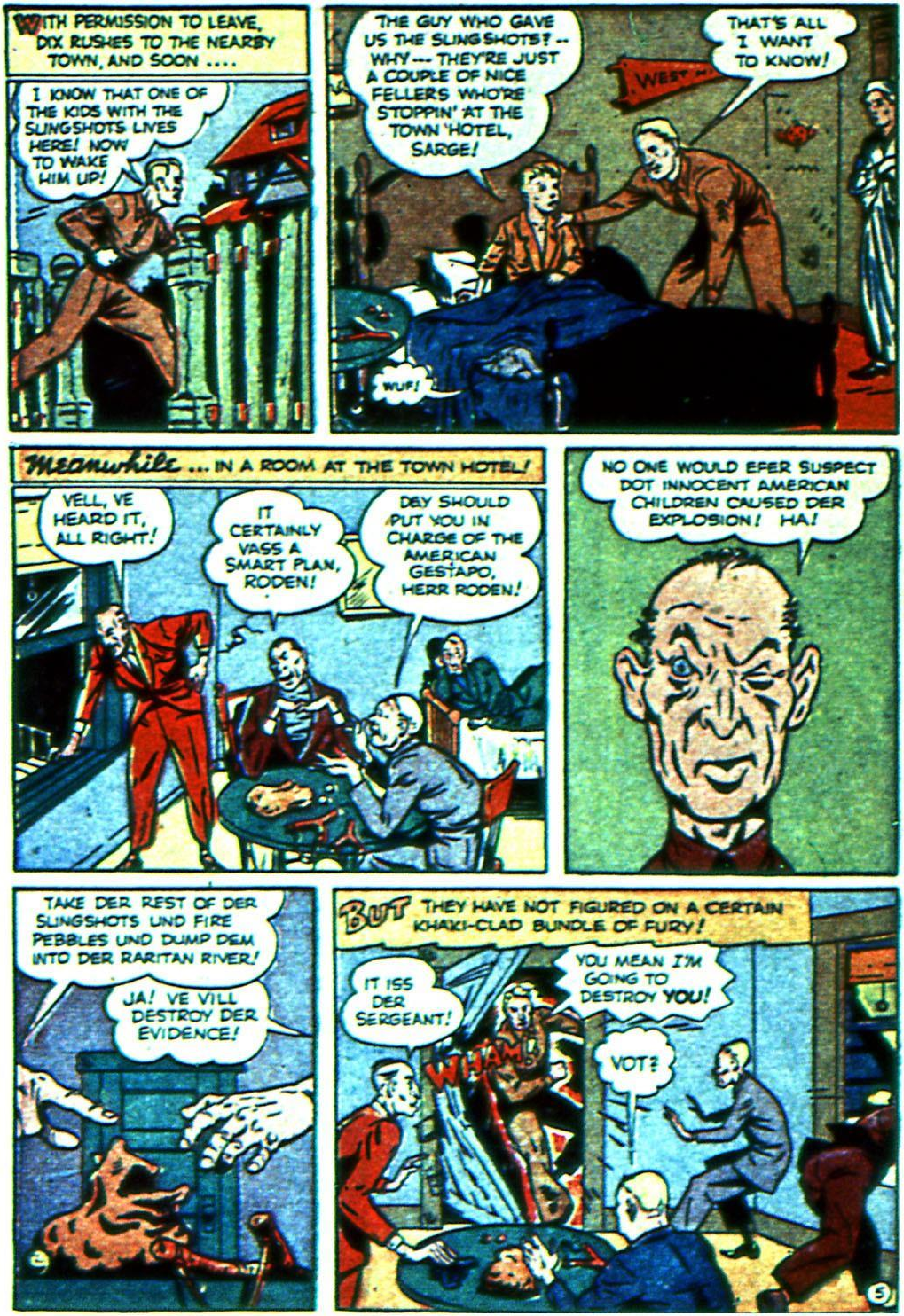

SLAM
WHACK
SOCK
SLAM
DON'T YOU THINK WE BETTER TIE..
GOOD IDEA..
...THESE FELLAS UP, MR. WHIZZER?
YES, SLOW MOTION, MY BOY
JUMPIN' RABBITS FEET! HE DONE TIED 'EM UP ALREADY!
BEFORE SLOW MOTON EVEN HAS TIME TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE, WHIZZER HAS ACCOMPLISHED THE TASK!
I GUESS THE UNITED STATES OWES YOU A VOTE OF THANKS, WHIZZER, FOR SAVING THE CONVOY! AND I WANT TO THANK YOU ALSO FOR RESCUING MY DAUGHTER. THE SPIES HAD PLANNED TO SINK THE CONVOY FIRST, AND THEN THE LIGHTSHIP TO COVER UP.
THANK YOU, ADMIRAL! YOU SEE THE F.B.I. MAN TRACED YOUR DAUGHTER TO THE LIGHTSHIP AND STUMBLED ON THE NAZIS' PLAN TO SINK THE CONVOY. ALL HE COULD TELL ME WAS "LAST CHANCE" AND I KNEW IT MUST MEAN THE LIGHTSHIP, SO I GOT HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!
WOW! I JUST REMEMBERED! I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN NEW YORK AT SEVEN
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, WHIZZER, IT'S FIVE MINUTES TO SEVEN NOW, AND NEW YORK IS 50 MILES AWAY!
I WONDER WHAT I'LL DO WITH THE FOUR MINUTES I'LL HAVE LEFT WHEN I GET TO NEW YORK? OH, WELL, I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT WHEN I GET THERE!
LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT, THE WHIZZER ZIPS OFF TO KEEP AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN APPOINTMENT!
ANOTHER WHIZZER THRILLER, NEXT ISSUE!

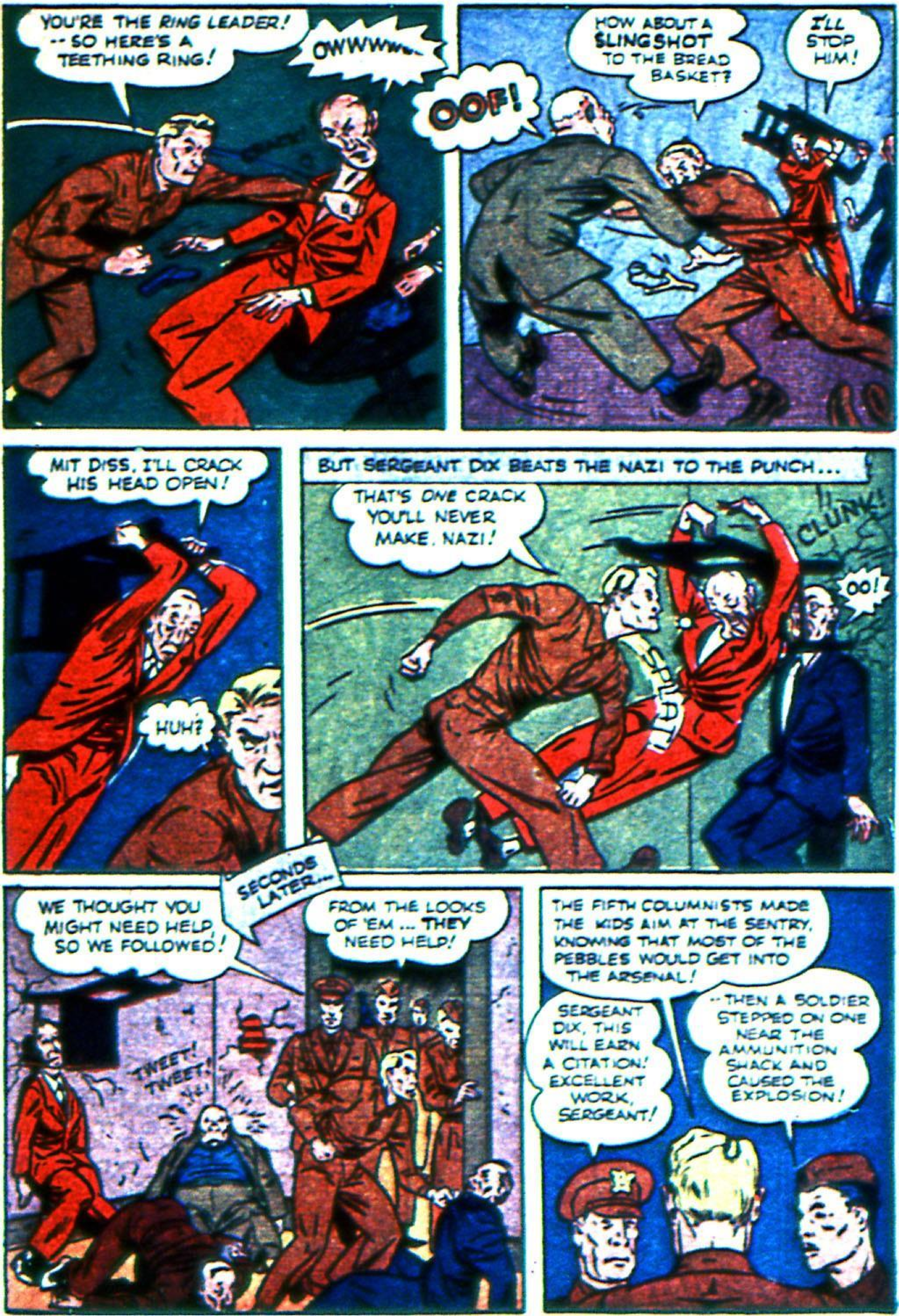

Sergeant
DIX
by
ROY GARN
and
FRANK
BORTH
POW!
MASKED IN A VEIL OF INNOCENCE, SINISTER FIFTH COLUMNISTS USE CHILDREN AS THEIR PAWNS IN A GAME OF LIFE AND DEATH! ... UNTIL SERGEANT DIX CALLS THE PLAYS!


ON HIS REGULAR DAILY INSPECTION, SERGEANT DIX CHECKS THE SENTRY DUTY AT THE CAMP ARSENAL....
ALL'S WELL, SIR!
GOOD!
...BUT AS HE WALKS AWAY...
OW!
HOLY McGEE! THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE SENTRY!
IT'S THOSE KIDS, SERGEANT! FOR THE PAST COUPLE OF HOURS, THEY'VE BEEN POPPIN' MY HEAD WITH SLING-SHOT PEBBLES!
THE NERVY BRATS! I---
ZING!
HEY, YOU KIDS! BEAT IT!
LOOK! HERE COMES THE SARGE!
LET'S POP HIM ONE!
YAAAAA!
WUF!
Suddenly...
WHANG!
OWTCH!
BING!
I'LL GET MY CAP AND--- OWW!
ROARING WITH RAGE, SERGEANT DIX DISPERSES THE BOYS!
DON'T LET ME EVER CATCH YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN OR I'LL TAN YOUR HIDES!
AW, GEE! YOU DON'T LET US HAVE ANY FUN, SARGE!
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THESE PEBBLES WITH US!
WUF!
2

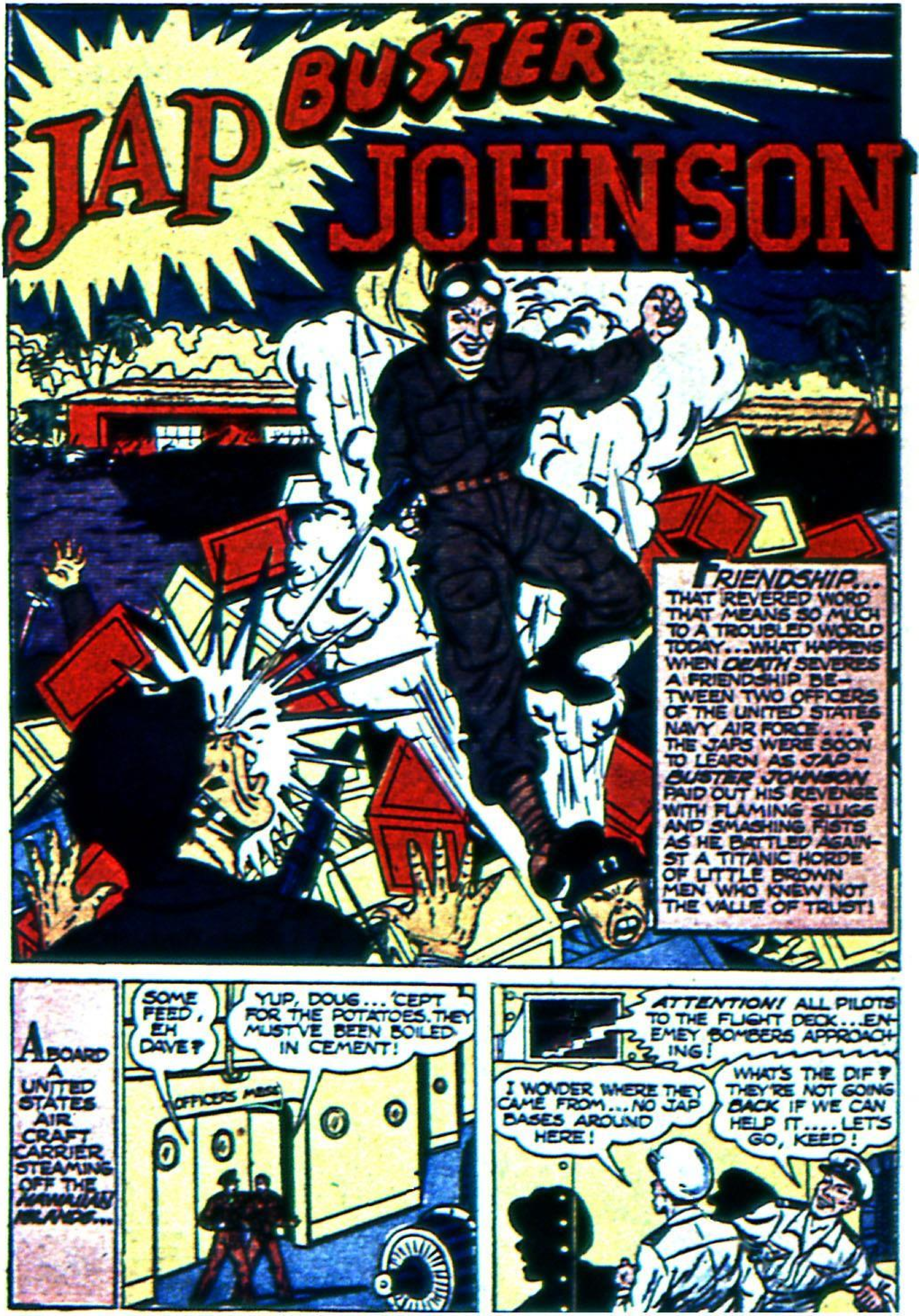

THAT NIGHT, THE SENTRY, OFF DUTY, BRINGS SURPRISING NEWS!
THOSE KIDS ARE BACK, SARGE, AND I'M TIRED OF CHASING THEM!
I'M GONNA TAKE THOSE SLINGSHOTS AWAY FROM THEM!
AS DIX APPROACHES...
HERE, KIDS, TAKE DER SLINGSHOTS UND PEBBLES UND HAVE SOME FUN!
WATCH ME SOCK THE SENTRY!
HA-HA!
U.S.
WUF!
SEE IF YOU CAN KNOCK DER SENTRY'S HAT OFF! JA!
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, TELLING THOSE KIDS TO ANNOY THAT SENTRY?
WE DIDN'T MEAN ANY **HARM**, SERGEANT!
YOU MUGGS BETTER SCRAM BEFORE I TURN YOU IN TO THE MILITARY POLICE, SEE?
WHAT HARM CAN THERE BE IF WE LET THE BOYS HAVE SOME FUN?
AFTER THE MEN AND BOYS HAVE LEFT...
I *STILL* CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THEY'D WANT TO GIVE SLINGSHOTS FOR PRESENTS! ??
LATE THAT NIGHT, AT THE CHANGE OF THE GUARD, FIRE SUDDENLY BREAKS OUT IN THE ARSENAL!
GET THE BUCKETS! IT'S SPREADING FAST!
WHERE'D IT COME FROM?
TIME FOR ACTION — NOT GAB!

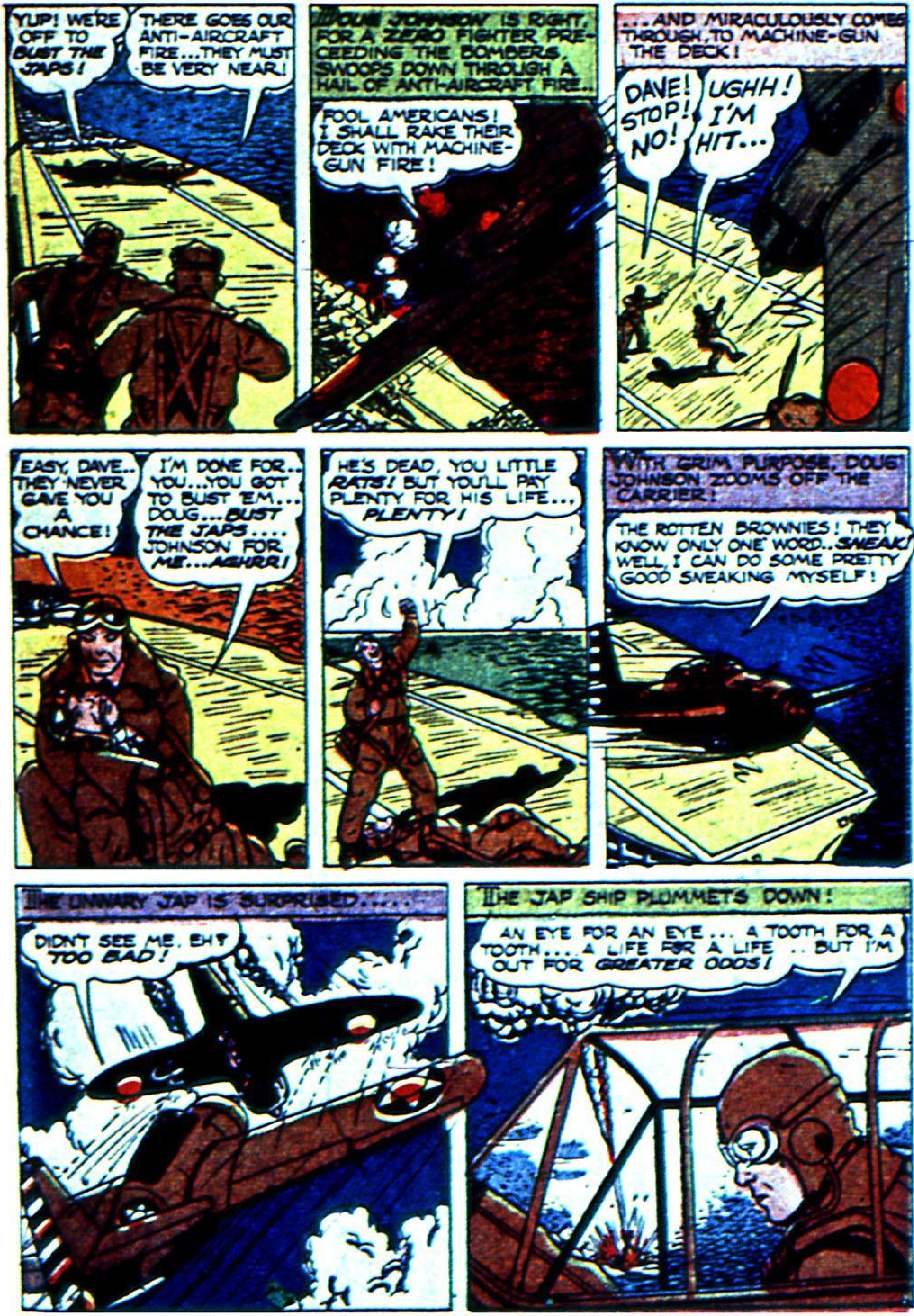

BUT BEFORE IT CAN BE PUT OUT, THE FIRE REACHES THE AMMUNITION STORE HOUSE, SENDING FOUR SOLDIERS TO A FIERY DOOM!
OOOOOO!
BOOM!
THE DEAFENING EXPLOSION AWAKENS SERGEANT DIX!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! HERE I GO!--- FAST!
AS HE RUSHES OVER...
HOLY COW! DID I GIVE MYSELF A HOTFOOT?
YOW! THE FRICTION OF MY FOOT MADE FLAMES SHOOT OUT OF THESE PEBBLES!
PEBBLES! THOSE FOREIGN-LOOKIN' MUGS GAVE THE KIDS SLINGSHOTS AND PEBBLES! – THEN THEY SHOT THEM OVER THE WALL! HMMM!
HE SWIFTLY APPROACHES HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER...
THE EXPLOSION WAS CAUSED BY SOLDIERS STEPPING ON INCENDIARY PEBBLES, SIR!
ARE YOU CERTAIN, DIX?
I SUGGEST, SIR, THAT NO SOLDIERS MOVE AROUND UNTIL ALL THESE PEBBLES HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE ARSENAL!
RIGHT!
4

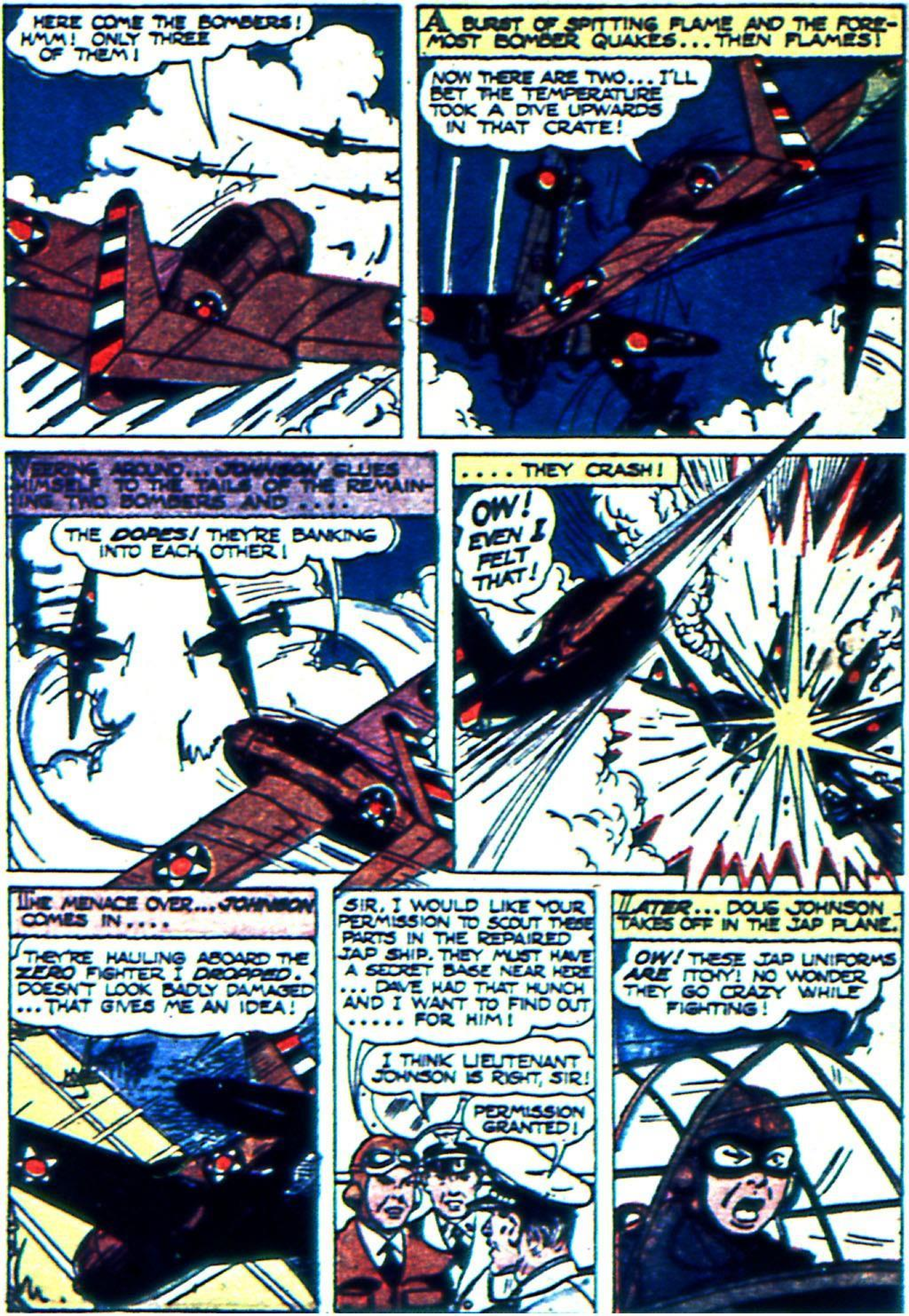

WITH PERMISSION TO LEAVE, DIX RUSHES TO THE NEARBY TOWN, AND SOON ....
I KNOW THAT ONE OF THE KIDS WITH THE SLINGSHOTS LIVES HERE! NOW TO WAKE HIM UP!
THE GUY WHO GAVE US THE SLINGSHOTS? -- WHY --- THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF NICE FELLERS WHO'RE STOPPIN' AT THE TOWN HOTEL, SARGE!
WEST
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!
WUF!
Meanwhile ... IN A ROOM AT THE TOWN HOTEL!
VELL, VE HEARD IT, ALL RIGHT!
IT CERTAINLY VASS A SMART PLAN, RODEN!
DEY SHOULD PUT YOU IN CHARGE OF THE AMERICAN GESTAPO, HERR RODEN!
NO ONE WOULD EFER SUSPECT DOT INNOCENT AMERICAN CHILDREN CAUSED DER EXPLOSION! HA!
TAKE DER REST OF DER SLINGSHOTS UND FIRE PEBBLES UND DUMP DEM INTO DER RARITAN RIVER!
JA! VE VILL DESTROY DER EVIDENCE!
BUT THEY HAVE NOT FIGURED ON A CERTAIN KHAKI-CLAD BUNDLE OF FURY!
IT ISS DER SERGEANT!
YOU MEAN I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU!
WHAM!
VOT?
5

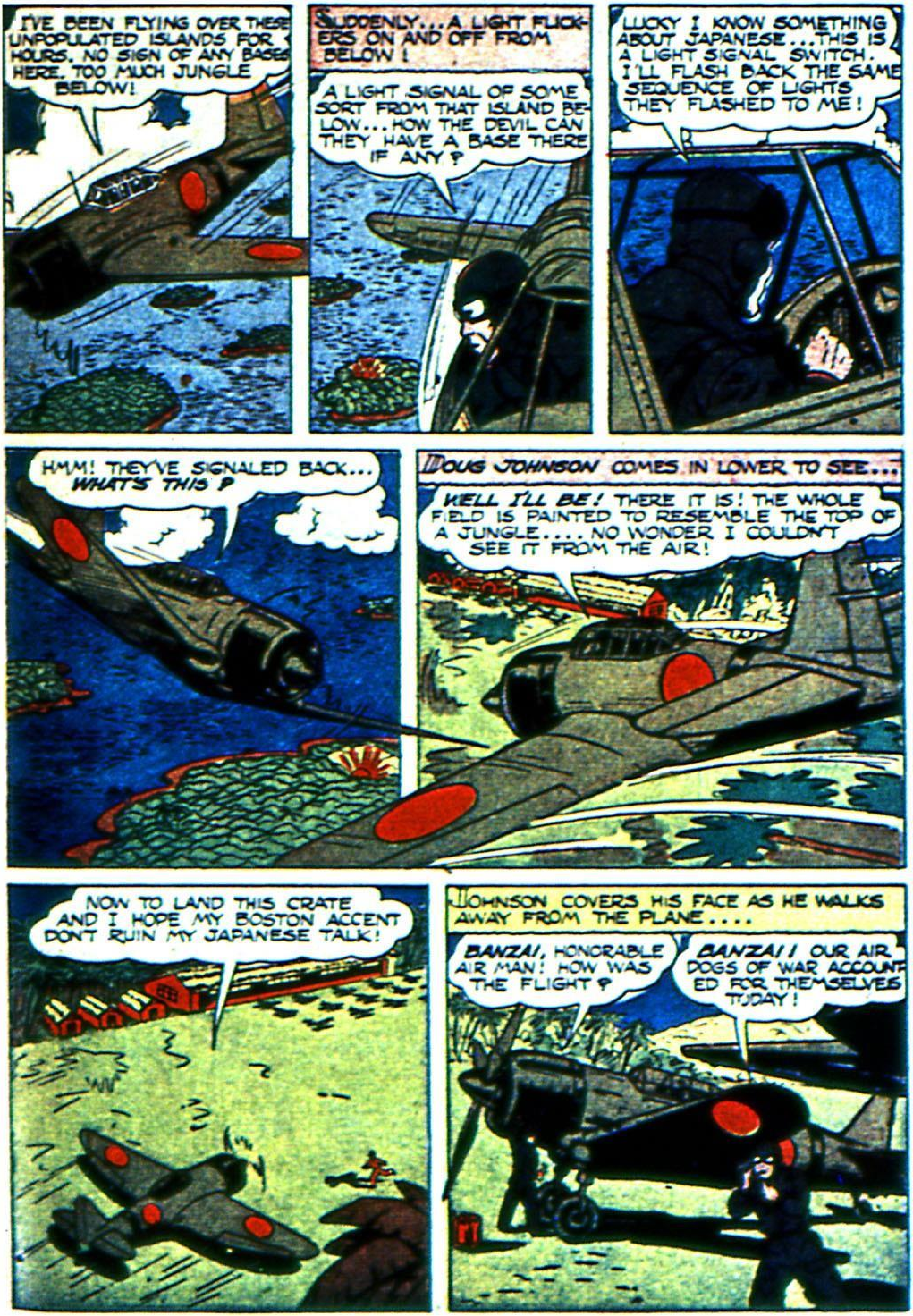

YOU'RE THE *RING LEADER!* -- SO HERE'S A TEETHING RING!
OWWWW...
OOF!
HOW ABOUT A **SLINGSHOT** TO THE BREAD BASKET?
I'LL STOP HIM!
MIT DISS, I'LL CRACK HIS HEAD OPEN!
HUH?
BUT SERGEANT DIX BEATS THE NAZI TO THE PUNCH...
THAT'S *ONE* CRACK YOU'LL NEVER MAKE, NAZI!
CLUNK!
OO!
SPLAT!
SECONDS LATER...
WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED HELP, SO WE FOLLOWED!
FROM THE LOOKS OF 'EM ... **THEY** NEED HELP!
TWEET! TWEET!
THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS MADE THE KIDS AIM AT THE SENTRY, KNOWING THAT MOST OF THE PEBBLES WOULD GET INTO THE ARSENAL!
SERGEANT DIX, THIS WILL EARN A CITATION! EXCELLENT WORK, SERGEANT!
--THEN A SOLDIER STEPPED ON ONE NEAR THE AMMUNITION SHACK AND CAUSED THE EXPLOSION!

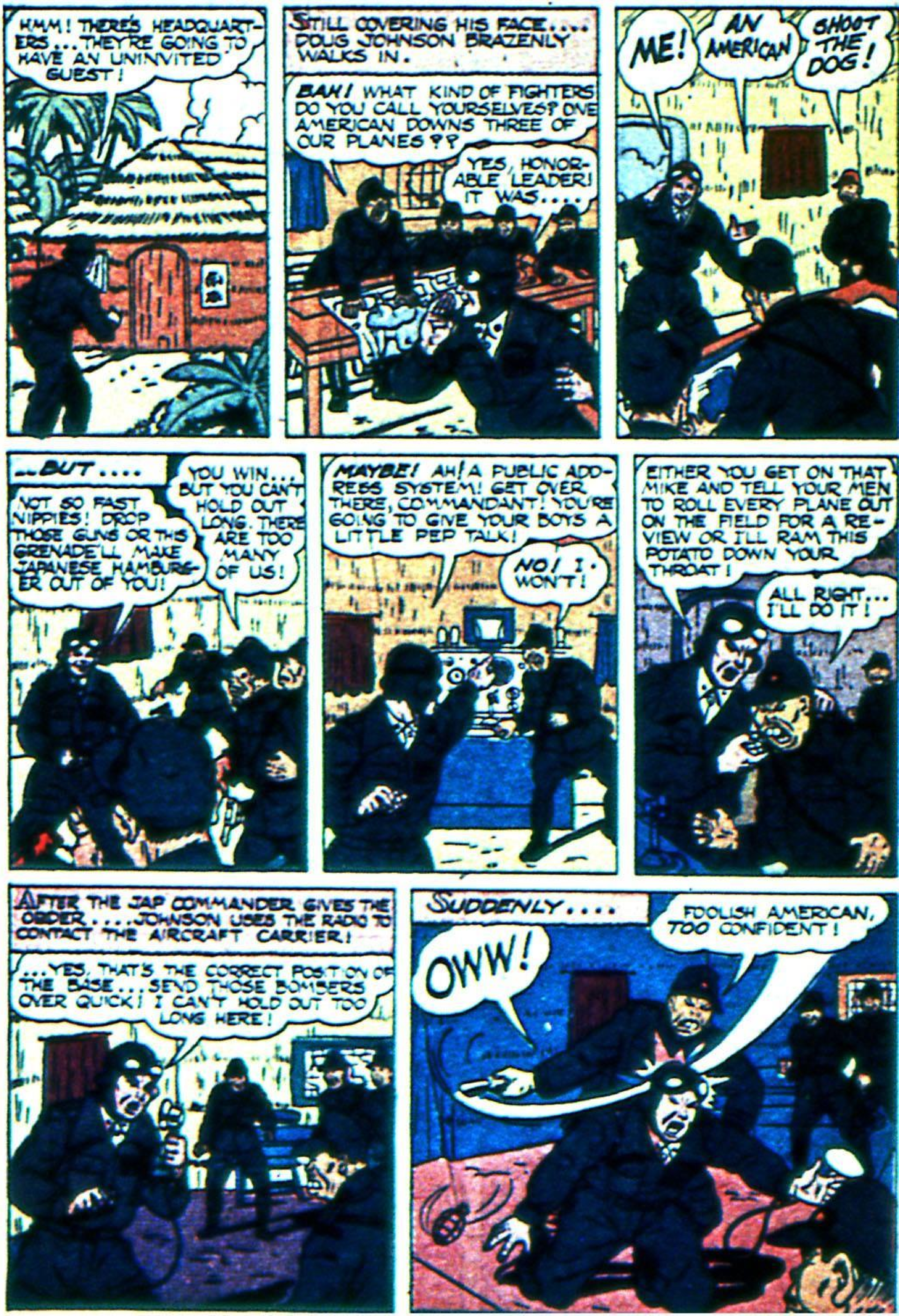
JAP BUSTER JOHNSON

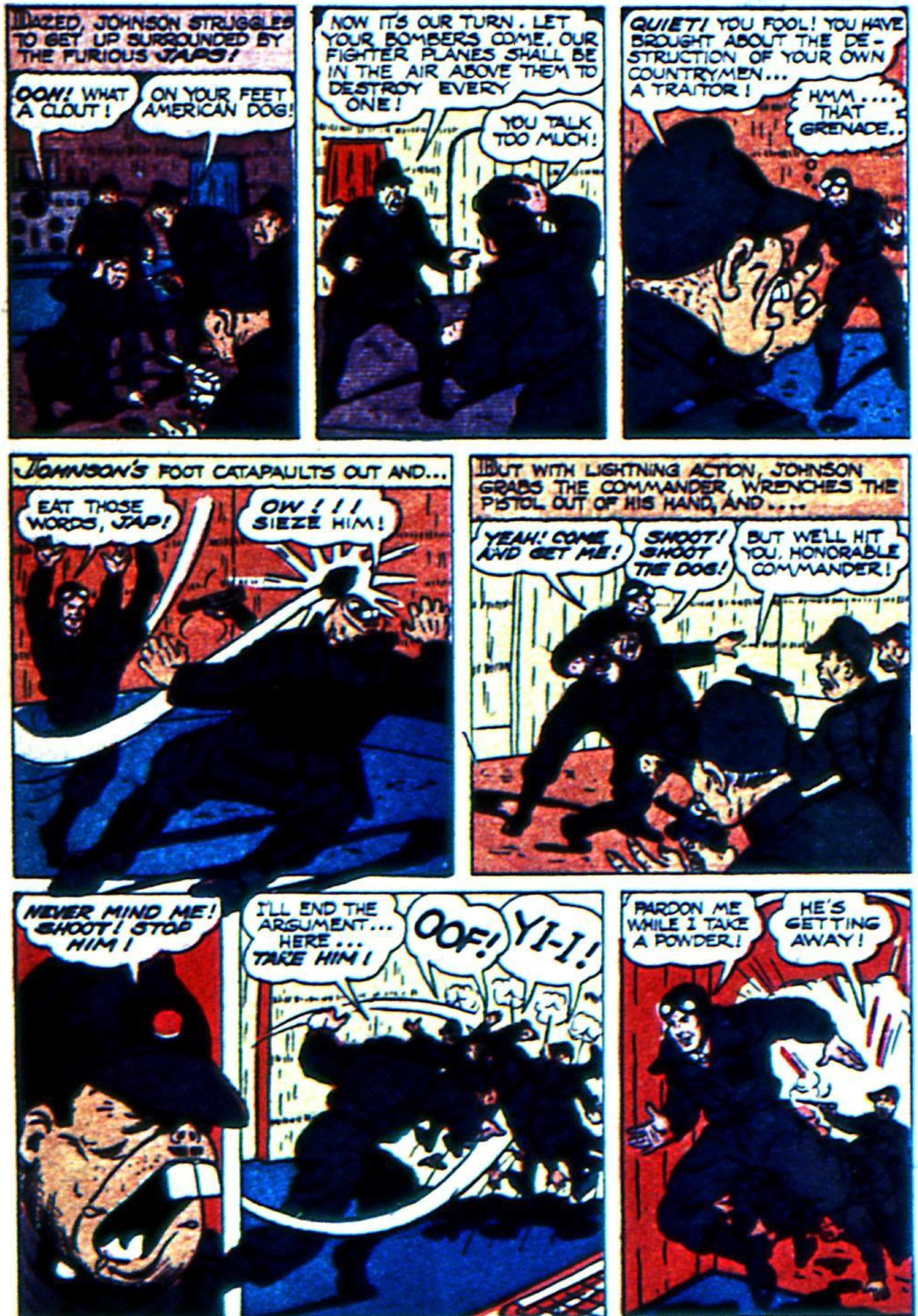

FRIENDSHIP... THAT REVERED WORD THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO A TROUBLED WORLD TODAY... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN DEATH SEVERES A FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TWO OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY AIR FORCE...? THE JAPS WERE SOON TO LEARN AS JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON PAID OUT HIS REVENGE WITH FLAMING SLUGS AND SMASHING FISTS AS HE BATTLED AGAINST A TITANIC HORDE OF LITTLE BROWN MEN WHO KNEW NOT THE VALUE OF TRUST!
ABOARD A UNITED STATES AIR CRAFT CARRIER STEAMING OFF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS...
SOME FEED, EH DAVE?
YUP, DOUG... 'CEPT FOR THE POTATOES. THEY MUST'VE BEEN BOILED IN CEMENT!
OFFICERS MESS
ATTENTION! ALL PILOTS TO THE FLIGHT DECK... ENEMEY BOMBERS APPROACHING!
I WONDER WHERE THEY CAME FROM... NO JAP BASES AROUND HERE!
WHAT'S THE DIF? THEY'RE NOT GOING BACK IF WE CAN HELP IT.... LET'S GO, KEED!

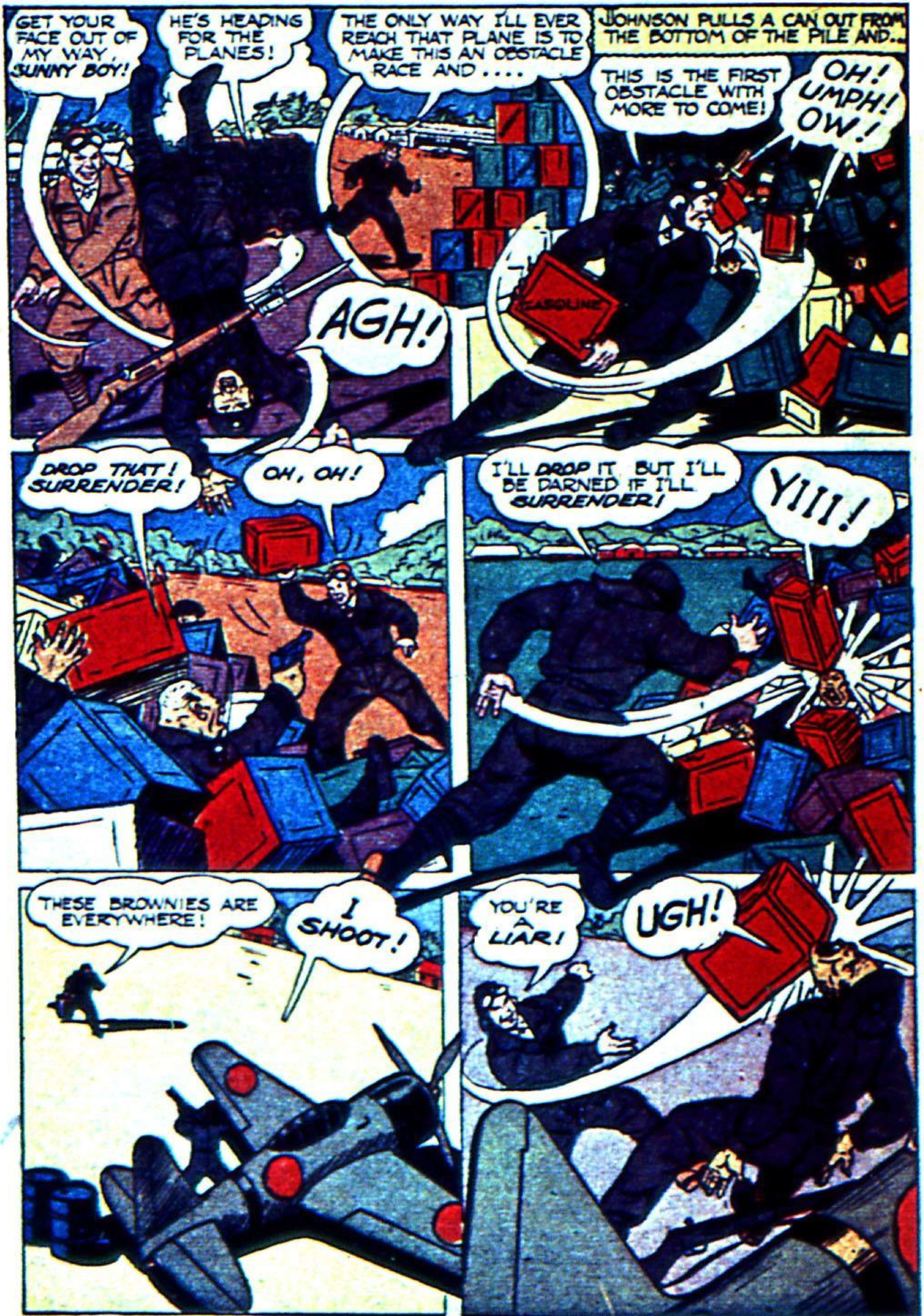

YUP! WE'RE OFF TO *BUST THE JAPS!*
THERE GOES OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE... THEY MUST BE VERY NEAR!
DOUG JOHNSON IS RIGHT, FOR A *ZERO* FIGHTER PRECEEDING THE BOMBERS, SWOOPS DOWN THROUGH A HAIL OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE...
FOOL AMERICANS! I SHALL RAKE THEIR DECK WITH MACHINE-GUN FIRE!
...AND MIRACULOUSLY COMES THROUGH, TO MACHINE-GUN THE DECK!
DAVE! STOP! NO!
UGHH! I'M HIT...
EASY, DAVE.. THEY NEVER GAVE YOU A CHANCE!
I'M DONE FOR.. YOU...YOU GOT TO BUST 'EM... DOUG...*BUST THE JAPS*.... JOHNSON FOR *ME...AGHRR!*
HE'S DEAD, YOU LITTLE *RATS!* BUT YOU'LL PAY PLENTY FOR HIS LIFE..., *PLENTY!*
WITH GRIM PURPOSE, DOUG JOHNSON ZOOMS OFF THE CARRIER!
THE ROTTEN BROWNIES! THEY KNOW ONLY ONE WORD..*SNEAK!* WELL, I CAN DO SOME PRETTY GOOD SNEAKING MYSELF!
THE UNWARY JAP IS SURPRISED.....
DIDN'T SEE ME, EH? *TOO BAD!*
THE JAP SHIP PLUMMETS DOWN!
AN EYE FOR AN EYE... A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.... A LIFE FOR A LIFE .. BUT I'M OUT FOR *GREATER ODDS!*

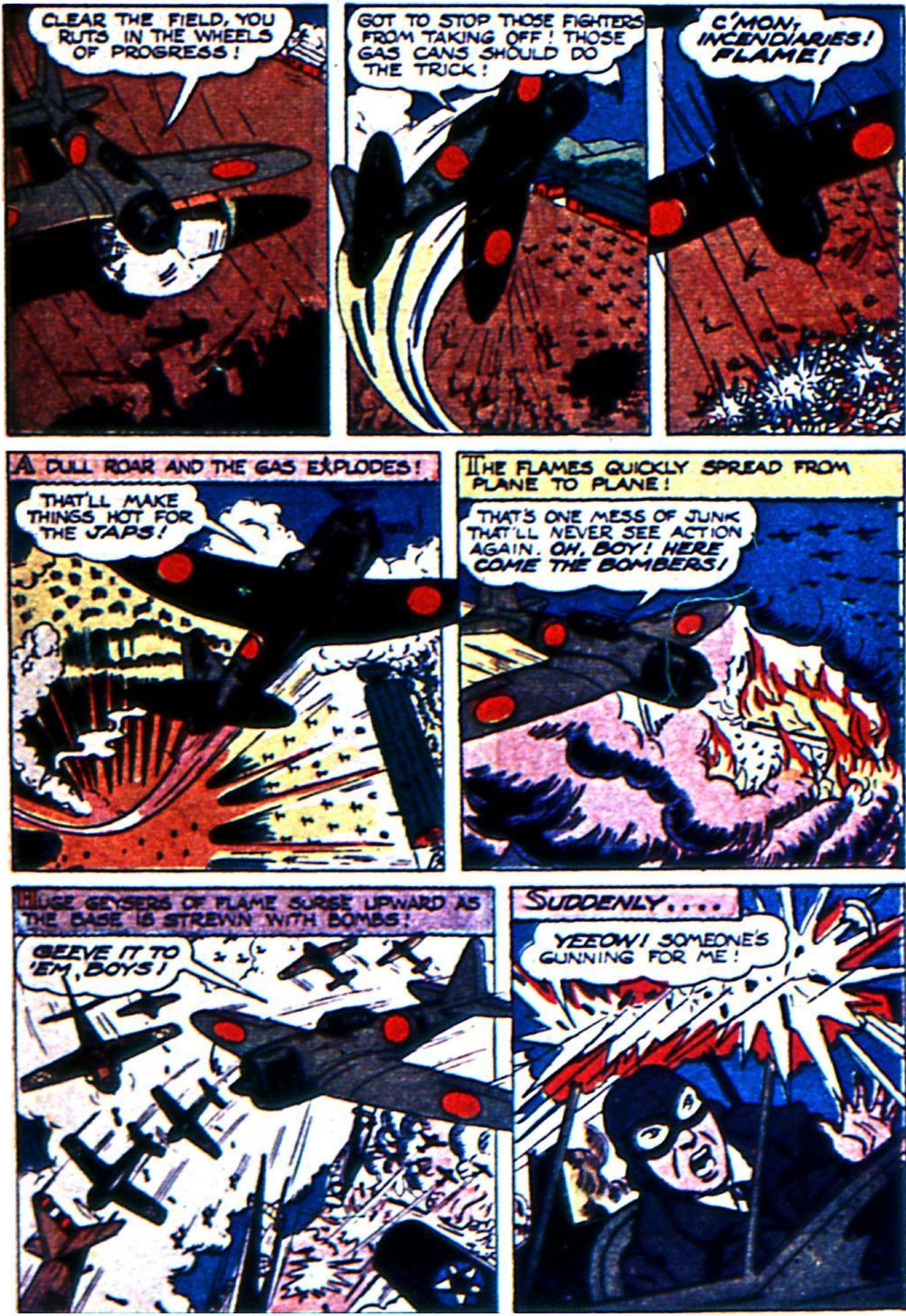

HERE COME THE BOMBERS! HMM! ONLY THREE OF THEM!
A BURST OF SPITTING FLAME AND THE FOREMOST BOMBER QUAKES... THEN FLAMES!
NOW THERE ARE TWO... I'LL BET THE TEMPERATURE TOOK A DIVE UPWARDS IN THAT CRATE!
VEERING AROUND... JOHNSON GLUES HIMSELF TO THE TAILS OF THE REMAINING TWO BOMBERS AND . . .
THE DOPES! THEY'RE BANKING INTO EACH OTHER!
. . . . THEY CRASH!
OW! EVEN I FELT THAT!
THE MENACE OVER... JOHNSON COMES IN . . . .
THEY'RE HAULING ABOARD THE ZERO FIGHTER I DROPPED. DOESN'T LOOK BADLY DAMAGED ... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
SIR, I WOULD LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO SCOUT THESE PARTS IN THE REPAIRED JAP SHIP. THEY MUST HAVE A SECRET BASE NEAR HERE ... DAVE HAD THAT HUNCH AND I WANT TO FIND OUT . . . . . FOR HIM!
I THINK LIEUTENANT JOHNSON IS RIGHT, SIR!
PERMISSION GRANTED!
LATER... DOUG JOHNSON TAKES OFF IN THE JAP PLANE.
OW! THESE JAP UNIFORMS ARE ITCHY! NO WONDER THEY GO CRAZY WHILE FIGHTING!

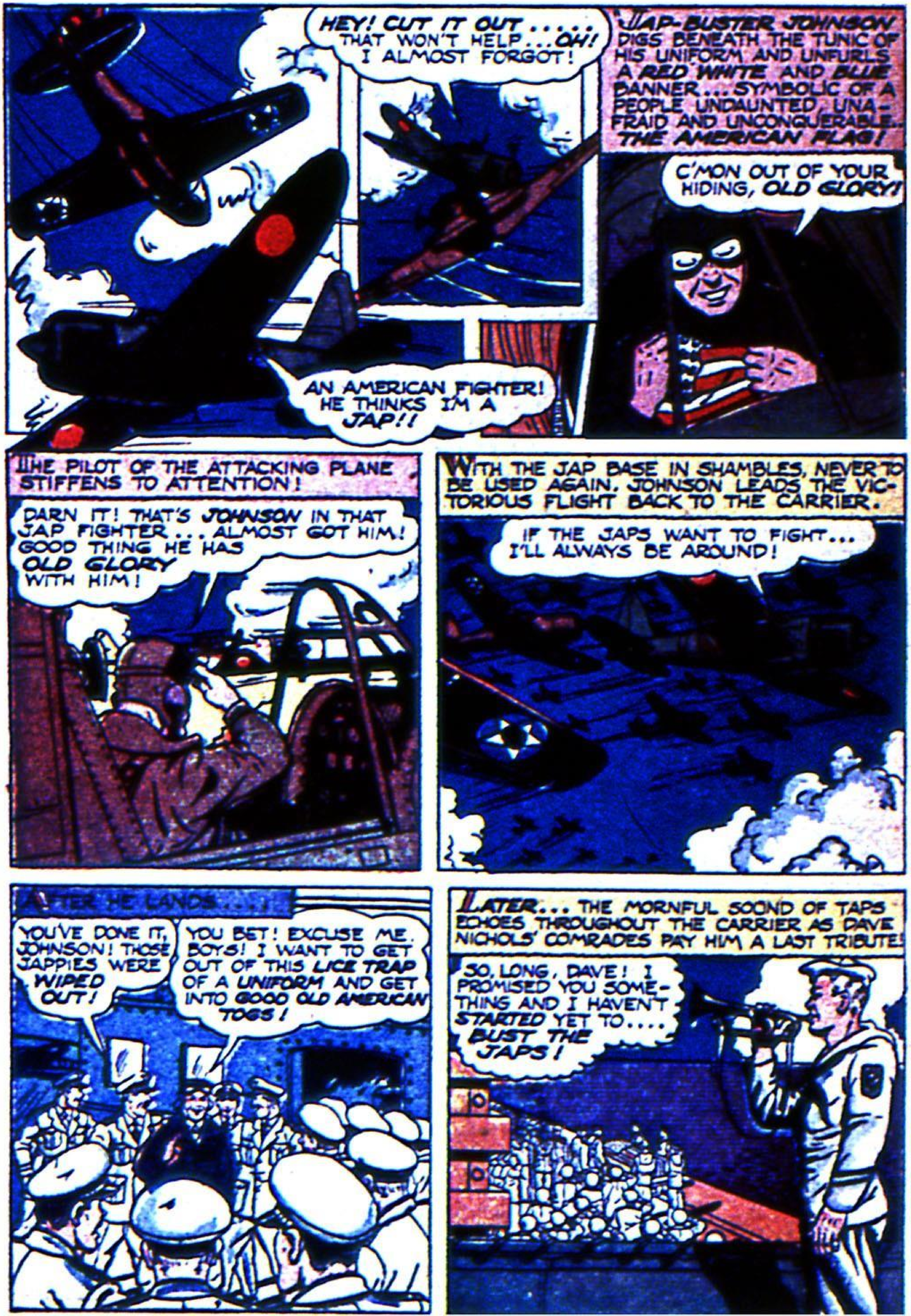

I'VE BEEN FLYING OVER THESE UNPOPULATED ISLANDS FOR HOURS. NO SIGN OF ANY BASES HERE. TOO MUCH JUNGLE BELOW!
SUDDENLY... A LIGHT FLICKERS ON AND OFF FROM BELOW!
A LIGHT SIGNAL OF SOME SORT FROM THAT ISLAND BELOW... HOW THE DEVIL CAN THEY HAVE A BASE THERE IF ANY?
LUCKY I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT JAPANESE... THIS IS A LIGHT SIGNAL SWITCH. I'LL FLASH BACK THE SAME SEQUENCE OF LIGHTS THEY FLASHED TO ME!
HMM! THEY'VE SIGNALED BACK... *WHAT'S THIS?*
DOUG JOHNSON COMES IN LOWER TO SEE...
WELL I'LL BE! THERE IT IS! THE WHOLE FIELD IS PAINTED TO RESEMBLE THE TOP OF A JUNGLE.... NO WONDER I COULDN'T SEE IT FROM THE AIR!
NOW TO LAND THIS CRATE AND I HOPE MY BOSTON ACCENT DON'T RUIN MY JAPANESE TALK!
JOHNSON COVERS HIS FACE AS HE WALKS AWAY FROM THE PLANE....
BANZAI, HONORABLE AIR MAN! HOW WAS THE FLIGHT?
BANZAI! OUR AIR DOGS OF WAR ACCOUNTED FOR THEMSELVES TODAY!


HMM! THERE'S HEADQUARTERS... THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE AN UNINVITED GUEST!
STILL COVERING HIS FACE.... DOUG JOHNSON BRAZENLY WALKS IN.
BAH! WHAT KIND OF FIGHTERS DO YOU CALL YOURSELVES? ONE AMERICAN DOWNS THREE OF OUR PLANES ??
YES, HONORABLE LEADER! IT WAS....
ME!
AN AMERICAN
SHOOT THE DOG!
...BUT....
NOT SO FAST NIPPIES! DROP THOSE GUNS OR THIS GRENADE'LL MAKE JAPANESE HAMBURGER OUT OF YOU!
YOU WIN... BUT YOU CAN'T HOLD OUT LONG. THERE ARE TOO MANY OF US!
MAYBE! AH! A PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM! GET OVER THERE, COMMANDANT! YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE YOUR BOYS A LITTLE PEP TALK!
NO! I WON'T!
EITHER YOU GET ON THAT MIKE AND TELL YOUR MEN TO ROLL EVERY PLANE OUT ON THE FIELD FOR A REVIEW OR I'LL RAM THIS POTATO DOWN YOUR THROAT!
ALL RIGHT... I'LL DO IT!
AFTER THE JAP COMMANDER GIVES THE ORDER....JOHNSON USES THE RADIO TO CONTACT THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER!
...YES, THAT'S THE CORRECT POSITION OF THE BASE... SEND THOSE BOMBERS OVER QUICK! I CAN'T HOLD OUT TOO LONG HERE!
SUDDENLY....
OWW!
FOOLISH AMERICAN, TOO CONFIDENT!


DAZED, JOHNSON STRUGGLES TO GET UP SURROUNDED BY THE FURIOUS JAPS!
OOH! WHAT A CLOUT!
ON YOUR FEET AMERICAN DOG!
NOW IT'S OUR TURN. LET YOUR BOMBERS COME. OUR FIGHTER PLANES SHALL BE IN THE AIR ABOVE THEM TO DESTROY EVERY ONE!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
QUIET! YOU FOOL! YOU HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR OWN COUNTRYMEN... A TRAITOR!
HMM.... THAT GRENADE..
JOHNSON'S FOOT CATAPAULTS OUT AND...
EAT THOSE WORDS, JAP!
OW!!! SIEZE HIM!
BUT WITH LIGHTNING ACTION, JOHNSON GRABS THE COMMANDER, WRENCHES THE PISTOL OUT OF HIS HAND, AND....
YEAH! COME AND GET ME!
SHOOT! SHOOT THE DOG!
BUT WE'LL HIT YOU, HONORABLE COMMANDER!
NEVER MIND ME! SHOOT! STOP HIM!
I'LL END THE ARGUMENT... HERE... TAKE HIM!
OOF!
YI-I!
PARDON ME WHILE I TAKE A POWDER!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!


GET YOUR FACE OUT OF MY WAY, SUNNY BOY!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE PLANES!
AGH!
THE ONLY WAY I'LL EVER REACH THAT PLANE IS TO MAKE THIS AN OBSTACLE RACE AND....
JOHNSON PULLS A CAN OUT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE PILE AND...
THIS IS THE FIRST OBSTACLE WITH MORE TO COME!
OH! UMPH! OW!
GASOLINE
DROP THAT! SURRENDER!
OH, OH!
I'LL DROP IT, BUT I'LL BE DARNED IF I'LL SURRENDER!
YIII!
THESE BROWNIES ARE EVERYWHERE!
I SHOOT!
YOU'RE A LIAR!
UGH!


CLEAR THE FIELD, YOU RUTS IN THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS!
GOT TO STOP THOSE FIGHTERS FROM TAKING OFF! THOSE GAS CANS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
C'MON, INCENDIARIES! FLAME!
A DULL ROAR AND THE GAS EXPLODES!
THAT'LL MAKE THINGS HOT FOR THE *JAPS!*
THE FLAMES QUICKLY SPREAD FROM PLANE TO PLANE!
THAT'S ONE MESS OF JUNK THAT'LL NEVER SEE ACTION AGAIN. *OH, BOY! HERE COME THE BOMBERS!*
HUGE GEYSERS OF FLAME SURGE UPWARD AS THE BASE IS STREWN WITH BOMBS!
GEEVE IT TO 'EM, BOYS!
SUDDENLY....
YEEOW! SOMEONE'S GUNNING FOR ME!


HEY! CUT IT OUT...... THAT WON'T HELP...OH! I ALMOST FORGOT!
AN AMERICAN FIGHTER! HE THINKS I'M A JAP!!
JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON DIGS BENEATH THE TUNIC OF HIS UNIFORM AND UNFURLS A RED WHITE AND BLUE BANNER... SYMBOLIC OF A PEOPLE UNDAUNTED, UNAFRAID AND UNCONQUERABLE... THE AMERICAN FLAG!
C'MON OUT OF YOUR HIDING, OLD GLORY!
THE PILOT OF THE ATTACKING PLANE STIFFENS TO ATTENTION!
DARN IT! THAT'S JOHNSON IN THAT JAP FIGHTER... ALMOST GOT HIM! GOOD THING HE HAS OLD GLORY WITH HIM!
WITH THE JAP BASE IN SHAMBLES, NEVER TO BE USED AGAIN, JOHNSON LEADS THE VICTORIOUS FLIGHT BACK TO THE CARRIER.
IF THE JAPS WANT TO FIGHT... I'LL ALWAYS BE AROUND!
AFTER HE LANDS...!
YOU'VE DONE IT, JOHNSON! THOSE JAPPIES WERE WIPED OUT!
YOU BET! EXCUSE ME, BOYS! I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS LICE TRAP OF A UNIFORM AND GET INTO GOOD OLD AMERICAN TOGS!
LATER... THE MORNFUL SOOND OF TAPS ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE CARRIER AS DAVE NICHOLS' COMRADES PAY HIM A LAST TRIBUTE!
SO, LONG, DAVE! I PROMISED YOU SOMETHING AND I HAVEN'T STARTED YET TO.... BUST THE JAPS!

They left the restaurant and walked to the boarding house where they shared a room. As they let themselves into the room a short, compact, red-headed young fellow got up off the bed. He held a gun in his hand and it was aimed at the boys. "Which one of you is Tommy Colt?"

Tommy said, "I am, and you got a lot of nerve busting into our room like this. Who are you?"

The red-headed man held out a small metal shield with an eagle on it. "Foxx, of the FBI, if you got to know. I searched your room and I found this in the desk." He held out a piece of muslin-backed blueprint paper with a ragged edge as if it had been torn from a larger piece of the same material. It was covered with line of a symmetrical design and dozens of figures. "This is a scrap torn from the blueprints of the fixed tail gun stolen from the plant last night. I'd like to know how it got here."

Tommy grinned. "It's a cinch I didn't put it here. I've never seen it before."

Can you prove you didn't put it there?"

"Sure. The plans were stolen last night while I was on duty. This is the first time I've been in this room since I went to work last night."

Foxx folded the paper and put it in his pocket. "Then somebody must have planted it here to throw suspicion on you. Any idea who might want to throw suspicion on you? Any enemies?"

"Only a man by the name of Groman whose job I took after he was discharged for drunkenness."

Bill interrupted. "Groman was not wearing his ring today. And the guy who slugged Tommy last night hit him with something that broke off and left a sliver of metal sticking in the wound. We both been figuring that it was a piece off some brass knucks. But now that this has come up, maybe the reason Groman ain't wearing his ring is because one of the setting prongs broke off when he slugged Tommy and Groman discovered it and quit wearing his ring."

Foxx looked interested. "Any idea where we might find this Groman guy?"

"I don't know where he lives," confided Tommy, "but he'll have to go back to the restaurant to pick up his dark glasses. He left them there at breakfast this morning and the proprietor said he'd keep them until Groman called for them."

"Dark glasses? Groman wear glasses all the time?"

"I never knew he wore any kind of glasses until today."

The FBI man smiled. "Come on, boys, I think we'd better hunt up this Mister Groman. Those glasses give me an idea we're on a red-hot trail."

On the way to the restaurant they saw Groman getting on a bus. So Foxx hailed a taxi and instructed the driver to follow. After a fifteen minute ride the bus reached the fair grounds and Groman got off and walked rapidly through the grounds until he came to the gaudy entrance to the penny arcade. Foxx and Tommy and Bill followed cautiously behind, careful to keep the crowds between them and Groman.

Groman didn't even hesitate. He walked over to a penny machine marked 'Out of Order' and looked down into the viewpiece. He spent perhaps a minute thus and then walked out of the building again.

Foxx grinned at Groman's retreating back. "We can pick him up any time. The rest of the Nazi spies we can nail right now."

He led the way to a door in the rear wall and tried it. It was locked. So he drew out his revolver and shot off the lock. He put his shoulder to the door and broke it open. He and Tommy and Bill burst into the brightly lighted room.

Two blonde men were seated at a table. They hadn't even had time to get up. Spread out in front of them was the big blueprint of the fixed tail gun that had been stolen from the plant. Also there was a big colored map of the world. Sundry pens and bottles of ink were on the table. Both men wore colored glasses.

Foxx barked at the two boys. "Tie these two birds up. They are Nazi agents and we've got them red-handed. They're transferring the plans they stole last night to this big map with infra-red ink. The only way you could see the plans would be by wearing infra-red glasses like they and Groman wore. And that penny machine outside was just a sort of mailbox for Groman to get his instructions from time to time without actually being seen with his superiors. The instructions were written in infra-red ink and unless you wore infra-red glasses you wouldn't have seen anything but harmless pictures."

Tommy and Bill tied up the two Nazis with their own belts and helped Foxx escort them to the waiting taxi. One more Nazi nest had been blitzed out of existence. For once it had proved very expensive for them to look at things through rose-colored glasses.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of U.S.A. Comics published monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the U.S.A. Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

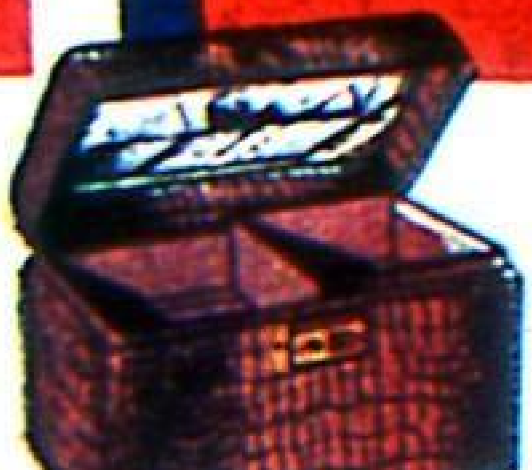
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1942.

(SEAL) REGINA N. GERBER.
(My commission expires, March 30, 1944.)

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!
Get it the ★ American Way ★



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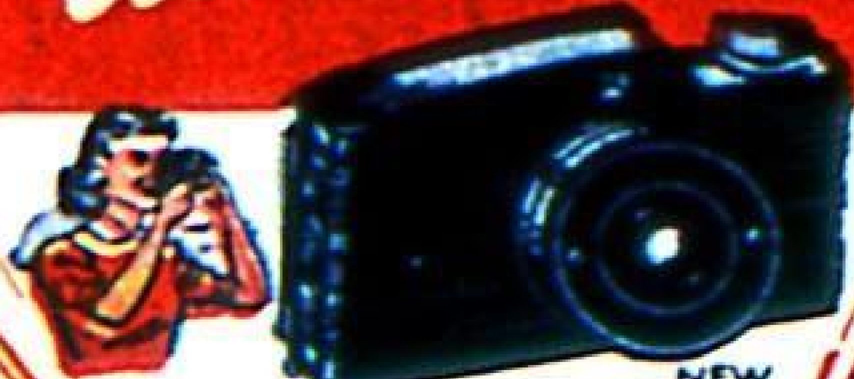

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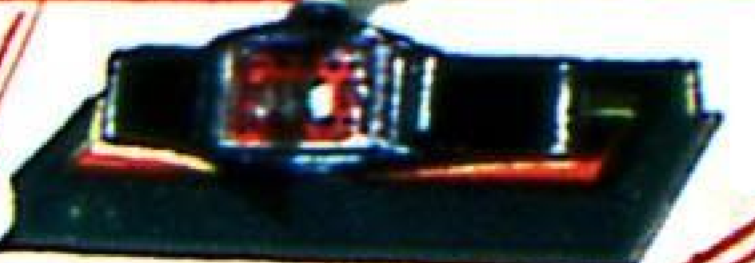
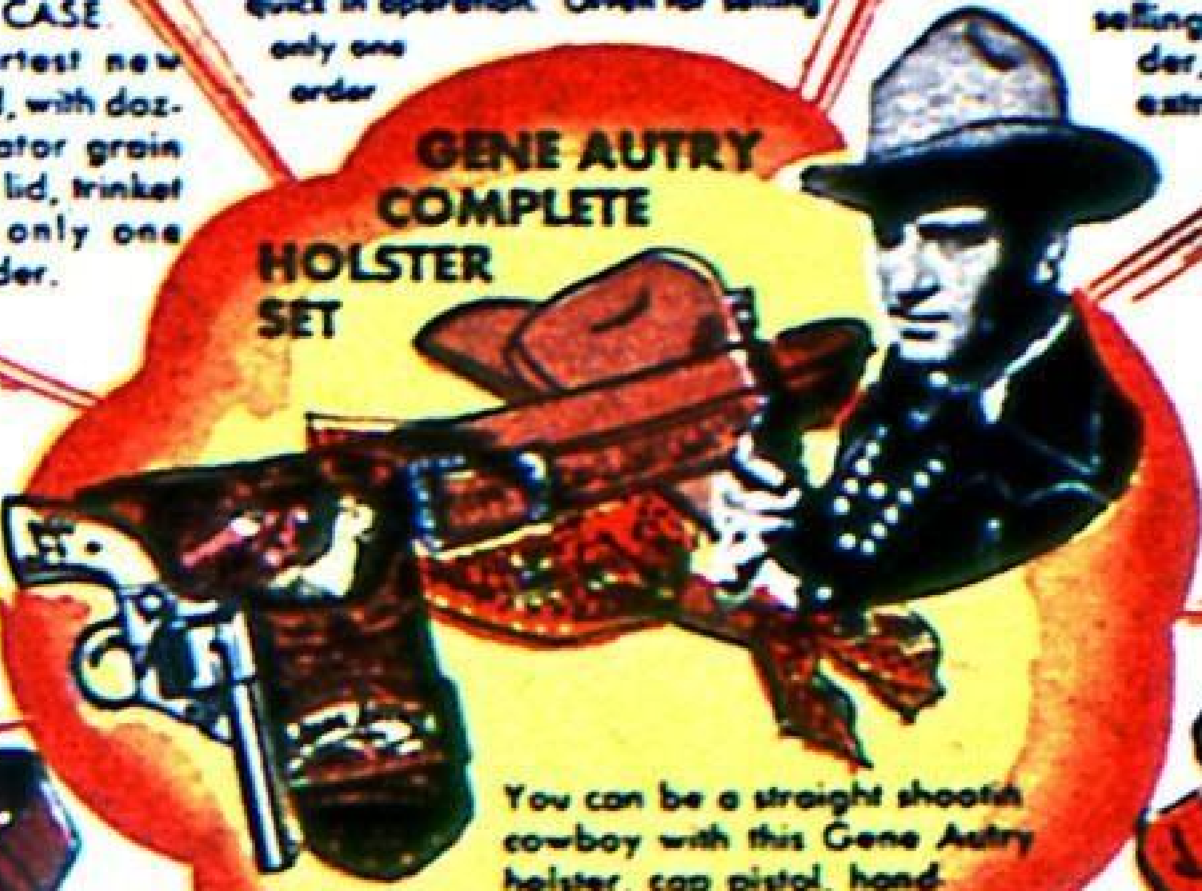
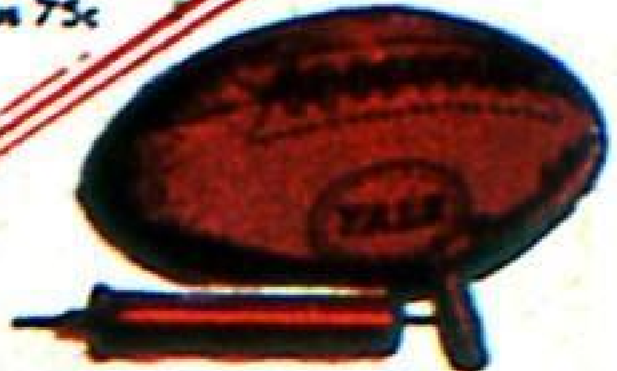


WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra

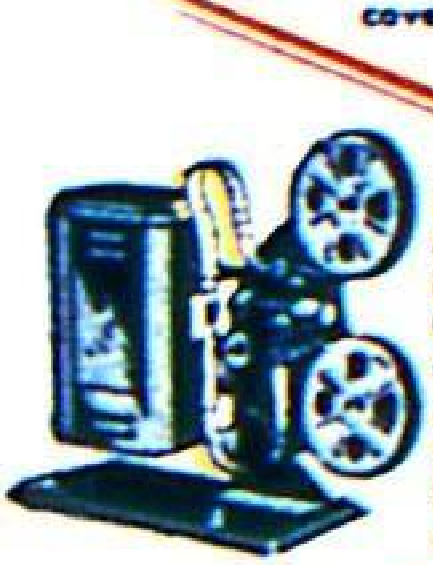


GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET

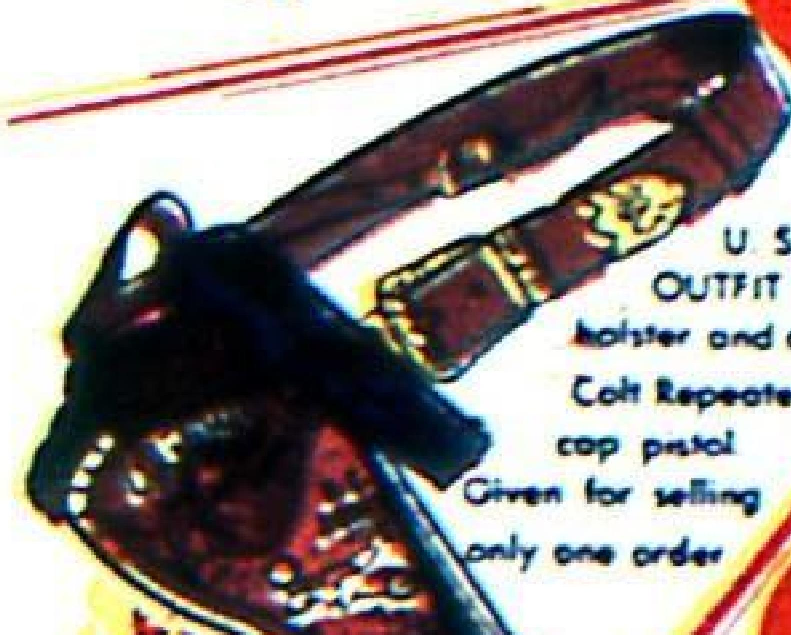
You can be a straight shootin cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.



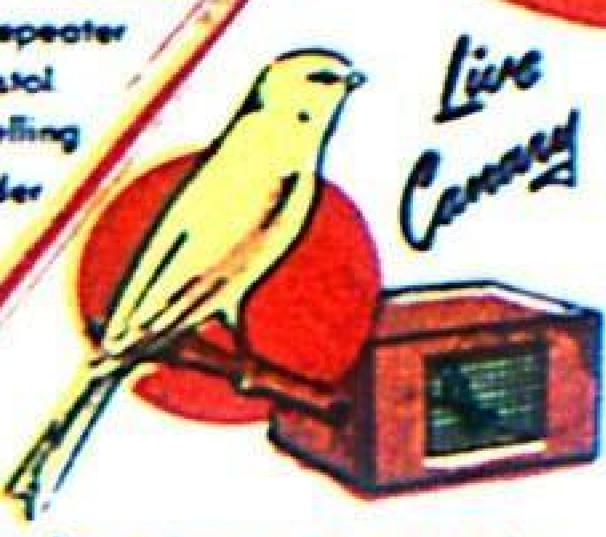
YALE FOOTBALL SET Official size football and pump given for selling only one order



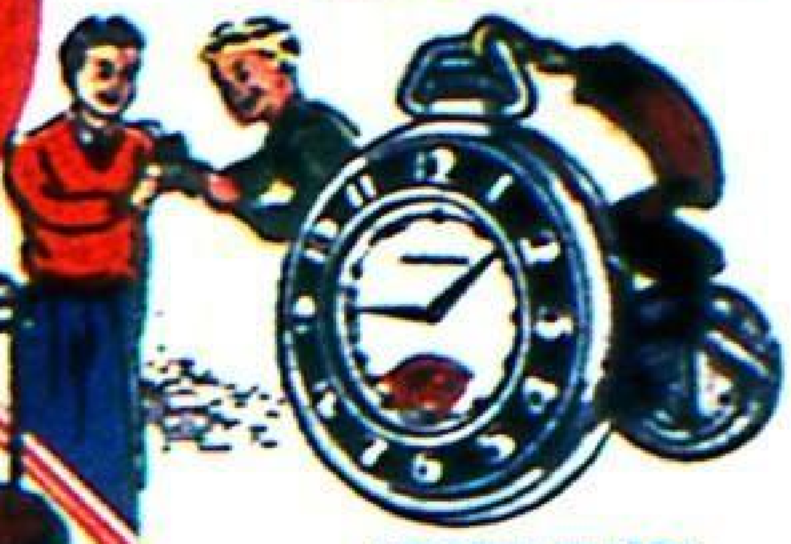
ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT with film Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra Show movies at home



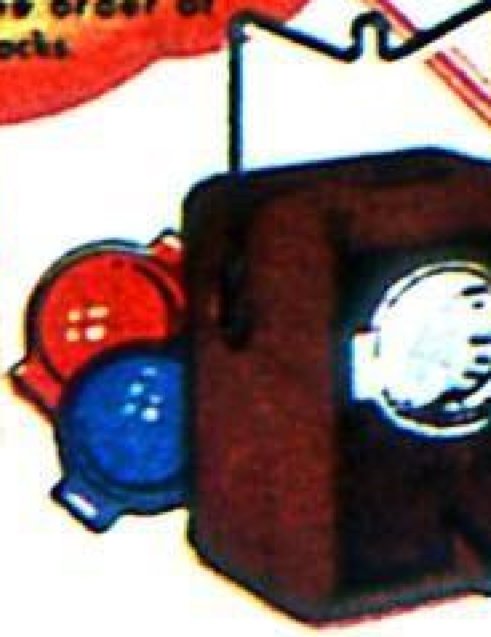
U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order



Given for selling only one order Sent expressage collect SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED



VICTORY WATCH & FOB Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.



VICTORY LIGHT Easily carried flashlight with three lenses—WHITE for regular use, RED for warning, BLUE for blackouts. Complete with batteries, for selling only one order.

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